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Edited by **GEORGE ELLIOTT**

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VOL. XXXVII, No. 2

Henry Anson Buttz

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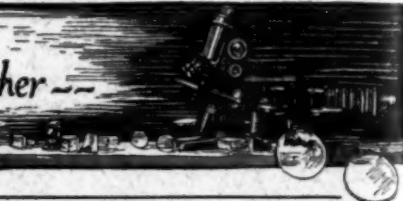
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HENRY ANSON BUTTZ

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1921

HENRY ANSON BUTTZ

EZRA SQUIER TIPPLE

President Drew Theological Seminary

WHEN John Henry Newman was asked to describe John Keble, the gentle rector of Eversley for thirty years, and the author of *The Christian Year*, he replied, "How shall I profess to paint a man who will not sit for his portrait?" It is difficult, however long or intimately one may have known him, to portray a man so self-effacing and so beautifully spiritual as was Henry Anson Buttz. Many of Doctor Buttz's students would probably be inclined to compare their beloved teacher with the English schoolmaster, Thomas Arnold, but he was more like Keble than Arnold, "who differed from Keble in almost every point." When Keble went from Oriel College, Oxford, to his first country parish there followed him several young men to be with him as pupils who forever marveled at the absence of personal ambition. The students of Henry A. Buttz were similarly impressed. His very evident disrelish for *place* in the life of the denomination, to which he gave absolute allegiance from the moment he was received into its fellowship, his unstudied indifference to ecclesiastical preferment amazed his pupils and other people as well.

Mr. Gladstone once said that during the time he had been Prime Minister he had been personally asked for every great office in the state, including the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Not only did Henry A. Buttz not seek office but he turned from it. When he was in Europe in 1892 he was elected editor of the *METHODIST REVIEW*, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. James W. Mendenhall, but declined the election. How many

of his old boys will recall a remark which he let fall occasionally, "I have never asked for an appointment, I have never sought a promotion," or this other word: "No one is so poorly cared for as he who starts out in the ministry to care for himself." His conception of Christian service, and the working theory of his own life, was based upon his Lord's words, "The Son of man is come not to be ministered unto, but to minister." And it is difficult to portray one who is so constantly going about doing good that he finds no time to sit for his picture!

I first saw Doctor Buttz in September, 1884. I carried with me when I left my home in Central New York to matriculate as a student at Drew, two letters addressed to the President of the Seminary. They are on the table before me as I write, Dr. Buttz having found them among his papers and given them to me a short time before his death. One of them is signed by "J. J. Brown, Professor of Physics and Chemistry" at Syracuse University, and the other by "C. W. Bennett" of the same university, where I had taken my college course. They both bear date of September 15, 1884, and were written by these two great teachers of a former generation to introduce a young student "full of hope, courage and work" to another great teacher's "favorable regard." I did not need letters of introduction to Henry Anson Buttz—no student who ever came to the Seminary of which he was the honored head for thirty-two years required any official passport to his interest and affection—but I cannot read the gracious, generous words of my old college professors, long since gathered to their fathers, without dimming eyes and an immeasurable feeling of gratitude.

Dr. Buttz at that time was in his fiftieth year, having been born at Middle Smithfield, Pa., April 18, 1835. He was tall, erect, with a kindly face, a friendly eye and jet black hair. He was the youngest of the five professors, affectionately spoken of by countless Drew students as "the great five," but he had been related to the institution for a longer period than any one of them.

Drew Theological Seminary was one of the fruits of the Centennial of American Methodism fittingly observed in 1866

by the authorization of the General Conference. The story of the beginning of Methodism in the United States and of its development during the first one hundred years is one of the romances of Christian history. The little one had become a thousand and the small one a great nation.

The formal opening of the seminary took place November 6, 1867, and my honored colleague, Dr. John Alfred Faulkner, has given it as his opinion that "it was one of the most important events in the history of our church in this country," in that it was the first time in the history of Methodism when a regular theological seminary as such was publicly proclaimed and adopted by our church, and adopted in a gathering uniquely representative. While similar schools had been begun previous to 1867, one at Concord, New Hampshire, and another at Evanston, Illinois, they had avoided the name "theological seminary," so great were the prejudice and pressure against using it. There is no need to give here the reasons for this prejudice, it is sufficient to call attention to the openly flaunted hostility of some, and the unspoken fears of many in the denomination as to theological seminaries *as such*, and to the very representative company of Methodist leaders who gathered at Madison, New Jersey, that November day a half century or more ago, at the launching of the new enterprise. In this company were all the bishops, all the book agents, all the missionary secretaries save one, most of the editors, and two hundred ministers representing twenty-four Conferences, and among these was a young pastor from a nearby village, Henry Anson Buttz. He had been appointed to Morristown in March of this same year, by Bishop Matthew Simpson, who was one of the speakers this beautiful November day. Dr. Buttz told me more than once of the profound impression which was made upon him by the exercises and addresses of that day. I like to think of this occasion as the beginning of his relations with the school in Drew Forest, which were to be terminated only by his death fifty-three years later, October 6, 1920, though it was not until some few weeks had passed that he was asked by the President of the Seminary to give instruction in the Greek Testament.

The first mention of the name of Dr. Buttz in the records of

the Board of Trustees, in which, after his election to the Presidency of the Seminary in 1880 it may be seen on almost every page, I find in the account of the meeting of May 18, 1870, in the fine handwriting of Mr. Charles C. North, the distinguished Methodist layman and father of Dr. Frank Mason North: "Reports were received from Dr. Foster, Dr. Strong, Rev. Mr. Buttz, Mr. J. H. Worman, Dr. Nadal." At a meeting two years before, however, April 23, 1868, "it was resolved that the Executive Committee be authorized to employ an additional tutor," and I incline to think that it was by this action of the trustees that Dr. Buttz entered upon his unique and in some respects unsurpassed career of teaching at Drew Theological Seminary.

Dr. Buttz had been preaching something more than ten years and had already come to distinction as an attractive and persuasive preacher. Nor was he without experience as a teacher, having been given oversight of a district school during his fifteenth year, and ever afterward was alternately learning and teaching to the end of his days. His district school teaching was entered upon that he might maintain himself while a student in Newton Academy and later at the Presbyterian Institute at Blairstown, New Jersey. He had begun his education in the village school at Middle Smithfield where he was born, and what was even more important to him, had been given special help and encouragement by the minister of the local Presbyterian Church, the Reverend Baker Johnson, of whose kindness, devotion, and patience in starting him along the road to real learning and high educational privileges Dr. Buttz always spoke in warmest appreciation and witnessed unto by a lifelong friendship. Later Dr. Buttz taught at Milton-on-Hudson in New York State, and within the bounds of the New York Conference, of which Dr. John Miley, a beloved colleague of Dr. Buttz for nearly a quarter of a century, was a member. On one occasion after he had become a member of the Drew Faculty, Dr. Miley went to Milton to lecture and returning to Madison reported that the people of this Hudson valley village "couldn't talk of anything or anybody except a young school-master by the name of Buttz who had taught there some twenty-five years before." He taught also in a Young Woman's Institute

at Brainerd's Bridge, New York, and from there entered Union College, Schenectady, New York, in 1854. The following year, under stress of circumstances—God was preparing him by hardships for that ministry of understanding and sympathy with the theological students of every generation, perplexed and harassed by the ever-recurring "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"—he again took up teaching, but fell ill and could not return to college. However, he clung tenaciously to his purpose, kept up his studies under many difficulties and much discouragement, and in September, 1856, entered Princeton College (in April of this year he had begun preaching as Junior to the Reverend John W. Seran on the Vienna Circuit) as a member of the junior class, graduating among the first of his class in 1858.

The first session of the Newark Conference, after it had been set off from the New Jersey Conference, was held March 31, 1858, at Morristown, New Jersey, to which place nine years later one of the young preachers who united with the Conference at this session would be sent as pastor, and through this assignment find his distinctive life work. The Newark Conference class of 1858 had more than one man of promise in it. There were Solomon Parsons, John F. Dodd, William E. Blakeslee, and Alexander Craig, whose names and deeds were written large in the history of the Conference. There was Stephen L. Baldwin, born the same year as the subject of this sketch, twenty years a missionary in China, going there by appointment of Bishop Ames, this very year 1858, a teacher at Drew in 1871, and Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society at the time of his death in 1902. In this class, too, was John F. Hurst, preacher, teacher of church history, author, third president of Drew Seminary and Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the immediate predecessor in the administrative office of the Seminary of Henry A. Buttz.

Bishop Ames appointed the last named to Millstone, New Jersey, and while on that charge the young preacher took courses in theology at the Reformed Theological Seminary, New Brunswick. In 1859 Dr. Buttz served the church at Irvington; then was stationed at Woodbridge; Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island; Prospect Street, Paterson, and in 1867 at Morristown where he

remained three years, meanwhile teaching at Drew as instructor in Greek in 1867 and as adjunct professor of Greek and Hebrew in 1868-70.

The death of Dr. McClintock, March 6, 1870, left a vacancy not only in the presidency of the seminary, but in the Department of Practical Theology in which President McClintock had lectured. At the request of Acting President Bernard H. Nadal, who had been professor of historical theology from the opening of the school, Dr. Buttz gave instruction in practical theology, and was offered the chair. Some years ago he told me that when the trustees met in May, 1871, to fill the vacancy, after the meeting was over Bishop Janes said to him: "We would have elected you, if you had not said that you did not desire it," and the good man did not desire it. He was a Greek! True, he taught Hebrew, and was always interested in it, and even when near the end of the journey expressed the modest opinion that if required he could still teach it. But Greek was his life. He was wont to say that he dreamed in Greek. The New Testament to him was more than literature. St. Paul was more than a name. The Epistle to the Romans, or the Epistle to the Galatians, who of his students ever really understood those wonderful letters until he explained them? Who ever heard him read First Corinthians, 13 and 15, and give an exegesis of these incomparable chapters without a keener realization of their majesty and beauty and power, and without a real exaltation of soul? Dr. Buttz was never coldly academic in the classroom. I suspect that some of his students may sometimes have thought that he was hardly academic enough, that he was not sufficiently exacting in his pedagogical requirements or demands. We did not perhaps fear the results of examinations in his department as in some others. Now and then possibly someone would take advantage of his utter kindliness of spirit, but no one ever questioned the amplitude or accuracy of his scholarship, the richness of his spiritual insight and knowledge, the purity and strength of his love for the Book. One of his pupils, himself now a well-known teacher of preachers, bears this testimony: "Aside from that unfailing friendliness that was always glorifying him, I have one very vivid recollection of Dr. Buttz,

namely, as a teacher of the Greek New Testament. As he stood before us aflame with love and knowledge, he was a living example of the interest he sought to awaken. I have always had a different feeling for the New Testament since I knew how he loved it." Another of his students, likewise a teacher of the Bible and a Greek scholar of growing fame, wrote in a letter to me, "I thought of Browning's 'A Grammarian's Funeral,' when I heard of the death of Dr. Buttz."

But he was more than a grammarian. He was a "living epistle," a radiant Gospel, a bond servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle. His teaching was not confined to the classroom. His mightiest teaching was not done in the classroom. In his walks on the Campus, the very ground on which he had stepped seemed to have been made sacred—

*"The place seem'd fresh—and bright and lately trod,
A long path show'd where Enoch walk'd with God."*

When he prayed in the morning chapel service, quietly, simply, expectantly, we all became conscious of the presence of God. Wherever we saw him or heard him, in the classroom or elsewhere, it was easy to believe that having seen him we had seen the Father. "I can talk with men about God," a man once remarked, "but I find it very difficult to introduce men to God." Yet this was what Henry A. Buttz was always doing—and without effort, and without consciousness. This is the tribute which all his sons in the Gospel and his colleagues of the faculty pay him: "Among all the teachers that I have ever had," writes a Drew missionary in India, "and I think among all the men that I have ever met, there has been no one who by his daily life has so deeply impressed me with the fact that here is a man who day after day lives up to the Methodist idea of holiness."

One of his beloved colleagues, Dr. Robert W. Rogers, at a gathering of students fully twenty years ago, referred to him as "a holy man who does not know it," and this was literally true. The largest asset of Henry A. Buttz as a teacher was his superlative goodness. Some years ago when a young man in a Western city was trying to decide which theological school to attend, his

father said, "I would rather have you go to Drew than anywhere because Henry A. Buttz is there."

Nor did his influence end when men graduated. The memory of his goodness was a daily spur to courtesy and service. It was impossible to escape the conviction that he was affectionately interested in all that we were doing, and especially in what we were! How the light of his benignant face stimulated us to greater zeal and a more persistent devotion! How his haunting eyes troubled us when we came short of our best. When Frederick Arnold was writing the life of F. W. Robertson, the English preacher-prophet, he went to Brighton for the purpose of collecting material. While there he stepped into a bookseller's shop and found that the old bookman had a portrait of Robertson in his parlor. "Do you see that picture?" he said. "Whenever I am tempted to be mean, I run into this back parlor and look at it; then, whenever I feel afraid of meeting difficulty, I come and look into his eyes, and they put new force into me." Many a Drew man, who has had the picture of the "good Master" hanging on his study wall from the day when under the trees of the Forest he blessed him and sent him forth to proclaim the Evangel, could bear a similar testimony.

There have been three distinct periods in the history of Drew Seminary; the first somewhat more sharply defined than the others, 1867-1880, during which there were three presidents, John McClintock, Randolph S. Foster, and John F. Hurst; the second covering in general the years when the Faculty consisted of James Strong (1868-1893), John Miley (1873-1895), George R. Crooks (1881-1895), and Henry Anson Buttz; the third, the more recent years. The one name which binds these three periods together is that of Dr. Buttz, and it always seemed to us that through him we reached into the even more distant past of American Methodism, for at the opening of the seminary that November day, 1867, when Doctor Buttz may have caught a vision of the Divine Will for his life, there was present a venerable preacher, the Reverend Henry Boehm, then in his 93rd year, Bishop Asbury's traveling companion along many a rough and wearisome road, in many States, and the sharer of his hardships and trials during

many years, who, as he sat upon the platform, and later in the day when he spoke, bound Drew Seminary with Asbury and that most heroic period of American Christianity. That noble hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers," is never sung by the men of Drew without a quickening of the pulse, a kindling of the emotions and a deepening sense of its significance.

At the General Conference of 1880 President John F. Hurst was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In December of that year the trustees of Drew Seminary met in Madison to elect his successor. There was a large attendance including Bishop Simpson, who presided, Bishop William L. Harris, who made the prayer, and the recently elected Bishop Hurst, together with a notable group of laymen and ministers.

Before proceeding to the selection of Bishop Hurst's successor, the vacancy in the chair of practical theology caused by the resignation of Dr. Daniel P. Kidder was filled by the election of Dr. Samuel F. Upham, after which Dr. James M. Buckley moved, "that the Board proceed to elect a President of the Faculty." Of the thirty-three votes cast, Dr. Henry A. Buttz received twenty, and Dr. George R. Crooks, professor of historical theology, twelve. The election was made unanimous and a little later Dr. Buttz was presented to the Board, gravely accepted the responsibility, and entered upon his long and notable administration, covering an entire generation, 1880-1912, a longer period than the total years of administration of the four other presidents of Drew Seminary.

Dr. Buttz was not primarily an administrator. His tastes and training were along other lines. He was in no modern sense a "financier," neither had he genius for organization. His early studies were not the financial pages of metropolitan dailies, and he had no skill as a money maker. Yet how zealously and with what splendid courage he entered upon the work for which he had been designated! He was not without experience in raising funds for the seminary, for in the dark days following the complete loss of the fortune of Daniel Drew, and the consequent loss of the promised endowment of the seminary, which had not yet been paid over to the trustees, Dr. Buttz spared not himself, but labored side by side with President Hurst, going every whither

seeking funds, returning home late at night, teaching by day, and giving self-sacrificial assistance in creating a new endowment. The dire catastrophe of 1875-6 prepared Dr. Buttz in no small measure for the administrative duties which he assumed in 1880. From the first he showed rare skill in interesting friends in the seminary. His methods were never spectacular, seldom perceived even. This was largely due to the man himself rather than to a carefully worked out scheme of procedure.

One of his "boys," now a very successful college president, says that in a consultation as to the best method of financing an educational institution, Dr. Buttz told him that his plan was to tie up a few strong friends to the seminary who would be ready to give of their means, and to put enough of their lives into it to feel that it was their own child; that this was much less difficult than going to the multitude, and was the only way in which he could find sufficient time to meet the demands of the classroom as well as those of the administrative office. From my personal knowledge I know this to be exactly the case. It is unfortunate that there seemed to be no alternative. Theological schools in America have had all too few interested and contributing friends. In the British Wesleyan Conference every church is required to take two collections every year for theological education. In Australia the denomination makes abundant financial provision for ministerial training. Some ecclesiastical bodies in the United States give annual aid to their theological schools, but as yet Methodism has done comparatively nothing, save as here and there some individual has become interested through the personal efforts of a Dr. Buttz. How admirable the "plan" which necessity compelled Dr. Buttz to adopt, the record of the achievements of his administration will disclose! What friends he made for his school! What generous benefactions he obtained!

After his death the editor of one of our official church papers, an honored alumnus of Drew, gave to his editorial announcement of the death of Dr. Buttz the significant and expressive title, "A Man Who Was an Institution." The fine appositeness and discriminating exactness of this characterization are best appreciated by those longest associated with Dr. Buttz in the fellowship of

teaching and service at Drew. For three decades he planned and prayed and toiled unceasingly and achieved. The Cornell Library was opened in 1888, the first of several buildings built during his administration, and how beyond his early dreams it has grown! What splendid private collections have been given to it! The hope of Dr. McClintock, voiced on the opening day in 1867, that the seminary might be a historic center, and that in its library might be found much relating to the early history of Methodism, was more than realized during the presidency of Dr. Buttz. Originally built to hold forty-three thousand volumes, Dr. Buttz saw accessions by the tens and hundreds and thousands, until at the close of his administration the library was perhaps the largest among the educational institutions of the denomination, numbering 130,000 volumes.

Before the Cornell Library was completed, I find that he was telling his trustees of the urgent need of a new dormitory building, and this prospect having been authorized he soon found two great-hearted laymen, William Hoyt and Samuel W. Bowne, who expressed their willingness to give the building, and straightway Hoyt-Bowne Hall was erected at a cost of \$105,000, and formally opened to students in October, 1894, at which time Bishop Hurst delivered a memorable address on "The Romance of Drew" in which, after speaking of the great beauty of the new edifice, he said: "But there is a finer hall than this. An unskilled human being, without culture of mind or voice, called to the great work of the ministry, and with little else than a call, with few friends and no money for an education, not fit for the humblest pulpit in the land, and not daring to turn his back upon the greatest, sitting day after day at the feet of wise men, then after the 'three years in training' going out upon the great field of the wide world, to whom no zone has its rigors of cold or heat, no ocean its tempests, no language its limitations, and no idolater too low for its ministrations—that belongs to a higher architecture than ever floated in the mind of Wren when he reared Saint Paul's Cathedral, or of Michael Angelo when he poised Saint Peter's dome in mid air."

It was his profound conviction of the truth of this, his beauti-

ful sensitiveness to the holy privileges of this "higher architecture," I am persuaded, which made Drew seem so attractive to Dr. Buttz. He never spoke of it save with glowing lips. He seemed never to desire anything else. Doors were swung open to him but he would not enter. Other educational institutions, of wider fields of usefulness, at least of larger size, coveted him, but he would not listen.

About eighteen months after the opening of Hoyt-Bowne Hall, the General Conference met in Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. Buttz was a delegate, leading the Newark Conference delegation as he had in 1884 and 1892, and as he did in 1900, 1904, and 1908—the other General Conferences of which he was a member, 1888, when James N. Fitzgerald was a candidate for the episcopacy and was elected, and 1912, being second in the delegation. For a number of years there had been a growing sentiment for his election to the episcopacy, though not with his encouragement or approval. In 1888 at the General Conference in New York he received 115 votes on the first ballot. The General Conference of 1892 voted not to add to the number of bishops, and four years later there was a strong feeling against electing any new bishops, but the Committee on Episcopacy recommended "that the Board of Bishops be strengthened by the election of three general Superintendents." This report was amended on a motion offered by Dr. Charles J. Little substituting "two" for "three" and thereafter adopted.

On the first ballot Dr. Buttz received 72 votes out of 521 cast, and was fifth in the list; on the second 96, on the third 153, on the fourth 233, on the fifth 266, which was more than a majority. Moreover, on this ballot he was leading all the others. The sixth ballot showed an increase to 291, lacking only 48 votes of the two thirds required for an election. The next ballot disclosed a slight falling off in Dr. Buttz's vote, and he is said to have remarked to Mrs. Buttz, "It is going our way now." It was not until the fifteenth ballot, however, that there was an election, Chaplain McCabe being chosen on that ballot, and Bishop Cranstons on the sixteenth. Bishop Bristol, in his *Life of Chaplain McCabe*, gives expression to this conviction: "But for the two-

thirds rule it may be doubted whether Chaplain McCabe would have been elected. If under a majority rule the ballots had been cast as they were cast, Dr. Henry A. Buttz would have been elected on the fifth ballot. Only one other possible result of this election of bishops at the Cleveland General Conference would have given the church greater satisfaction than did the election of Chaplain McCabe and Dr. Cranston, and that would have been the election of three bishops, as the original report of the Committee on Episcopacy contemplated, and one of the three had been that eminent scholar and educator, Dr. Henry A. Buttz." That his election would have been gratifying to multitudes in the church is beyond question, and he surely would have adorned the high office and maintained its traditions of leadership and influence. But I have never felt that he desired it. The impression was very general at Cleveland while the balloting was in progress not only that he was unconcerned, but that he was indifferent.

Dr. Buttz was not a communicative man. He seldom spoke of himself, and he almost never allowed himself to be betrayed into any reference to personal matters; but in these latest years, for reasons which were obvious to members of the family circle, I would now and again venture, just as I did with my own father when he was fourscore, to tease him about the "reasons" urged against him by overzealous friends of other men who were being voted for at Cleveland. "Yes," he would say with a quizzical smile, "Yes, they did say that I used tobacco," and then he would add, "Well, perhaps I did, and didn't know it." While he probably would have regarded an election as a command of the church to serve in another field, he said at Cleveland, while the balloting was going on, that if by chance he should be chosen he could not accept until he had consulted with the trustees of Drew, and as he came up the steps of the president's house on the Campus on his return from Cleveland, about the first words he uttered were: "I never was happier in my life than I was when my vote for the episcopacy began to go down," and he meant what he said. His love for Drew burned incandescent and undimmed to the very end of his days.

In the immediate years following the Cleveland experience,

another noble building rose on the campus known as the Administration Building and Chapel, the gift of two unfailingly generous trustees. Ten years later the Bowne Gymnasium was erected, and the Samuel W. Bowne Hall was provided for through a bequest of the donor, who died the year his gymnasium was completed, though this latter building, a copy of Christ Church Hall, Oxford, was not begun until after Dr. Buttz had resigned the presidency.

But as I have said with regard to his teaching, Dr. Buttz's largest value to Drew Seminary was not in the friends he made for the school or the buildings or endowment he obtained. It was himself, his personality, his life. Henry A. Buttz was a great man, a great Christian. He had surpassing qualities of goodness and power, but of all the men I have ever known, or of whom I have ever written, his personality is most difficult of analysis. The very simplicity of it, like the preaching of John Hall, and indeed of his own preaching, defies description. He was one of the most unselfish men I have ever known, and as unaffectedly humble as Rowland Hill, who, as the shadows thickened at the last, was heard to murmur, "I shall creep into heaven through some crevice in the door." He was as saintly as John Fletcher and, like him, "wist not that his face did shine." One of his most brilliant preachers sums up his estimate of his teacher-friend in the pregnant sentence: "He had the brains of a man, the heart of a woman, and the soul of a child."

Dr. Buttz's interest in people was constant and unalloyed. His love for men was prodigious. Three thousand students have felt its power and contagion. The timid in his presence became at ease, the weak were conscious of new strength, the transgressor went from his office uncondemned, and resolved to sin no more. His belief in men was even more marked than was Charles Kingsley's. He was a member of numerous boards and other church organizations, and faithful in his attendance, though his voice was seldom heard in debate. He travelled widely, was a lover of nature, and had a deep appreciation of the beautiful, which to many doubtless seemed lacking. He was genial, good-tempered, never dogmatic, broad-minded and tolerant, yet a man

of strong convictions. Trust was a habit with him; he kept faith with children and everybody else. Without jealousy, deeply sympathetic with those in sorrow, devotedly faithful in his friendships, he was in constant demand for funeral occasions. And—is not this significant?—he was often counsel for the defendant in Conference trials, but never for the Church.

He was always lenient with weak, erring, handicapped people, and charitable in his judgments. His charity was measureless. He never wounded. On the contrary, he healed, encouraged, radiated cheer and sympathy. He was urbane without obsequiousness, gentle without effeminacy, when necessary firm yet without harshness, benign, just, lavish of hospitality, unfailingly courteous. He was patient, uncomplaining, having the love that beareth all things, endureth all things. I have been unable to find my classroom notes of his exposition of First Corinthians. I presume I took notes, but I have never felt it necessary to refer to them. He himself was the best exegesis of the thirteenth chapter I have ever known.

And never was he more gloriously Christlike than during the last years of his beautiful life. Dr. Buttz laid down his presidential burdens in 1912, but continued to teach his beloved New Testament six years longer, resigning his professorship in 1918, after fifty years of teaching. When James Russell Lowell visited Birmingham in 1884 to give an address on Democracy he called by appointment on Cardinal Newman, then in his 83rd year, and later he wrote to a friend, "A more gracious senescence I never saw. There was no 'monumental pomp,' but a serene decay, like that of some ruined abbey in a woodland dell."

When Dr. Buttz retired he seemed in good health, but it was evident that the fires were burning low. He attended the commencement exercises, but would not yield to my request that he make the prayer on that occasion. He did, however, give the benediction, but in a tone so low as to be scarcely heard. Yet his outstretched hands were enough. "The peace of God" came upon the people. This was the last time his wonderful voice, soft and full of music, yet penetrating and clear, was heard in the halls of his beloved school. When he left the chapel that day, his long

day's work done, and well done, he did not enter it again until two years later when his body was tenderly borne on the strong shoulders of his "boys" from his home, through the seminary entrance, under the arching trees of the campus and laid before the altar where so many, many times he had lifted holy hands, and prayed until the gates of the celestial city swung wide open.

Of the quiet months of waiting for the coming of the chariot much might be written, for, like Elisha, I was reluctant to be long away from him, but this is not the place. I think I never saw him that he did not seek to persuade me that he was my debtor, and the very last time that I sat by his bedside he persisted in thanking me for my kindnesses, for all I had done for him! Ah, what I had ever with such gladness of heart done for him was as the small dust of the balance compared with his goodness to me and to all his sons in Christ Jesus. How many of us since his going have been unspeakably grateful for Matthew Arnold's tribute to his schoolmaster father:

"Thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gave the weary thy hand.

"If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toll or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of the day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

It is said that the famous writer of this beautiful sonnet regarded Isaac Watts's "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" as

the finest hymn in the English language. Just a little before his sudden death he was heard repeating the third stanza,

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

The whole life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, "Except a grain of corn fall in the earth and die, it abideth alone," "he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it," are all in that stanza. No man I have ever known so completely and so joyously lived the sacrificial life, after the pattern and manner of Jesus, as Henry Anson Buttz.

A POTENTIAL LUTHER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY¹

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IN the sixteenth century western Europe was ripe for a religious revolution. Reactionary forces frantically sought to stem the slowly onrushing tide of an increasing popular protest, but their repressive measures merely augmented the spirit of revolt. When the Prophet appeared the unescapable happened, the bisection of Catholicism and the birth of a new era. Since many of the conditions conducive to reform already obtained a century earlier we wonder why no Luther arose at the time to emancipate the individual from the toils of a grasping, insatiable institution. For amid much economic unrest, political confusion, spiritual hunger, exploitation of the many by the few, papal abuse and ecclesiastical malpractice, outstanding churchmen were recommending drastic reforms while the common people were yearning for better and freer conditions of life. Why did the great reform lag for a century? With numerous diverging currents of thought tending toward the common objective, "reformation in head and members," with masterful leaders of men emphasizing its urgency with compelling power, why did the attempts at reform so signally fail? Did the Prophet fail to appear? One among the leaders seemed to be the man of the hour. He appeared capable of galvanizing the vague, fitful, and often conflicting protests into a mighty dynamic of purgation. Nicholas of Cusa might have been a real, not merely potential, Luther of the fifteenth century.

Again, it is an interesting matter of historical speculation to inquire why more prominent churchmen failed to go the way of Luther, even Staupitz, who was instrumental in turning Luther

¹ The bibliography on Nicholas von Cusa (Cues) is extensive, chiefly in the German language. The best authorities are: *Der deutsche Cardinal Nicholas von Cusa und die Kirche seiner Zeit*, by J. M. Dix, 2 vol. Regensburg, 1847; and *Der Cardinal u. Bischof Nicholas von Cusa als Reformator in Kirche, Reich und Philosophie*, by F. A. Scharpf, Tuebingen, 1871. Of Cusa's own works, of which the majority are extant in various Latin editions, the present writer employed the 2d edition in two large folios, Paris, 1514, together with other treatises and letters.

toward the light, refusing to follow him; why Fénelon, while standing before his congregation, his inmost soul rebelling, nevertheless retracted in abject submission to the Pope's mandate; why the lone Jansenist Church in Holland continues to send each newly elected Pope a congratulatory message, only to receive in return as regularly a bull of excommunication; why every bishop, however opposed to the dogma of infallibility of 1870, finally submitted, among them the erudite Hefele, the indomitable Strossmayer, the mystic Newman; and finally, why the Modernists persist in remaining in the communion of that church which stands officially on the platform of the Syllabus of 1864? It may seem futile to seek an answer to these queries, but a possible solution may be obtained from a study of the psychological processes through which Cusa passed when he was confronted with the "Either-Or" of his ecclesiastical career.

The life of this representative churchman of the fifteenth century, for instance, may stand as a type of that vast multitude in the Church of Rome who believe that submission to the papacy is the first essential, that organic church unity is the greatest desideratum; consequently that schism is the deadliest crime, the supreme heresy. Besides, in him we have also one of a number of becoming prophets, of potential reformers before the Protestant Reformation, men who seemed to see a great light, who reached out haltingly and blindly for the truth, only to have their dreams and aspirations shattered on the rock of the primacy of the Pope. At the crucial moment Cusa hesitated, faltered, and stopped where Luther, with sublime courage, crossed the Rubicon. Although more learned than the latter in the technical academic sense, and perhaps as highly endowed with moral courage, the fifteenth century reformer, nevertheless, refused to take the daringly venturesome leap of faith into an unknown future when the opportunity to do so presented itself to him. Standing at the parting of the ways he chose the safer, the traditional path. The overwhelming sentiment of the hoary past, the authority of the one holy Catholic Church caused him to decide for the things that are as against the things that might be. Such action appeared too revolutionary to this ecclesiastic bound up in the vast rigid

church system. And here we find much food for thought. Is it ever advisable to take a stand against the things that are for the sake of a hope that the things that might be will usher in a brighter, better day? The fear of change, a feeling that the disturbance attending the change would destroy more than it possibly could create, caused the becoming radical to back-step into an ultra-conservative. After the door was closed in the face of a waiting opportunity there came into the life of the promising man the despair of a fanatical melancholia and the emotions of a fierce reactionary spirit.

I—THE CHURCH, THE PAPACY, AND THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN
THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY

The opening of the fifteenth century saw papal prestige at low ebb. The Babylonian Captivity, followed by the Great Schism, had given the world a century's dose of wickedness in high ecclesiastical circles. But, however corrupt the Curia, whether at Rome or at Avignon, the traditional attitude of the time pronounced the violation of the fundamental doctrine of church unity by far the greater evil. Because Europe was presented with the spectacle of two spiritual heads of a supposedly united church, the question naturally arose where the true seat of the church was to be found. The idea of unity was so strong that the leading spirits of the age felt the situation to be intolerable. Again, it was a question not merely of a remedy, a general spiritual panacea, but it was a question as to who was to administer the dreaded medicament. Thus, the problem of diagnosis and medicine was not so difficult for the time being as the choice of the doctor. Because the papacy, the family physician, had utterly failed, the notion began to dawn in the minds of many upstanding churchmen that nothing less drastic than a General Council was able to cope with the fatal malady that was eating like gangrene into the very vitals of the church. Consequently, as an outcome of the cry for reform that was gaining momentum from year to year we have the conciliar movement.

The idea that the papacy was the source of all religious authority, that the Curia embodied within itself the whole church, had

received such telling blows for decades that its force had perceptibly weakened. The opposite idea, based upon the Nominalistic philosophy of Occam and his followers, and influenced by the epoch making work, *Defensor Pacis* of Marsilius of Padua, gained ground to a corresponding degree. According to this view the church was not a divine abstraction existing apart from men, so that had there been no men there would yet have been a church. Neither was the papacy regarded as the supreme earthly expression of this imagined celestial institution. Instead, it sponsored the theory, rank heresy for the day, that the church, though manifestly of divine origin and under the spiritual guidance of providence, was essentially an institution here on earth consisting of the mass of individuals who composed it. Those who were grounded in this nominalistic approach to the problem were driven irresistibly to the conclusion that the seat of authority was to be found, not in the papacy, but in the whole church, or in a General Council consisting of the representatives of its members.

The Council of Pisa offers an illustration. It awakened the church to a consciousness of its own existence in the realization that it had the inherent right to remedy evils. And Constance is forever memorable for establishing the doctrine that the General Council was above the Pope; that the latter was to regard himself, not as the autocratic ruler, but as the servant of the church. To this doctrine Dollinger later made his effective appeal when launching his powerful anti-infallibility movement.

To people living at the time it must have seemed like an age of transition. Old landmarks on the political and ecclesiastical landscape were being defaced. Well-established institutions were being undermined. Ideas and ideals were in a state of flux. In this regard it resembled our present troubled age. Contradictory notions sometimes found congenial lodgment in the mind of one individual. Many still believed in the supremacy of the Pope without relinquishing their faith in the righteousness of the conciliar movement, just as some individuals in the twentieth century find it possible to preach democracy and uphold undemocratic practices. In the mediæval period some even found the polar extremes of papal primacy and conciliar supremacy

perfectly compatible. In this strange period of innovation and uncertainty Nicholas of Cusa was born.

II—SKETCH OF CUSA'S LIFE

Born in 1401 in Cues (Cusa) on the Moselle, he left home as a lad by the run-away method, entering a school of the Brethren of the Common Life. The practical mysticism emphasized by this school at Deventer left an indelible impression upon the boy. An equally powerful humanistic influence came later through the University of Padua, where the promising young student received the doctor's degree in civil law. Here he became acquainted with the famous Cæsarini, with whom he formed a life-long friendship. Presumably because he lost his first case in the practice of law, thus Heimburg his enemy contends, Cusa took holy orders. In this new field of activity he immediately distinguished himself by his prophetic messages, not even sparing high ecclesiastical offenders. He mourns the fact that the church had never seen such sorry days, and implores God to direct those who had assembled at Basel. At this time he had already commenced his notable work, *De Concordantia Catholica*, published later in three books. In the attempt to develop his thought in a scientific and historical manner it is of significance to note that he forsook the prevalent scholastic methods. Indeed, there is a tendency in him which suggests the Renaissance spirit, exemplified in his love of nature and in the emphasis which he placed upon the intrinsic value of this world. Giordano Bruno did not hesitate in calling him his forerunner. An approach to the modern spirit also is shown in Cusa's claim that all religious faiths would find in Christianity their own highest and best. And in his astronomical calculations he was Copernican, not Ptolemaic. His position at this stage is revealed in the attempt to justify the extreme actions which Basel at first deemed necessary to take in declaring its own supremacy over the Pope. And we might add, had Basel succeeded the Vicar of Christ would have been reduced to the position of the first official of a Constitutional Assembly. The Pope of the time did yield in his acknowledgment of Basel as ecumenical in 1433. In palliation of this enforced obedience the papal adherents contend

that only the council, not its decrees, was approved, whatever that may mean. Besides, it is claimed, the papal legates were not present when the decree of conciliar authority was passed.

At the council the ecclesiastical atmosphere rapidly changed. The air became charged with radicalism. The extreme left became the majority and in its steam-roller application of a newly acquired power dethroned the masterful Cæsarini from his position of director general of affairs. So much confusion resulted that Aneas Sylvius (later Pius II) compared the sessions to the brawls common to wine rooms. The two contending factions made a disgraceful attempt to seize the altar of the cathedral in order to give validity to their decrees. The minority, hopelessly outnumbered, bolted the conference and left in disgust. This was in 1436, and Cusa was among the irreconcilables. Just as stanchly as he had previously upheld the conciliar point of view, he now championed the papal cause. Indeed, his zeal and ardor in behalf of Pope Eugene caused Aneas Sylvius to call him the Hercules of the Eugenianists. Opportunities for proving his allegiance were not wanting to the scholarly statesman. As legate, bishop, and cardinal, at home and abroad, he boldly and efficiently represented the Curialists. In practical religious reform he did accomplish that which cannot be ignored, though some might censure him because he regarded the upholding of hierarchical pretensions as the essential basis of all true moral-religious progress. Pastor states (*History of the Popes*, II, p. 123, note 3) that most of the monasteries and convents reformed by Cusa "stood firm" in the religious strife of the following century. In his own diocese of Brixen he was only partially successful, being involved in a bitter controversy with Duke Sigmund of Austria. However, his general plan of reformation, though inadequate as the following century proved, did credit to the man's heart. In brief, it involved the designation of the Pope as head of the propaganda. From this central sun the rays of light, truth, and reform were to radiate in all directions. New life was to be infused into the provincial councils in order that through them the abuses in their respective territories might be corrected. Preaching in the vernacular was to be emphasized. Here Cusa set a good example by

preaching in the language that his parishioners could easily understand. Finally, he urged that the priests must feel themselves under the deepest obligation to set an example by living lives of holiness and purity.

As we near the close of his life and note the establishment of a hospital, to which he willed his library, and the founding of a "bursa Cusani" at Deventer for the use of poor students, we might join in the words of Trithemius, Abbot of Sponheim: "Cusa was an angel of light appearing to the fatherland. He restored the unity of the church and the dignity of her head. His mind embraced the whole realm of knowledge" (Camb. Modern Hist., I, p. 632). History might slightly change these words of eulogy in the following paraphrase. Cusa was one of the great intellectual lights of his fatherland. His exertions in behalf of church unity were tremendous. His championship of the papacy was unsurpassed by any of his day. His mind was keen, his accomplishments in various realms of knowledge remarkable for a man of his day.

III—THE DILEMMA: PAPAL PRIMACY OR CONCILIAR SUPREMACY?

The great dilemma which Cusa faced, an issue tantamount to that which Luther faced, and with the substitution of different words similar to that which we face to-day, was the choice between autocracy as embodied in the papacy, and democracy, or at least representative government, as associated with the General Council. In his dramatic attack upon the ecclesiastical absolutism of the Pope, voiced in his courageous appeal to the German people, Luther chose the least trodden path and the more dangerous one. This step lifted a cloud that had been obstructing men's vision of a brighter, more democratic vista. Cusa, on the other hand, turned back from the promised land, placing his life and talents in the service of the past. To the attainment of greater certitude on the issues involved we shall consider first the statements which emphasize conciliar authority, then glance at those writings which uphold the primacy of the Pope. After a brief comparison of the two sets which might include such considerations as time, emphasis, motive, we shall be in a better position to pass judgment on the problem which Cusa presents.

1. Conciliar Authority.

The conciliar leanings of the man are most elaborately expressed in the monumental work, *De Concordantia Catholica*. The author's critical spirit is revealed in the doubt that he raises in Book I as to the genuineness of the Donation of Constantine and the False Decretals. In a brief comparison between the Curia and the Church Universal he contends that infallibility is better ascribed to the latter than to the former. In the same sentence that he acknowledges the infallibility of the *Cathedra Petri* he includes a complaint that the Catholic Church had dwindled down into a Roman patriarchate. It is to the Universal Church that we must look for the greater authority and the greater security of faith. The supremacy of the General Council is so emphatically stressed in the second book that Hefele is led to remark that the author's sincerity, zeal, and irresistible logic together constituted a potent factor in the diffusion of the conciliar doctrines promulgated at Constance. The argument runs something like this. Although the Roman bishop was the head of the church, though General Councils could not be held without him, it was, nevertheless, possible for a General Council to promulgate canons without the presence of his Holiness provided conditions in the church demanded such action. Since infallibility, strictly interpreted, is promised to no single individual but to the whole church, the General Council, because more truly representative, overtops the authority of the Pope. In support of this argument the famous "Rock passage" is interpreted in a figurative sense (*figura petrae*), the true *petra* being the church. And besides Peter represents the church only "*unice et confusissime*." This sounds like Cusa speaking through the mouth of Luther. The conclusion is then drawn by the liberal truth-seeking investigator that the canons of General Councils must be more authoritative than those issued by the Pope. As a matter of fact the General Council may become the Pope's judge to the extent of deposing and excommunicating him.

In a short treatise recently found among the manuscripts of the University of Wurzburg (printed in Düx, I, p. 475ff.), further evidence is furnished in corroboration of his view. Were the Pope's presidency at the council more than a mere directive

agency it would include the power of coercion, which is contrary to the essential form of the council, nullifying as it does its freedom of discussion (*libertas in consultando*). Over the dispersed church the author allows the Pope a directive jurisdiction unpredicable of him as to the assembled church, for, runs the argument, how could he who is under the guidance and penal jurisdiction of an assembly also be considered its directive head? We cannot omit an interesting interpretation of the Scripture passage containing the story of the strife for the chief seats in the new Kingdom, for it would do justice to the reasoning of a modern Protestant. Cusa begins his exegesis with the assertion that Christ did not say to Peter: "I appoint you as my vicar, and the rest of you are to obey him," because he had no desire of giving to Peter or any of his successors any inducement to lord it over the church. Significantly he adds, as we unfortunately see it as present (*sicut pro dolor nunc videmus*). Neither do we find Peter assuming unto himself any special jurisdiction or power, but all things were defined and commanded in the name of the council (Acts 15). The argument reaches its climax in the contention that present popes could not assume authority greater than that originally possessed by the prince of the apostles. At the council the true, invisible, perfect, unerring "*presidens*" is the Holy Spirit. And we must keep in mind that the idea here expressed is far removed from the caustic thrust of a hostile pen made in reference to the Pope's domination of a recent council of the Roman Catholic Church, for to the papalist claim of divine guidance the rejoinder came that the Holy Spirit was sent daily by the Pope in a dispatch box. The farthest reach of Cusa's concession at this stage would thus make the Pope the organ of the council, the mouth of the Holy Spirit through which that council proclaimed its general decrees.

2. Papal Supremacy.

With no more evidence at our command we would be forced to conclude that Cusa was a staunch though moderate conciliar adherent, somewhat of the Gerson type. Such he was in the early part of the third decade. Sad experiences with a rampant radical-

ism caused him to see the inconsistencies underlying his ideas of conciliar supremacy when compared with the Catholic doctrine of the primacy of Peter. The gradual inner change tending toward traditionalism manifested itself when Basel threatened a schism, a consummation especially abhorrent to the "safe and sane" ecclesiastical statesman. Foreshadowing the change are the remarks addressed in a letter to the Bohemians in which his ratiocination approaches the subtlety of the old scholastic dialect. Apropos of the question whether infallibility resides inherently in the *Sedes Romana* or whether it is given to this *Cathedra* by the church, Cusa avers that infallibility results from the interchanging adherence of church and *Cathedra* (*Curia*), just as a human being results from the union of body and soul. The church must be obeyed, thus to the recalcitrant Hussites, even though her commands happen to be based upon false assumptions but regarded as true by the church.

In a speech delivered soon after at the Diet of Frankfurt he unburdens his soul. The Curialist has triumphed over the Conciliarist. Badly contradicting some of his previous utterances the passionate convert proclaims that a true Pope must be obeyed under all circumstances. God alone, not the General Council, is the Pope's judge. The Council of Constance, it is true, asserted its superiority over the Pope, but that was merely the adoption of a lesser evil to ward off a greater evil, that is, schism. Infallibility can be better predicted of the Pope than of the council because Christ prayed especially for Peter.

Evidence taken from one more source will suffice to indicate the transformation that is now well-nigh complete. In a lengthy letter sent to a certain Roderick, ambassador of the King of Spain to the Court of Frederick III, Cusa develops in his usual speculative manner the idea of the true church. Following Aquinas he declared that the visible church must have a visible head in whom the whole church is found in essence. We find him writing in the atmosphere of feudalistic notions of absolutism in the statement that the sovereignty of Peter in its own sphere must be absolute since in him the church itself is comprised. Since no sovereign can be judged by his subjects, that action which seeks

to bring the sacred person of a Prince to trial must be branded as criminal. But suppose that "sacred" Prince, at the head of the church, issues a command destructive of the highest interests of the church? Cusa's logic wavers. His heart allegiance seeks to control and guide his ratiocination. In doubtful cases, indeed, obedience to the head takes precedence, otherwise schism would result (*schisma diabolicum inexcusabile crimen existet*). As a matter of fact the Cathedra Petri cannot be the source of destruction. To this lame conclusion we feel like adding that famous phrase of Saint Augustine's which can so easily be used in a perverted sense—*Causa finita est, Roma locuta est* (The case is ended, Rome has spoken).

IV—RADICAL TO CONSERVATIVE? THE NATURE OF THE CHANGE

By bringing those statements which favor conciliar supremacy and those that uphold the Pope's primacy in juxtaposition, the impression is readily made that a most violent and radical conversion took place, that we are dealing with a genuine case of retraction. Some Catholics like Scharpff deny that Cusa retracted, others like Bellarmine and Düx maintain that he did. Among those who admit that Cusa radically changed his point of view there is a difference of opinion as to the motives and the nature of the change. The present writer inclines to the opinion that there was a change but that it was not so marked and drastic as a superficial comparison of his conflicting statements might suggest it to be. This may even have its validity if we grant with Gieseler that Cusa set forth principles in his earlier career which threatened to undermine the papal structure.

An explanation is offered on the basis of a distinction made between the practical and the theoretical Cusa. It is possible for a theorist to make statements to which he would not adhere if they were practically applied. There were, in Cusa's case, certain theoretical propositions to which he adhered. He always believed in the primacy of Peter and in the necessity of a united church. In his early days, however, he was forced theoretically to limit that primacy by means of the authority residing in the council. But when he saw his theories applied, saw that the logical outcome

of it all would bring the destruction of the primacy of the Pope, and with it the unity of the church, he decided to place the emphasis where to his mind it was most needed. There could be no higher good than the unity of the church. That must stand though all else may fall. Luther's resurgence to his former and more conservative positions in the face of a threatening radicalism offers an analogy. In the case of Cusa, then, we may conclude that the change was one of modification in emphasis rather than a jump from one extreme position to another. For instance, at the beginning of the Council of Basel he emphasized the principle of conciliar authority without relinquishing the doctrine of the primacy of the Pope. To us these ideas seem mutually exclusive, but Cusa was not the first man who harbored apparently antagonistic truths in his system. The names of Origen and Augustine readily occur to the mind. When he was impressed with the inconsistency existing in his mental life he dropped one of the principles and adhered all the closer to the other. That possibly explains the zeal with which henceforth he fought the battles of the Pope. In short, if the doctrine of conciliar supremacy threatened to destroy the unity of the church it must be sacrificed. Luther came to the conclusion that the apparent destruction of that unity might be synthesized into a broader and purer unity, though he did not see all the implications involved in that larger vision of truth.

Cusa has been accused of cowardice and weakness in view of his desertion of the conciliar cause. But his character and subsequent life hardly warrant the use of such a grave charge. On the other hand it must be noted that change of opinion often evidences strength of character. Or was the step due to alluring prospects? Was the cardinal's hat a bribe? As his life is known not merely by one of two actions but by its whole trend, we must reject insinuations of this nature as we would in the case of Newman. Whatever we may think of his judgment we cannot ascribe low motives to the decision of his heart. He forsook the conciliar party at Basel because of his honest conviction that continued adherence to that party involved the surrender of a principle dear to his heart. By that decision another born leader of men, another prophet to be, another potential reformer failed to arrive.

NATURALISM IN PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHICS

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MODERN thought is strongly colored by Naturalism. Of that every observer of the tendency of the time must be aware, whether he be for it or against it. The growth of Naturalism has been steady, at times rapid, since Darwin and Herbert Spencer, much as there is in the work of both of these men that has been set aside. More and more closely the issue is drawn between Idealism and Naturalism. Between Nature and Religion, Science and Theology, there is no conflict; but between Naturalism and Idealism there is an inherent antagonism.

Naturalism is by no means to be identified with Evolution. It is simply one interpretation of Evolution. It is doubtless true that the evolutionary hypothesis has given a strong impetus to Naturalism. But Naturalism itself is as old as Democritus and Lucretius and is an attitude of mind quite as much as a theory. Naturalism may be defined as the interpretation of the Universe in purely material terms. As such it is a negation of Spirit, a refusal to recognize any reality except that of nature.

I. Nowhere is the impact of Naturalism felt so sharply at the present time as in Psychology and Ethics. How great a change is going on in these fields can best be understood by a concrete example of its progress. Since the appearance of Westermarck's "Origin and Development of Moral Ideals" (1906) perhaps no work has been so widely influential as Mr. William McDougal's "An Introduction to Social Psychology," published in 1908 (seventh edition 1913). The book is one of extraordinary interest. It has all the outstanding qualities of the successful presentation of a theory—clarity, continuity, consistency and not too much of attention to the opposite view point. The author is a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and a recognized authority in psychology, having published a second volume, "Mind and Body," (1911), which has received wide attention.

The introductory contention of the volume is that the psychology of introspection is outgrown, being at best only "preliminary"; that in place of it we need a "positive science of conduct or behavior"; i. e., a psychology of the instincts which are "the prime movers of all human activity."¹ The instinctive impulses determine the ends of all activities and "supply the driving power by which all mental activities are sustained."² Each of the instincts has its accompanying *emotion*, peculiar to itself, which combines with it in determining activity. Upon this basis the author proceeds to construct a Social Psychology, the outlines of which we will endeavor to summarize.

II. The principal instincts of man, as Mr. McDougal outlines them, are (1) the Instinct of Flight and the Emotion of Fear; (2) the Instinct of Repulsion and the Emotion of Disgust; (3) the Instinct of Curiosity and the Emotion of Wonder; (4) the Instinct of Pugnacity and the Emotion of Anger; (5) the Instincts of Self-abasement (or Subjection) and of Self-assertion (or Self-display) and the Emotions of Subjection and Elation (or Negation and Positive Self-feeling); (6) the Parental Instinct and the Tender Emotions. In addition to these primary instincts there are certain others less clearly defined, viz., the Instinct of Reproduction, the Gregarious Instinct and the instincts of Acquisition and Construction. Besides these, certain general tendencies are recognized which have no specific end, such as Sympathy, Suggestion, Imitation and Play.

From this analysis of the Instincts and Emotions Mr. McDougal passes on to consider what he terms the Sentiments. A sentiment is "an organized system of emotional tendencies centered about some object" (p. 122). The typical sentiments are Love and Hate. Each consists of a complex of emotions. Love (as shown by a diagram) is made up of Fear, Pugnacity, Curiosity, Subjection, Self-assertion, and, most of all, Parental Instinct. It is differentiated from Hate in that it does not include Repulsion; while Hate has all the emotions of Love except Self-assertion and the Parental Instinct. How far this description of Love corre-

¹Chapter I.

²P. 44. Citations are from the seventh edition (1913).

sponds with that of Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians may be left to the reader to decide.

Other sentiments, Admiration, Awe, Gratitude, Scorn, Jealousy, etc., are not quite so complex as Love and Hate. Certain of these are described as "binary," like Admiration, which consists of the emotions of Wonder and Negative Self-feeling or Abasement; others as "tertiary," like Awe, which to Wonder and Abasement adds Fear.

III. When he comes to the growth of Self-consciousness and the advance to the higher plane of social conduct, Mr. McDougal, though yielding a bit to accepted ideas, continues to maintain the naturalistic theory, though with evident difficulty. He admits that there is such a thing as Self, but holds that Self-consciousness consists in the individual extension of the Self-regarding sentiment (p. 208). Conscience is "a false psychological assumption" (p. 8). Freedom is an illusion. The libertarian is deceived. Determinism holds, in the human as well as the natural realm. The Will, in any such sense as William James, e. g., regarded it, as a factor which exerts itself on the side of the weaker motive and enables it to conquer, is a misconception. There is no such thing. Volition is "only a more subtle and complex interplay of those impulses which actuate all animal behavior" (p. 231). Its fundamental impulse is Self-regard (p. 249). When one sets aside a stronger desire for the sake of a weaker—which may be to his disadvantage but which seems to him worthier—it is solely by virtue of the activity of the self-regarding sentiment. When a man rushes into a burning building to try to save a child at the risk of his own life it is no act of pure Altruism; it is due to the sentiment which demands that he shall live up to his ideal of what someone else will think of him, supplemented by his Self-control, which, again, is "a special development of the self-regarding sentiment" (p. 253).

IV. The ease and skill and intrepidity with which established psychological and ethical principles from Plato and Aristotle to James Ward and Martineau are thus set aside are so characteristic of our day, so unconcerned, so plausible, that one is likely to be captured with the apparent success of the undertaking. It is all so plain that one wonders why Psychology has been

so blind, so attached to its idols, as not to have reached these conclusions long ago. But a little reflection shows not only marked limitations but astonishing assumptions and omissions in the argument. Not that there is not much of contributive value, but it is so involved in the general point of view that it is with difficulty detached from its setting.

When the theory is surveyed as a whole such defects as these emerge:

In the first place this apotheosis of the instincts contradicts consciousness at many vital points. That civilized man has kinship, psychological and moral as well as physical, with animals and savages, the adherent of the older psychology is ready to admit. He is even willing to concede, if he is honest with himself, that in some respects he is no better, yes, even worse than his animal kindred. But that the movements of his mind, as reported to him by consciousness, are so much of a kind with those of the animal as Mr. McDougal contends—of that he is not so sure. In fact, he is quite certain that they are not. His own consciousness tells him that he has a sacred sense of duty within him of whose presence he sees at best but a glimmer in the higher animals. He feels that to classify his love for his friend, his home, his country, humanity, as nothing but a sublimated self-regard would be to do it a deep dishonor. He is not so easily convinced that the voice of conscience is an illusion. At any rate he knows that for some reason it refuses to be silenced. That when he is conscious of acting freely he is really *determined*, seems exceedingly plausible in print; but when "Duty whispers low thou must" the arguments for being unable to say "I can" do not prove convincing.

Not only is there a lack of correspondence to consciousness in this setting aside of the elementary *principia* of Psychology and Ethics, there is also an academic adjustment of concepts, a schematism, a disposition of difficulties to conform to a system, which do not carry conviction. The "binary" and "tertiary" and still more complex combinations of instincts and emotions which are offered to supplant the "old essential candors" of Duty and Love and Reverence give too much of the impression of intellectual constructs rather than interpretations of reality.

V. In the second place this Psychological Naturalism lowers the meaning and worth of human life. There is about it an unwholesome sense of dragging the things in the basement of our nature up into the living-room. We do not need to deny that there is a basement and that the things that are there should be overhauled, and rearranged, but the basement is not the chief part of the house. If the trail of the serpent is over the old orthodoxism, with its doctrine of original sin, it is over this even more. It thrusts our human nature back into the mud and scum of things. It is too largely a psychology of the Higher Ape. Not that we need to disavow all relationship with our aspiring ancestor. But ask him if he recognizes us. Interrogate him as to whether the faintest gleam of the ideas and ideals, the hopes and purposes which form the sustenance of our daily living when we are true to ourselves have so much as dawned upon him. His only answer is gibberish.

No; despite the kinship there is an enormous chasm between the ape and the developed man—as anthropologists have recognized—and the Simian is not the key to the Christian. To recognize the greatness of the differences does not mean to deny the continuity. It does deny the principle that the higher is to be interpreted by the lower. It is true that Mr. McDougal in a single sentence denies any such intention: "It should be remembered that the humble nature of the remote origins of anything we justly admire or revere in nowise detracts from its intrinsic worth or dignity, and that the ascertainment of those origins need not, and should not, diminish by one jot our admiration or reverence" (p. 254). Very true, if the question is one of *origins* as such, but the contention of the entire work is that the animal instincts are not merely origins but that they maintain themselves in human life and constitute its determining forces.

VI. This leads us to the third objection to the author's Social Psychology. It is out of harmony with the Developmental Theory itself. For, in the first place, it ignores the significance of "saltations," "critical points" when the leap from one stage of progress to the next is so great, the change so revolutionary, that the later form of life cannot be understood in terms of the earlier.

The organism passes into an entirely new environment and is endowed with new capacities, as when the larva becomes an insect, or the chrysalis a butterfly. The mind of man may occupy a body structurally the same as that of the ape, but the mind itself has entered a new stage of being and operates in a world of new dimensions and forces.

There is also, in the second place, an overlooking of the fact that certain instincts, like certain organs, may be sloughed off in the developing process, or at least become mere functionless appendages, while other instincts are so transformed as to lose their original character almost entirely. Take the instinct of Flight and the accompanying emotion of Fear. What place have these in the life of the highly developed modern man—in a Lincoln, a Gladstone, a General Gordon? It may be that Reverence has some remote relationship to what was once Fear, but it is as diverse in itself as light from darkness.

There are, it is true, instincts which have *not* died out, but which *ought* to be killed out, which alas! come surging back upon men like a flood when for centuries and generations they have been so suppressed as to seem almost extinct. Such an instinct is Pugnacity, which had been so far scotched before the outbreak of the Great War that Mr. McDougal himself, with a happy lack of consistency, thought it all but dead, declaring that Emulation, though in some way related to Pugnacity, tended in the life of societies "gradually to take the place of the instinct of pugnacity, as a force making for the development of social life and organization" (p. 293). Yet we have witnessed an outbreak of civilized and scientific Pugnacity, far other and far worse than primitive Pugnacity.

VII. Finally, the Naturalistic Psychology fails to take account of one of the chief formative forces in human life in that it wholly underestimates Religion as an original motive power. Not that Mr. McDougal fails to offer a theory of Religion, but it is a mere repetition of the old theory of Fear, plus curiosity and subjection; which so long ago fell into desuetude.

"The conception of supernal powers, the products of man's creative imagination [Imagination—this is the first time this has

appeared in the discussion. What is it? Instinct? Emotion? Sentiment? Binary or tertiary?] working through, and under the driving power of, the instincts of fear, curiosity and subjection, became the great generators and supporters of custom" (p. 293). Fear, Curiosity and Subjection are all animal instincts—why did they fail to produce a religion in the animal order? The answer obviously is that the animal is not susceptible to, is not capable of Religion—which is not an instinct at all—though it is often termed such in recognition of its ineradicable nature. Nor is it a fusion of instincts, as Mr. McDougal holds it to be. Religion is an *experience*, and one whose essential place cannot be overlooked in any adequate account of the forces which control human life and conduct.

VIII. Since Mr. McDougal's book won so wide attention and assent there has been a large output in the same line, especially in the field of experimental psychology. It has been chiefly the work of American psychologists and constitutes a valuable advance in the knowledge of the psycho-physical organism. So long as this Psycho-physical Psychology keeps within its own sphere and does not attempt to supplant introspective psychology, metaphysics and religion, its service is constructive and valuable. But it is difficult for it to keep within this province, whatever its intentions and however earnest its protestations that it has no pan-psychological purpose.

The extent of the claims of psychology as well as the value of its findings are conspicuous in Professor John B. Watson's "Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist" (1919), which may be taken as representative. The bias appears in the title itself. Behaviorism is the author's creed, and not simply his attitude. The work is one of those deceptively successful attempts to construct a complete working system upon a single hypothesis which leads the exponent of it to think that he is in possession of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

It is unquestionably the case that the whole range of human motive and activity and output can be read in terms of Behavior. The only question is whether it is the true or comprehensive formula. The doubt arises in reading the initial chapter, The

Problems and Scope of Psychology, and culminates in the final chapter, Personality and its Disturbance, in which Professor Watson outlines the "Behavioristic and Common-sense Conception of Personality." Personality he regards thus: "Let us mean by the term personality an individual's total assets (actual and potential) and liabilities (actual and potential) on the reaction side" (p. 397). By "assets" the author intends "that part of the individual's equipment which makes for his adjustment and balance in his present environment and for readjustment if environment changes." The value of this view of persons is held to be that "it enables one to point out the essential factors which make them occupy the place they do in social and community life" (p. 405).

This comes rather near setting aside Kant's maxim always to treat persons as ends, never as means. Yet there is a place for this standard of measurement of persons. There is no harm—indeed there is decided gain for practical purposes—in viewing personality in this way, provided it is recognized as but one aspect, and a limited one, of something far greater. But when it is assumed that this is a final account of personality, as in the statement "Self and personality under careful scrutiny cease to be mysterious and become problems which can be solved by careful observation" (p. 405), then it is quite clear that personality in becoming a mere "man of reactions" has ceased to be of any intrinsic significance. We have lost the world of values.

It has remained, however, for Freudism to plot the high point of the curve of Naturalistic Psychology and accomplish the complete submergence of Ethics. This it does by making the instinctive or sub-conscious the main factor in life, where the really significant activity goes on, while consciousness with its powers is a mere insignificant *addendum*. In his latest volume Professor Freud uses this interesting analogy:

"We will compare the system of the unconscious to a large ante-chamber, in which the psychic impulses rub elbows with one another, as separate beings. There opens out of this ante-chamber another, smaller room, a sort of parlor which consciousness occupies. But on the threshold between the two rooms there stands a watchman; he passes on the individual psychic impulses, censors them, and will not let them into the parlor if they do not meet with his approval. . . . When they have

succeeded in pressing forward to the threshold, and have been sent back by the watchman, then they are unsuitable for consciousness and we call them *suppressed*.¹

These suppressed desires, for the Freudians, are not really suppressed but only *repressed*, and their anarchistic activities are the real clue to all of our sleeping and most of our waking hours. To the unilluminated mind, before Freud arose, it was the parlor rather than the ante-room in which the significant events and interviews of life occur and the watchman, who used to be called Conscience or the Will, was invested with a task which made him the really decisive part in life. One wonders how long he will continue to exercise his office under the Freudian system. Certainly not much longer than he is supported by a sound ethic and sustained by an adequate religion.

X. In the light of the Naturalistic Psychology both Morality and Religion vanish as traditions of a past which was under the sway of the three-fold illusion of Idealism, Romanticism and Rationalism. What kind of a society is possible without these two basal principles? The training of the Instincts is surely desirable, necessary—but what will prompt men to it short of duty? And what will sustain the sense of Duty save Religion. "*Duty!* thou exalted and great name," exclaims Kant, "before whom inclinations are mute, though they may secretly rebel against it—what origin is worthy of thee, and where shall we find the root of thy high descent? It cannot be anything less than that which exalts man above himself (as a portion of the world of sense) and knits him to an order of things which only the understanding can conceive." To knit us to that higher order and move us to live and act in it is the task of Religion. Without it we cannot have a stable social order. "Far more easily wilt thou be able to build a city in the air, than on earth to found a city without the gods."

Our kinship is twofold, with a lower order and a higher. We shall fail in fully understanding ourselves if we ignore the lower. We shall fail in our task and fail of our goal if we forget the higher.

¹ A General Introduction to Psycho-analysis, by Sigmund Freud. See Current Opinion, September, 1920, p. 356.

WILL EVOLUTION BRING PEACE?

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Is a treaty indeed a mere "scrap of paper" which shrivels and falls to ashes before the furnace blast of human hatred? Would a world-treaty, such as the League of Nations proposes, eventually meet such a fate? These questions spring unbidden to the lip, and the suspicion is strong that world peace is not to come by that treaty, nor, in the last analysis, by any treaty. Treaties register the pulse of the world, but they do not make it. But both war and peace are of the blood which pulsates through the veins of the world.

The ebb and flow of life in the world to-day is the same as it has been throughout all history. It is part of the evolutionary development of the race; and the problem of bringing the world to enduring peace is interfused with the whole current of human evolution. If that is so, the question immediately becomes pertinent, Will evolution in and of itself insure the coming of peace in the world? That is, as man evolves into a state of civilization, and even culture, does he perforce evolve into a state of peace with his fellow man?

The heart of the problem, of course, lies in the human struggle for existence; but that is a complex thing which allows of no simple and direct approach. It can be studied only in its implications, two or three of which may be profitably examined in the search for an answer to our question, Will evolution bring peace?

One notable implication is that man never lives alone. In his struggle for existence he has never fought single handed. The story of his conquest of the world and of his climb to civilization is the story of his progressive ability to combine, for purposes offensive and defensive, with larger and larger numbers of his own kind. Follow him as he swings his way through history. First he is a member of a primitive clan, whose one tie is that of blood

kinship. Then his clan fuses with other clans to form the ancient nation. Then his nation is strung with other nations upon the string of a barbaric empire. Then he is gripped by the imperialism of Rome. When Rome falls he reaches after some stable state of society in northern feudalism. Upon the heels of the feudal hierarchy follows the modern nation; then the leaguings of nations to preserve a European "balance of power." Finally, as the climax of man's ability to organize with his kind, the whole modern civilized world aligns itself on either side of the most terrible line of battle which mankind has ever conceived.

This organization of man into political groups is rivaled by his power to organize for commercial and industrial purposes. If man's first sally from the jungle was in line with his quest for food, his last terrible struggle was, in part at least, an effort to control the markets of the world. The modern world does not fly to arms as easily as did the primitive world of the ancients, but there is a sense in which it is more continuously at war. The modern nation is engaged in an unceasing effort to reach its tenuous fingers to the uttermost parts of the earth, and lay hold on mines, forests, rivers, and sources of crude materials, as well as upon markets for its finished products. That is the way the modern struggle for existence is waged. The laborers, merchants, and bankers of a nation must be mustered into an inner solidarity of purpose and understanding if its army and navy are to have the impact of organized strength which is absolutely essential in all modern battles between nations. And the battle lines between industrial and commercial units among nations and within nations are constantly drawn for intense though bloodless warfare, when armies and navies lie idle.

A second implication of man's struggle for existence is his power of invention. He invents things—weapons of warfare, tools for his toil, and ways of harnessing the powers of nature; but no less does he invent methods—means of communication, devices for transmitting his findings from generation to generation, ways of forming the mind of the young, schemes of government, codes of law, and systems of diplomacy.

What a thrilling tale is this of the battle of man for life by

the power of his inventive genius. Think of the long span he has covered: from the brandished club of the savage to the monster gun which can hurl a shell seventy miles with precision of aim; from the crude battle plans of the clan chieftain to the incredible feat of a General Foch, directing five terrible modern battles simultaneously; from the first timid little trading vessel creeping along a friendly coast, afraid of the dragons of an unknown deep, to the network of modern ocean liners which lace the nations together; from the curious legend transmitted by word of mouth from fathers to sons, to the flood of modern literature which eddies into the humblest home; from the personal prestige of one man leading in a primitive foray, to the word of command which issues from a shadowy castle or parliament hall to a chain of diverse peoples encircling the earth. These are wonderful leaps made by man in his progressive mastery of the earth, all made possible by cumulative power of invention. Man, the master-inventor, is the supreme contender in the universal struggle for existence.

Still a third implication is the human power of idealism. The fight for life on the sub-human levels seems to be dominated by physical need, but with man the physical is not the all-important. It is written in every fiber of man's struggle for life that he is not to live by bread alone. He does indeed fight for food and shelter, but as truly does he fight for his ideals. The chieftain leads his band to glory as well as to food. He is keen to avenge a wrong or to exalt the prowess of his clan. These are his ideals and they are his necessities. No less does the ideal impel the modern struggle for achievement. Mad Prussianism finds its principle of world conquest in the ideal of German "*Kultur*"—the world cannot survive without it. On the other hand, England, France, and America unite in the name of an ideal to checkmate Prussianism. It is a miracle of idealism that stems the German tide at Chateau-Thierry and sends its redeeming currents tingling again through the benumbed veins of the world. Some keen student of the war declared it to be a war of wits, of inventive skill. If that were the whole story, it is no wonder that the Central Powers should have threatened the safety of the world, for they had a great lead in the inventions of war. But it is not the whole story. The Central

Powers did match their wits against the allies; but they matched also their ideals. What they gained in wit they lost in the surviving power of the ideal, and with it it would seem that they lost their coveted supremacy of the world.

Now, to what end is all this growing power of human genius—the ever unfolding power of human organization, invention, and idealism? Is the end of it all a consummate warfare? Is human society ultimately to burn itself out by the ever-increasing current of its own fighting genius? Or is the end of this eternal evolution of man the attainment of an ever-expanding and ever-deepening world brotherhood, wherein profound and abiding peace may dwell?

How does man's power of political, industrial, and commercial combination bear upon the question? It has already appeared that in this power lies the possibility of warfare of ever increasing intensity. Does the possibility of peace lie in it also? The answer is plain. The hope for the fighting efficiency of any group is that there shall be no fighting within that group. Military, industrial, commercial solidarity demands that there shall be inner harmony. That man is branded as seditious who stirs up trouble within the camp. So even within the armed camp there is an area of peace. Enlarge that camp to the proportions of a nation, and the inclosed area of peace is enlarged proportionately. Then when nations league together for a common defensive, Frenchman, Englishman, American, Canadian, Australian, Japanese, Chinese, African, East Indian, are all for the moment brothers in bond. Or, in a more permanent way, a British Empire may fling its flag over the seven seas, and gather into one strange fold men of every race and tongue; and the essential stability of its power resides in the fact that no one of those races or tongues shall dare make war against another.

Or contemplate another form of combination—the modern trust and its antithesis, the modern labor union. Is it not agreed that as between the members of a group of commercial or industrial powers, united for common purposes of trade strategy, all warfare of competition shall cease? And is it not a fundamental principle of trade unions and their federations that no member of

the combination shall compete with another member in the wage market? Here are areas of peace of very great significance, even though peace within the group may be made to minister to the more deadly power of conflict between groups.

Very much the same view may be taken of man's progress through invention. If by the power of invention man has become the deadliest fighter in the world, by the same power he has become the mightiest agent for good in the world. There are those who spend their genius upon deadly gases and the intricacies of modern gunnery; but no less are there those who spend sleepless nights in the laboratory solving the problems of peace. The electric car and the rushing transcontinental train are as much the triumph of the human inventive genius as is that dreadful shark of the seas, the submarine. The powers of chemistry lend themselves to the healing arts of medicine quite as readily as they do to the making of the combustibles of war.

In a similar vein, man's power of invention stands for the formation of great systems of schools and churches and of all manner of societies for the advancement of the human weal, quite as readily as it leads to the diplomatic undercurrents of military ambition. The League of Nations may be but a blind term for a League of War in the minds of many, even many of its promoters, who can tell? But it is certain that the concept of a League of Nations has just as truly grown up in the intellectual genius of others as the outward garment of a League of Peace. The "Tiger of France" has been accused of using the proposed League as a kind of catspaw for pulling the chestnuts of French national ambition out of the fire of German aggression. And in the same breath the President of the United States has been berated for seeing in the League of Nations an impossible day dream of idealization which will not stand the grim test of actuality. And so the master-stroke of man's inventive genius, the forging of a League of the nations of the world, seems indifferently to lend itself to either peace or war.

This discussion has already carried us far over the threshold of the bearing of man's power of idealism upon the meaning of evolution for war and peace. We note with gratitude the sounding

of certain clear notes in the recent world war. Some ethical lights were thrown vividly upon every transaction of the war. It is significant that not a single major power involved in the conflict failed at one time or another to plead the justice of its cause before the bar of the world's conscience. It is significant that the element of mercy to the sick, the wounded, and the bereft was crystallized and organized in a degree never dreamed of before in the world's history. Precautions for the moral cleanness of soldiers were exercised in a most rigid way, particularly among the troops of the western world. Never before in the history of human warfare was the note of democratic idealism so distinctly sounded. These were but the intense foci of lights which had long before been playing, in a more or less diffused way, throughout our modern Christian civilization. They spoke of educational and spiritual influences marvelously at work in the life of the nations.

But over against all this was an equally manifest perverse idealism. We now have little trouble understanding an incident reported in the life of the young Kaiser Wilhelm a generation ago, when he is said impatiently to have ruled the name of Christ out of a conversation which he was holding with a leading German theologian of the day. "For," he is quoted, "the qualities for which that name stands can never be the qualities for which the German spirit of conquest must stand." It is of one spirit with the celebrated grief of the ancient Alexander that he had no more worlds to trample under the feet of a selfish conquest. Or, to come nearer home, the very war for a chivalrous ideal which gave us back our boys from the trenches maimed and wounded, gave us also more profiteer millionaires than could have been dreamed possible. Men gambled with sugar when the vital energy of the nation was ebbing because of the sugar shortage. We talked largely of mandates for the helpless smaller nations, and awoke to find that soon those mandates were threatening to become imperial fetters of steel. We boasted about the wave of American idealism, and soon discovered that the receding tide had strewed our prosperous sands with a human wreckage directly attributable to a bitter gale of vicious, materialistic selfishness the like of

which had hardly swept our land since the landing of the Mayflower.

Now what is the net result of all this? Is it not this, that the operation of the whole evolutionary power of mankind has never guaranteed, in itself, either peace or war? It is a great natural process that seems to lend itself with utter indifference to either the one or the other. Every power that man possesses in his tremendous struggle for life he has utilized for the creation of war, more and more terrible. And every identical power he has used to extend the areas of peace. The casual student of human affairs, as he begins to comprehend the elements that contribute to the lifting of man from savagery to civilization, may fondly imagine that those elements inevitably carry man with tidal power toward a millennium of peace. Scholars had begun to say that the momentum of modern civilization had carried us so far forward that war could never again be possible. The "balance of power" secured by civilization was such that it could never again be thrown out of poise. But in that moment war in its most ingenious and hideous form well nigh swept our vaunted civilization from the face of the earth.

There is unending conflict between the spirit of war and the spirit of peace. The lights of an idealism that makes for peace grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. But the shadows of an idealism that makes for war keep forever encroaching like the black cloudbank of a thunder storm. This is the baffling dilemma presented by the whole story of human evolution. Man's powers to do and to be keep forever growing. On the one hand man grows in the genius of a hateful fury, until with a kind of sublime insanity he threatens to burn his social world to a cinder. On the other hand he is mastered by a more benignant spirit. He summons all his growing powers to the task of turning the arid deserts of human passion into a garden of humankindness that shall blossom as the rose. In terms of evolution, how shall we solve this everlasting dilemma?

The answer would seem to lie near at hand. Evolution recognizes not only the struggle for existence, but also the principle of natural selection, as fundamental. Again man rises above the

level of the brute life of his world. We can never be quite certain that there is anything in the subhuman orders of life which contributes to their power of natural selection which is above the blindly necessitarian. But human evolution can be accounted for in no such restricted terms. If there is a biological principle of natural selection at work in the human order, it cannot be said to be an unconditioned biological process. Every social meaning, to say nothing of every psychological and spiritual meaning, that plays around the whole development of the race, belies such a limitation as that. The idealistic element in human behavior furnishes an undeniable contribution to the power of natural selection always and everywhere at work in the evolution of man. We cannot ignore the wonderful play of natural forces in the life of mankind—what Thorndike calls man's original nature. But we cannot at all understand the use to which man puts his evolutionary equipment, either individually or socially, either in one age or in the whole process of historical evolution, until we make place for an idealistic principle of natural selection. When man is ruled from beneath, when his principle of natural selection is an avaricious rapacity and greed, his unfolding powers of genius fashion for him a keen blade upon which he may fall and take his own life. When man is ruled from above, when his principle of natural selection is a spirit of love and vicarious sacrifice, his genius places in his hand an equally keen blade that shall hew out for him and all his kind a place in the world of natural environment wherein justice, mercy, and peace shall dwell.

If from the beginning of time the spirit of Nietzsche's superman has been abroad in the world, seeking whom he may devour, it seems equally certain that from the beginning of time there has been growing up a rival spirit of compassionate humanity, visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction with a mantle of humankindness. And it is this spirit of altruism and human sympathy that has been the foundation of every area of peace which the world has known. Though it may have shown its more or less utilitarian phases as the inner guarantee of the power of a group to make war, yet in itself it never depended finally upon coercion, but upon the loyalty of man to man. It is the growing

power of this spirit of human fraternity which has made possible the growing areas of peace in human life. Duped, tricked, and beguiled it may have been; made to serve as the hand maiden of war it undoubtedly has been. And yet, in turn, it cannot be denied that war has often been waged truly in its name.

By the turning, then, of the principle of natural selection from a brutal selfishness to the spirit of vicarious unselfishness the whole process of evolution is turned from the brewing of war to the unfolding of peace. One mighty influence has been at work in the world from the beginning to effect that transformation. The Christian faith names that power the Spirit of God, and that Spirit found its sublime climax in the cross of our Lord Jesus. When the Spirit of Christ shall have entered in all its fullness into the life pulse of our humanity, the glow of health will supplant the fever of war. Then shall be laid the foundations of an everlasting Kingdom of Love, Righteousness, and Peace, wherein Christ shall be the rightful Prince and Lord. In the only real war against war it is this Prince who rides upon the white horse who is to banish the sable prince of war. No evolution can produce peace but that evolution wherein God's Spirit masters the human heart of the world, which is the purpose of the gospel of the Prince of Peace.

WE FELICITATE MR. BURROUGHS¹

WILLIAM FRANK MARTIN

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"THE whole creation (which) groaneth and travaileth in pain with us until now" may as well come from labor to refreshment. For Mr. Burroughs accepts the universe! He has viewed it carefully, looked the gift in the mouth, and in emulation of the Creator, has pronounced it good. Not indeed without reservations. But after patient investigation, throughout his many years, he is willing to pass it on as being worthy of a cautious acceptance. He will ask for no fourteen points as being essential to its remaking. He is ready to make peace on the basis of the *status quo*. May not the universe well be grateful?

The reading of his recent, and perhaps last, volume is something of a delight. Mr. Burroughs is always an entertaining speaker. He is a naturalist of keen insight, and within the realm of nature an authority. But to expect Mr. Burroughs to keep within the realm of nature is to expect the impossible. He is forever blowing bubbles, with a penchant for those of theological hue. And it is in respect to his bubbles only that he invites attack. Like most scientific materialists who rule out the supernatural, Mr. Burroughs is ill at ease. There is something that will not let him rest. His wireless station is disturbed by cross-currents, which he is unable to account for. And while he has accepted the universe, there is a Power in the universe which he has not yet isolated and examined. He appears to be as one of the ancients who said (Job 4. 15),

"A spirit passed before my face;
It stood still, but I could not discern the appearance thereof;
A form was before mine eyes;
There was silence, and—"

Unlike the ancient he got no further, except to disturb the silence. Mr. Burroughs is quite sure that if he could meet up with God he

¹ *Accepting the Universe*. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

could ask him some embarrassing questions. So it was with Job. But the record has it that when the meeting came, it was Job who was embarrassed. Job had dared to wish that

"his words were now written;
That they were inscribed in a book;
That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock for ever!" (19. 23.)

He went so far as to declare that, if the chance were his, he "would fill his mouth with arguments, and would know the words which he would answer him" (23. 4); but it is interesting to know that when the interview was granted it was with difficulty that even so perfect a man as Job could be induced to say anything, the little being "I am of small account; I lay my hand upon my mouth" (40. 4). Mr. Burroughs has written the book—indeed, like the illustrious John for whom perhaps he was named, he has written his full share of the Bible of Science, this last being a Revelation, to supplement his gospel and epistles, in all of which the creed of pantheism is preached and the kingdom of nature unfolded. Doubtless in his own time God will be the reviewer, as he shall be with all of us, and he alone can do it effectively. Meanwhile some of us would like the pleasure of playing the part of Job's comforters, and of offering a few remarks of our own. We cannot hope to clear the atmosphere in the mind of the one we parley with; but we may at least have the fun of seeing him kick up a bit of dust from the ashheap, while he scrapes himself with a Darwinian potsherd.

Mr. Burroughs admits his building of altars to the Unknown God. And before them he makes propitiatory offering. It is of praise that the universe is solvent. When so much of the habitable earth at the present time is suspected of being otherwise, this is a cheering confession. Why it is solvent, whose wise economy makes it to be so, is to him inscrutable. But he feels sure it will not go up in smoke, and equally sure there is to be no new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. His is the materialist's old time religion, with no blessed hope of a new phase. As it was with the anthropoid ape and the Piltdown man, as it is with Mr. Burroughs, and as it ever shall be when man who is "stuccoed with birds and quadrupeds

all over" peels off the stucco, saving either the song or the yelp; so nature must travail in pain, improving but getting nowhere, having a preponderance of unaccounted for good, a perpetual motion picture with no plot to keep up the interest of those who watch the screen. All that we are to be permitted to see in nature is that she is forever dressing herself up, with no place to go. It is a view that may excite our wonder at the dervish dance of it, but can hardly be good unto edifying. And yet we are told it as a stronger meat than the old theology has afforded. Which means, perhaps, that it will require a stronger stomach to swallow the dose. When it gives a better example in nation-building than the Pilgrim with his compact, of cannibal training than the missionary with his Bible, of the overthrow of paganism than Paul with his "foolishness of preaching," or of the call to a self-denying life than Christ with his cross, we may venture to believe it.

Mr. Burroughs, at much pains, sets the faith of a naturalist in its best light. But like most indicters of the Christian faith he interprets their beliefs in terms of cast-aside and unscriptural creeds. An example is in his effort to show that we either identify God with the universe, or else, not caring to make him the author of evil, we invent a Devil to be another God. Does any Christian theist identify nature with God? Do we not rather think of it as his handiwork, marred by evil forces, surviving and defeating them? Does any believer of the scriptures think of Satan as possessing the attributes of God? We are not so unfair to science as to judge its teachings by the scientific views of an age now past. Science has repudiated quite as many views once held as has theology. The truth has always been near to hand, but neither science nor theology has always found it. And the contemporary views of both may change, but the truth will abide. Astrology, alchemy, Ptolemaic systems, and many such books of the Bible of Science are hopelessly discredited. But the Bible of the Christian, older than these, has lost no page from the admiration of men, and no weight of its authenticity. Many have doubted it, but none have disproved it. When the Psalmist said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," he gave a statement that is still acceptable. And when it was said in

Job, "He stretcheth out the north over empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing" (26. 7), he uttered what the science of that day did not dream of, but what the science of to-day is in accord with. Long after Job men had the earth resting upon the shoulders of Atlas. If science had written the first chapter of Genesis in the days of Moses, or even centuries later, would the order of creation have stood the test as the Mosaic account has stood it? Science once ridiculed the Mosaic account of the origin of light, only to learn what the account suggested, that light is a natural force independent of the sun, stars, etc. And this too is the import of the question put to Job (38. 19), "Where is the way where light dwelleth?" "In the beginning God" looks better to us than "In the beginning Chance started with a what-was-it?" Revelation gives us an account of the origin of evil (Isa. 14. 12-15; Gen. 3), and of its ultimate undoing, far more intelligible and satisfying than any which science can offer. Of the universe we know little, whether from science or scripture; but of the earth we know all that the materialist knows, and yet see no reason for a surrender of the theistic faith. Our God is great enough to account for all known facts, with a sufficient reserve power to account for any that may yet be adduced. We think of the earth as a workshop, in which man, at least, is being made. We are sure he needs the presence of evil as well as of good. It is credible that while man is a free moral agent, so may also be the angelic hosts. And that if some angels fell from their high estate, God could make their wrath to praise him, and give to them a limited permission to work that which is evil. And that inanimate nature may be infected as well as human nature is a reasonable implication as well as a scriptural teaching. The facts are what they are, and are not different with us from what they appear to Mr. Burroughs. The difference is only in the interpretation. God is not the author of evil, but he gives it a limited permission. He does not remove it as yet, because the good of such creature as man can be developed only under adverse conditions. Our virtues imply our temptations; our victories demand our conflicts; our salvation necessitates a possibility of being lost. Character must be tempered. If this be unscientific, then to say that an electric force must meet with opposition to pro-

duce the incandescent light, or that vision comes by the response of an optic nerve to sensation, is equally unscientific. In the arc lamp and in the optic nerve the resistance is a material one, for light is a material thing. But virtue and righteousness are spiritual qualities, and the resistance must come from a spiritual realm. Mr. Burroughs well says, "A perfect world would not be one without sin or suffering or struggle or failure. There can be no perfect world." With our present need, this is true. And it is why the scripture affords no reason to think that, during the present age, we shall gradually evolve into a millennium of righteousness; for if so, those who live near such time could have no virtues to be compared with those of men who won in a sterner conflict. Mr. Burroughs can see the value of evil, as a naturalist, but in theology he cannot harmonize it with the idea of God.

The majority, I suppose, of those who hold to a theistic faith accept evolution as a working hypothesis. Sir Oliver Lodge affirms that evolution does not disprove the fall, or the creation story, as it deals only with the body. And Professor Bowne said, "Evolution as a method of origins is useless, as a method of progress harmless." But as a method of progress it appears to be as good as any. It does not rule out the Creator, but to be credible demands One. And if science should yet show beyond doubt, as it has not done, that man is descended from the ape, or any lower form of life, it must ever remain true that there was a time when he became a living soul. Within limits the evolutionary theory has an abundant proof. This is shown in the elimination of the lower types of animal life known to geology, and in the increase of brain and nerve force over brawn in both man and beast. The stream of human history shows the evolving from the simple to the complex, from the lower to the higher, in manifold ways. But a method, of whatever sort, is unthinkable apart from a wisdom and power of control, such as we ascribe to God. Irrational Chance or the Divine wisdom are the two alternatives. Materialism fails by its own blindness, and avoids the one Mystery by a maze of mysteries equally inscrutable. Mr. Burroughs says, "Science knows no mysteries; it knows only insoluble problems and comparatively few of them." Then he proceeds to give us a chapter on "The

Great Mystery" in which he says "Science has real mysteries. Catalysis is one." I would add, Mr. Burroughs is another.

Our veteran naturalist cannot see that man, as distinguished from other forms of life, should have a soul. "Where," he asks, "in the biologic history of man did the soul appear?" He claims for man only a higher intelligence, with a development of the moral faculty. And yet he says in another place, "The old law of nature has been limited and qualified by a new law which has come into the world and which is just as truly a biological law in its application to man as was the old law of might. I refer to the law of man's moral nature, the source of right, justice, mercy." By what process of logic, then, may he account for the presence of the moral faculty by the recognition of a new biological law which has been introduced, and yet say that the inbreathing of the soul was not equally sound as a biological law? His prefatory admission of possible inconsistencies was well made. They appear in his statements, his logic, his use of terms. He sees another's mote, but not his own beam. His eye is not single, and the body of his book is full of darkness. He is the double-minded man, unstable in all his ways of putting a thing. He is trying to serve two masters, one the relentless logic of a bald materialism, of which Mr. Haeckel is the more consistent exponent; the other the disturbing presence of a supernatural something which intrudes and cannot be cried down. As a further example of the inconsistent, he alludes to an English clergyman who said early in the war that if the Germans should win he would never open his Bible again, and thinks of this as an admission of an unsettled faith. And so it was. Yet Mr. Burroughs, whose faith is founded upon a rock, as he so often tells us, reminds us that he said in 1916, "Whatever triumph Prussian aggressiveness and ruthlessness may meet with, they must in time meet with defeat, else evolution has miscarried, and its latest and highest product, man's moral nature, is in its survival value but dust and ashes." In what respect was the faith of the one more firmly placed than that of the other? There were some of us whose faith was not at all disturbed by the great war. It was only the man whose faith was in Christian civilization rather than in the Christ who found that he had misplaced his confidence.

To Mr. Burroughs the fall of Adam implies that the course of man has been steadily downward, whereas he is sure that our "fall" has been a development into a higher state of being. It is another instance of his inability to see a scriptural fact as he is supposed to view a natural phenomenon. Can he possibly think that he has given a fair statement of the biblical teaching? Does Adam's fall imply that every man must keep falling? Is it so very bad? Over what sort of a precipice is Mr. Burroughs trying to push Adam? Surely one of his own invention. Certainly Adam fell from his first estate, which was one of innocency. What sort of a paradise man should have possessed if the race had maintained the estate of innocency is not for us to guess. But we are sure that righteousness is better than innocence, and that struggle, wisely directed, must bring to the race a gain much higher than that of primitive well being. Does any Christian think that more was lost by the fall than may be won in the atonement? And as for the fall, is it any less a scientific than a religious fact? The original protoplasm, enzymes, new motion, electron, or whatever other scientific myth it was with which life in the universe began, was an innocent thing, unhurt as yet with evil, pestilence, and death. But somewhere its innocent nature was lost, and the trouble began. But we do not say that the course of nature has been downward. It has been upward. The struggle has availed something. Theology can have no difficulty in any of its postulates that science does not also have.

Mr. Burroughs alludes to a cult he found in Florida who denied the sphericity of the globe, and shut themselves into a little world of their own, ever so unreal. Unable to harmonize their imperfect theories with a greater universe, they sought refuge in a mere illusion. To the naturalist this was of course amusing, as it would be to us all. But as a matter of fact, how much do they differ from the materialist? For does not he rule out what he is not able to fit in with his theories, and shut himself up to a little life? Does he not refuse or disregard points of contact, although knowing that elevation in the scale of life is measured by the increase of such points of contact? Does he not put from him those "thoughts that wander through eternity"; the flowering of the

spiritual from the material stem of life; the communion of the soul with the Divine Spirit? It is not because such men are so steadfastly devoted to the purely scientific, for many men of science have the gnostic propensity for "intruding into the things which they have not seen, vainly puffed up by their fleshly mind" (Gal. 2. 18). Professor Rishell well said: "Science stops where the facts of observation stop. Its only business is to interpret these facts into theories consistent with them. Anything further is not science, but speculation, often of the most dogmatic kind." I think it is true that most men of science who refuse Him "in whom all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden" (Col. 2. 3), are inclined to vagaries of some sort, as for instance, Mr. Oliver Lodge at the present time. "How strange," says Mr. Burroughs, "that we should crave a creed or a belief that goes outside of our experimental knowledge; that is independent of it, not subject to its tests and limitations; something afar off and irrational and inexplicable, and beyond the reach of time and change! Who is the philosopher who said that we are guided by our common sense in everything but our religious beliefs?" Well, whoever he was he might have said the same with respect to those taken captive by unbelief. For may not the reality of a spiritual experience be as fully assured to man as the reality of his enjoyment of the flowers in his garden, or his response to the delights of a June day? If his "heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky," may his spirit not be touched to devotion by some hallowed season of prayer? Shall we say that Mr. Burroughs in the wood, watching the nuthatch, is getting an experimental knowledge, but that Isaiah in the temple, seeing the awakening of the soul, is not getting an experimental knowledge? All things must be known according to the nature of their appeal. A sunset cannot appeal to the sense of taste, nor the flavor of a peach to the eye. A mathematical formula makes no appeal to the conscience. One may not come to know a scientific truth by a religious experience, nor a spiritual truth by a scientific analysis. Religion has its laboratory test. It offers its proofs. It verifies its claims. It is quite as possible to explore the spiritual as it is to explore the natural. The one is as real as the other, and the twain are not divided. Doubtless the only divid-

ing line between the natural and the supernatural is at the limit of finite understanding. To us the natural is miraculous, and to God the supernatural is simple. A great botanist saw the unfolding of a rose, and beheld God passing by. And a Moses watched the stirring of God within the soul, and he glorified the bush.

Our naturist friend may call his "a faith founded upon a rock," but as he informs us the rock is as evanescent as an autumn leaf. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. His hope for immortality is in being diffused, his body into the elements, his influence into the lives of those who come after him. Foretokens of such immortality are perhaps apparent in his diffuseness of style. The incentive may be sufficient for Mr. Burroughs, who has doubtless received from godly forbears the virtuous urge; but would it mean much to the average man?

"If the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?"

Surely any man who can build his faith around a Neanderthal man, an anthropoid ape, and the Darwinian myth of a missing link, without misgivings; and yet can think of the Divine Man as only a creation of myth and legend, makes up in credulity what is wanting in faith. We shall rather choose to establish our faith upon the Rock of Ages, building our lives as living stones into the temple of His indwelling, "while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Then shall we look up and say with the psalmist,

"Thy years are throughout all generations.
Of old didst thou lay the foundations of the earth,
And the heavens are the work of thy hands.
They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;
As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed;
But thou art the same,
And thy years shall have no end.
The children of thy servants shall continue,
And their seed shall be established before thee." (Psa. 102.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE RESURRECTION

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TAKEN in their fullest sense, the terms redemption and resurrection are of identical import, each describing the same divine undertaking and work from a different angle. Redemption is the process of our salvation through Christ of which our spiritual awakening is the beginning and of which the resurrection of the body, the glorified body, will be the consummation.

The fundamental reason why we believe in the future transformation of ourselves and the world is because the present state of the human race demands it, and the deeps of our souls cry out after it, just as Job did in his day; and it is in answer to this cry that Christ makes his great proclamation: "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." (John 10. 10.)

After centuries of unceasing discussion "the origin of evil" still remains a riddle. But, however we may understand it, we all agree with Paul in saying: "For all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God"—a glory with which we should of right be invested, as having been created in the divine image. This earthly creation is so full of wickedness, vileness, suffering and dying, that it unceasingly shudders, and no truly awakened soul could possibly be satisfied with such an existence as this if it were not for the hope based upon the promised resurrection. The logic of all history demands this hope, and it is for this reason that the gospel of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which could fittingly bear the title "The Book of Hope," appeals so mightily to all human beings who realize their need.

And it is also in keeping with this consciousness of our need that the abounding life is to be the free gift of God's grace. The gospel offers every sinful mortal full participation in the resurrection life on the sole condition that he repents and believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. The hope of the coming glory does not

grow out of the Christian life, as some seem to teach, but, on the contrary, the true Christian life results from "God the Father having begotten us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead," as Peter tells us in his first epistle. Death is wages paid us for our sin; but when it comes to eternal life in Christ Jesus, and the hope of such a life, it "is the free gift of God." (Romans 6. 23.) Therefore John also, speaking of the resurrection of God's children, in the third chapter of his first epistle, says: "Every one that hath this hope purifieth himself even as he is pure."

But just as the logic of our need calls for a redemption that shall culminate in a resurrection unto eternal life, in an immortal body, it also demands such a Mediator as Jesus Christ is represented to be; it requires for the builder of the resurrection world—for the author and finisher of our faith—one who participated both in the eternal life of God and in the mortality of those whom he is to redeem and make partakers of immortality. He must be one of us that he may transmit God's life to us, and he must be possessed of divine life by nature that he may have it to give. In this necessity lies the wondrous secret of the cross. "For it became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through sufferings."

Potentially our redemption was established, and our future resurrection fully pledged and guaranteed, when the Son of God died and rose again; for let us ever keep in mind that our redemption is wholly a sovereign undertaking of God, and absolutely the free gift of God's grace, although to enter into a participation in this redemption we must meet the conditions laid down for us in the gospel. It is on the ground of this character of the redemptive plan, that the Scriptures give mankind the hope of a general resurrection, and promise that, in the final consummation of Christ's redeeming work, death shall be completely vanquished. When we speak of a general resurrection, we mean even more than the hope that all men shall be given some sort of an immortality, but it implies that the entire earthly creation shall, with humanity, be transformed and glorified.

There are many passages in the Bible by which the doctrine of conditional immortality is refuted. But I will here refer only to a statement by Paul in his tremendous resurrection chapter (1 Cor. 15), which I consider the key-note with which all our teaching should be made to harmonize. There, as the master builder that he was, he lays down the mighty foundation stone: "As in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made alive." When you take into consideration the meaning of the phrases "in Adam" and "in Christ," this statement becomes so simple and clear, so definite and comprehensive that there is absolutely no room left for caviling; and it also makes clear the meaning of the shout of John the Baptist by the Jordan: "Behold the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world," as also the proclamation of Jesus: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

But, as already was intimated, the idea of a general resurrection implies and requires the rehabilitation and glorification of the entire earthly creation. John, on Patmos, hears the risen and glorified Christ say: "Behold, I make all things new," and Paul, the apostolic theologian, enlarges on this thought in Romans 8, when he says: "For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God." The thought here and elsewhere obviously is this, that the earthly creation being our home (in the profoundest sense) it shares our fate with us now in the vanity to which it is made subject, and that it will also have a share in our redemption and glorification, and that as we now are surrounded by material conditions that befit our fallen nature, these material environments must be changed so as to be adapted to our transformed state.

But now it must be remembered that, according to the Scriptures, the divine drama that is finally to result in such glorious consummation (triumphantly justifying all the ways of God) will proceed by certain progressive acts and stages, until, as Paul says, "God will be all and in all." This is what gives the so-

called first resurrection, as foretold in the Scriptures, its great significance to the followers of Christ; for, when considered in its relation to the entire plan or counsel of God, it leaves room to surmise, at least, that it will be followed by several successive resurrections before Christ shall have completely destroyed death, the last enemy. At any rate, the more we contemplate what the Bible actually teaches concerning the last things, the more will the horizon of our hope be enlarged, and we will come to realize how magnificently true it is that, as the heavens are higher than the earth, the thoughts of God and the ways of God are higher than our thoughts and our ways.

But while many things in New Testament prophecy are seen only in dim outline (as a prophetic penumbra, so to speak), the first resurrection, or the completion and glorification of Christ's mystic body, the church, is described very definitely and vividly. And there is very strong reason for this; for that is the event which concerns the believers, to whom the New Testament writings are directed especially, it might be said exclusively. In the 15th chapter of First Corinthians, verses 20-28, where Paul gives us a telescopic view into the developments of the future, such as we have nowhere else (not even in the Apocalypse), Paul says, verses 22 and 23: "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made alive. *But each in his own order*: Christ the firstfruits; then they that are Christ's at his coming (parousia)." In 1 Thess. 4, speaking of the same event, the apostle says: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that have fallen asleep in (or through) Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say to you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive at the coming (parousia) of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep," etc. What is distinctly brought out in these and other passages is that the parousia of the Lord and the resurrection of his own go together, that it will be a family event, so to speak, distinct from the judgment of the world and the general resurrection, which will be carried out in their proper order.

This first resurrection—or *rapture* of Christ's Church, as some speak of it—(I am not tied to any particular nomenclature, either post or premillennial) is always placed before Christ's fol-

lowers as an incentive to faithfulness and holy living, so they may be found worthy of taking part in its bliss, since this is the prize for which they are running the race. Thus Jesus, in arguing with the Sadducees concerning the resurrection, speaks of such as "are worthy of taking part in the resurrection of the just." The author of Hebrews admonishes his readers to strive after "the sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord." Paul tells us in Philippians 3 that he himself "suffered the loss of all things, counting them as refuse," that he might gain Christ, and that he might "attain unto the resurrection from among the dead"; and at the end of the same chapter we have that triumphant outburst of his: "For our citizenship is in heaven; whence we also wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things to himself."

This last quoted passage leads to the final question which I shall discuss in this paper, namely, that which concerns the resurrection body. To those who, though professing to believe in the gospel, yet argue against a bodily resurrection, as too materialistic a conception, we might respond in the words spoken by Jesus to the Sadducees: "Is it not for this cause that ye err, that ye know not the Scriptures, nor the power of God?"

That our modern psychologists, who base their views on physical science, should not know what to do with such an idea as the resurrection of the body, is not at all surprising, since their science is inherently unable to penetrate the mystery that shrouds the relations existing between soul and body, and faith offers the only light that can guide us in this borderland of the unseen. Only by faith can we "know the Scriptures, and the power of God." But how shall we explain the divergencies that appear among the theologians of the Christian church in their discussions of this most interesting question arising from the utterance of the apostolic creed: "I believe in the resurrection of the body"? My own view is that their principal difficulties, with this as with many other questions, have grown out of the fact that their minds were biased by the psychological teachings of the ancient Greek phil-

osophers and were thus prevented from seeing the meaning of the biblical writers who thought in the terms of Hebrew psychology.

While the writers of the Old Testament, as well as those of the New Testament, distinguish between soul and body, they never speak as though the soul could exist without a body. To their minds man is essentially soul and essentially body (sometimes they even speak of him as essentially spirit, soul and body); they speak of the functions and acts of the soul as being at the same time bodily acts, and they even speak of the various internal organs of the body as also being the organs of various psychological operations. Any one who will take a complete Bible concordance and look up the passages ascribing certain psychological functions to the heart, the liver, the reins, the bowels, etc., will soon convince himself of what has just been stated.

Keeping this in view, we will not be surprised that Paul, who accepts the authority of the Old Testament writings with the same implicitness as our Lord himself, speaks of the resurrection as "the redemption of our body"; that, in other words, to Paul's mind the redemption of the soul was unthinkable without the redemption of the body.

It is most remarkable that this very question of how the human soul is related to the body, and whether there is such a thing as a soul as distinct from the body, has been the main storm center around which recent philosophical discussions revolved; and those who are somewhat conversant with the drift of the latest psychological thought can easily see that its prevailing current drives us back to the psychology of the Bible, in which the human being is assumed to be essentially soul and also essentially body.

But once having accepted, by faith, the teachings of all the Scriptures ("which cannot be broken") we readily see that there cannot be a real immortality without a resurrection body, and why Paul says in Romans 8: "We ourselves also, who have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for our adoption, namely, the redemption of our body." When a Roman nobleman saw fit to adopt one of his bondservants into his family as a son, the process of adoption was completed by

receiving him into the apartments of the family and investing him with all the insignia and prerogatives of sonship, as they were due to the son of any other Roman of noble birth. In this sense the apostle speaks of the resurrection as the completion of our adoption as children of God, for we will then be received into the place where Christ is and invested with his glory.

However, we can hardly help having our attention especially arrested here by the expression, "the redemption of our body." This expression, and the one quoted from Philippians, "who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation," are complements of one another, and seem to imply that the resurrection body will be the identical body we now have, except that it is redeemed from the corruption with which it is infested and brought into "conformity with the body of his glory." The same meaning is apparent in 1 Cor. 15. 44: "It is sown a natural body (σῶμα ψυχικόν); and is raised a spiritual body" (σῶμα πνευματικόν)—the natural or psychical body, which is sown, is raised a spiritual body; i. e., is clothed upon with spiritual glory.

But the conception of identity becomes very puzzling, not to say absurd, to the common mind, when, after death, it sees the entire body, with all its parts, pass into the process of decay and decomposition which continues until every particle of all its chemical constituents has passed back to its original state to be again rebuilt, perhaps into other bodies, just as it happens to the carcass of any other animal. How can one speak of the redemption of a body that is so completely annihilated, and how can you speak of such a body as the same body which will be raised at Christ's coming?

The model of Christ's resurrection will not serve us to solve this perplexity. For though he died and was buried, "according to the Scriptures," his body was not decomposed, but was revived on the third day. This was in fulfillment of David's prophecy concerning the Messiah, as quoted by Peter in his Pentecost sermon, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades, neither wilt thou give thy Holy One to see corruption." There will, of course, be a greater similarity with the resurrection of Jesus in the case of those saints who will be alive when Jesus comes, for their bodies

will be changed "in the twinkling of an eye," taking on immortality—and no real Christian doubts God's power to do this. But with the dead it is a different matter. And yet we are confronted with the various passages which seem to identify the resurrection bodies of all Christians with the bodies they possessed while in the earthly life.

To overcome the difficulty thus presented to our minds, some theologians have resorted to the argument that no matter what may have become of the chemical components of the Christian's body in death, God is able to bring them together again, and build them into the resurrection body when the proper time comes. But, waiving all other objections that could be made to this rather peculiar notion, it fails to meet the difficulty for the simple reason that chemical dust scattered to the four winds, and reabsorbed by several new organisms, can no longer be called a body.

To my mind the solution is found in holding fast the Scriptural idea that man is essentially soul, and also essentially body, that he not only has, but is, a psychical body. Accordingly the apostle assumes an inward essential body which is one with the soul, and of a psychical substance which is too subtle to be perceived by our physical senses, but which we are nevertheless conscious of possessing, for he tells us that "the first man, Adam, was made a living soul." This psychical body, which is our inner self, is burdened by the corruptible animal body, consisting of "flesh and blood which cannot inherit the kingdom of God." If this view is correct, the sayings that we "wait for the redemption of our body," and that our Saviour "will fashion anew the body of our humiliation" become entirely intelligible and take on a wondrously significant import.

That this is the meaning of the apostle is made conclusive to my mind by what he says in the beginning of the 5th chapter in 2 Corinthians, where he says: "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For verily in this [the earthly, mortal tabernacle] we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven, if so be that being clothed upon we shall not be found naked. For in-

deed we that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up by life." According to this view I can say: "I know myself to be essentially a body; but this inner psychical body of mine is clothed with an outer organism which is of the earth, and enables me to manifest myself to others who also have sensuous bodies, but I desire to exchange this earthly, corruptible organism for a heavenly organism by which I shall become manifest in glory. But if I lay aside my earthly body in death, I with my inner body, which is of psychical substance, will continue to exist, 'hidden with Christ in God; but when Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then I also shall be manifested with him in glory.'"

The very word glory presumes a bodily existence, since glory is the manifestation of hidden worth, and such manifestation is impossible without corporeity. An unenlightened and erring rationalism opposes spirituality to corporeity. God's word does not. God's word promises us a spiritual body, and the deep thinking Oetinger was right when he said: "*Leiblichkeit ist das Ende der Wege Gottes*"—*Corporeity is the goal of all the doings of God.*

THE ÆSTHETIC ASPECTS OF PURITANISM

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SPEAKING in a general way, one may say that the average man seems to have overlooked the fact that between the spirit of Greek art and the spirit of the Puritan there exists a close relationship. It is a bold thing to declare the existence of such a relationship. Men have been educated to the belief that the Puritan was rigidly narrow, antagonistic to art, and iconoclastic toward the church. It is therefore necessary for one who dares to align "the glory that was Greece" to the "ugliness" that was Puritanism to first of all produce the evidence that the Puritan had any relation to or appreciation of art. This evidence I propose to produce.

At the outset it is necessary to say that Puritanism has long suffered under a severe handicap in that the recording of its history for two hundred years was left largely to its opponents. Consequently, the Puritan was caricatured rather than portrayed. It is for us to get at the facts. Let it be granted at once that many things distressing to the lover of art took place during the century when Puritanism came to power. During the dolor days of the Puritan period (1560-1660) the churches of England and their ornaments suffered much. Our point is, not that these things did not happen, but that the blame for them has too readily been placed upon the shoulders of the Puritan. Through prejudice, and sometimes through ignorance, he has been made the scapegoat for sins of which he was innocent.

The proof of this is found by turning our attention to some things which happened in the generation which preceded the rise of Puritanism. The strange manner of the incoming of Protestantism into England should never be forgotten if we are to understand Puritanism aright. It is one of the strange paradoxes of history that the Reformation of Europe was made legally and politically possible in England by one who was no child of the Reformation. Upon the throne of England in Luther's time sat the promiscuous

King Henry the Eighth. Earning the title of "Defender of the Faith" from a not too discerning Pope, he undertook eleven years later to declare himself as "The Supreme Head of the Church of England" that he might have the more liberty to pursue his immoral amours while at the same time securing his political plans. Ably seconding him in these designs was the redoubtable but despicable Thomas Cromwell. Neither Henry nor Cromwell had any sympathy with the spiritual aspects of the Reformation; to them it was a political instrumentality for the furtherance of their schemes. Puritanism was the reaction against this sinister thing that appropriated to itself a spiritual name.

Here we have need to take note of a very significant fact. Puritanism did not take upon itself the nature of a movement until about the year 1560, and did not become a predominant power until many years later. Yet it was in the years preceding the rise of Puritanism that so many of the art treasures of England suffered such irremediable injury. The years lying between 1530-1540, according to the estimate of John Richard Green, deserve "the name which men have given to the rule of Robespierre. It was the English Terror." At the death of Cromwell in 1540, half the wealth of the church went to swell the Royal Treasury and the other half lay at the king's mercy. Many of the lesser monasteries were suppressed, the abbots of many of the larger ones being beheaded. The roving commissioners of Henry were no Puritans. It is concerning these, and not the Puritan, that we read: "The roughness, insolence, and extortion of these men drove the whole monastic body to despair. Their servants rode along the road with copes for doublets and tunics for saddlecloths, and scattered panic among the larger houses which they left." Let it be granted that there were those who, having a fanatical belief in the principles of the Reformation, found such a time as this a splendid one in which to exercise their beliefs forcefully and iconoclastically, it must still be remembered that these were of the minority. In these early days of the despoiling of the church there were few who could be called Puritan, even in spirit. The iconoclastic fervor of the time had other roots than that of Puritanism. As a matter of fact the Puritan was not yet known to history even by name.

The vandalism of the time is indicated by the fact that in the reign of Henry alone six hundred and sixteen monasteries were suppressed. Their fate may be surmised from that which befell the abbey at Whalley in the county of Lancashire. Within three months of the execution of the abbot in 1537 the abbey was sold. A few years later an attempt was made by Queen Mary to reinstate the abbeys, with the result that, in almost every instance, the lay owners proceeded to dismantle them. Referring to these days, Fuller tells us that "the edifices of abbeys, which were still entire, looked lovingly again on their ancient owners: in prevention whereof, such as possessed them for the present, plucked out their eyes, by leveling them to the ground, and shaving from them, as much as they could all abbey characters." This vandalism it seems impossible to charge against the Puritan. I have often thought that a better knowledge of the chronology of this period on the part of those who condemn the Puritan would perhaps help to a better opinion of him. This fact finds further support if we turn again to the aforementioned Whalley Abbey. For some reason this particular abbey escaped the hands of the destroyers in the reign of Mary, and (what is more important) neither was it destroyed during the whole Puritan period. What did happen, however, was this: immediately following the Puritan period much destructive work was done on the abbey and the adjoining church. Now note the reason; the then owner of the abbey being engaged in some building operation elsewhere found it convenient to desecrate the abbey rather than to have stone quarried elsewhere. In other words, in this particular case the Puritan was absolutely innocent. Careful investigation need only be made of many other cases of supposed Puritanical vandalism to find results which are equally creditable to the Puritan.

While much of the vandalism of the sixteenth century can be traced to other sources than that of Puritanism I do not say that the Puritan can be exonerated in every particular. This cannot be done. Particularly in the later Puritanism there are incidents of vandalism which can be charged against the Puritan; but even this is no evidence that the Puritan *per se* was maliciously antagonistic to art. The later Puritans had become soured by persecution,

they had been driven from the church and harried by the government, and, when the day of their power came, they remembered these things in a way that was discreditable to themselves and the faith they professed. On the other hand it must be granted that reformations cannot take place without some readjustments, and readjustments often involve the discarding, if not even the destruction of many things beloved for "old-times' sake."

The reforming tendencies of the Puritan sprang from no antipathy to æsthetics, but from an appreciation of ethics. The Puritan did not start out in an iconoclastic temper to destroy the ornaments of the church. He loved the church and her devout ways, but this did not blind him to the fact that much in the church was serving no holy purpose, but was rather serving as the mask of insincerity. And "he would not lift up his soul unto vanity." Therefore did he seek to reform the church from within. How influential the Puritan spirit was is seen in the findings of the Convocation called in 1562 to consider the revising of the church ritual. From this convocation the known Puritans were excluded; and yet, when the vote came to be taken, all the demands of the Puritans were accepted. Unfortunately, when the votes of the absentees were counted, this judgment was reversed. The Puritan was a seeker after reality, therefore was he a reformer of the church of his time. The church was superficial; he desired to be spiritual.

The nature of the Puritan and of Puritanism can well be seen from the two following quotations. Andrew Fuller thus describes the Puritan: "In the mouth of a drunkard he is a Puritan who refuseth his cups; in the mouth of a swearer he which feareth an oath; in the mouth of a libertine he who makes any scruple of common sins." In this description the ethical virility of the Puritan rather than any æsthetic antipathy seems to overshadow everything else. The lack of this antipathy is also manifest in the description of Puritanism as given in the words of "the judicious Hooker." He says: "Let not any imagine that the bare and naked difference of a few ceremonies could have kindled so much fire or caused it to flame so long, but that the parties which herein have labored so mightily for changes, and (as they say) for reformation,

had somewhat more than this mark to aim at." The fundamental tenet of Puritanism is reality. He detested "a professional religion." The case for the whole movement of Puritanism is summed up succinctly in the words of Governor Winthrop when, speaking of the Pilgrims, he says: "The Pilgrims separated themselves not from the church but from its corruptions." The Puritan saw art desecrated in and by the church, and he resolved that that thing should not be. For this resolve he had to pay a great price. They who conclude that the bare and plain meeting house of the Puritan was the acrid fruit of an anti-æsthetic temperament have made a mistake with regard to the root. Certain sinister influences were playing on the organized religious life of the time which made it imperative for the Puritan to make a temporary sacrifice of the ornamental, and even of the symbolical, in his ecclesiastical life.

Seeing this, some have concluded that the Puritan was thereby a despiser of the beautiful. A more unjust conclusion it is difficult to make. What is more in accordance with the facts is that in the secular life of the time the artistic side of life was largely fostered by those who bore the despised name of Puritan. Green, the historian, has made us familiar with the charming home life of the Puritan Colonel Hutchinson, whose artistic taste showed itself in a critical love of "paintings, sculpture, and all liberal arts" as well as in the fact that he had "a great love for music." The conclusion of Wakeman in his little book on *The Puritan and the Church*, that "the best, the purest, the noblest of Elizabethan heroes were Puritans," is certainly comprehensive enough, yet not one whit behind the truth. Even the later Puritanism could produce a poet who could write

"the high embowered roof
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
.
.
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

The later Puritans brought upon themselves the harsh criticism of a later day by their separation from certain forms of art, particularly the dramatic art and the stage, but this was because "they

regarded these forms of art as hopelessly corrupt and whose moral recovery they consequently tended to disregard."¹ They who know the condition of the stage in the seventeenth century will not blame the Puritan too much for this rather sweeping conclusion. What is plainly evident by this time is that, in the main, the Puritan was distinctly human in his æsthetic outlook, and that the picture which portrays him as a gloomy, rigid, anti-æsthetic fanatic is not according to the facts.

It now remains for us to notice those influences which were playing on the ecclesiastical life of the time which have tended to reveal the Puritan in an unfavorable light with regard to the relation of art to the church. If the Puritan was not a hater of art, then, it can well be asked, what led him to build such bare, plain meeting houses wherein to worship? One need seek no reason other than that of stern necessity. Noble, massive buildings cannot be built by a people who are being persecuted by the state. The Puritan had no monopoly of wealth; neither was he favored with large endowments from the state treasury. He had to build as he could. There was also the unquestionable influence of antiecclesiasticism. The vestments of the clergy were to the Puritan "rags of popery." Not for him or a true faith were these things. In addition to this there had come into the life of the Puritan the influence of the Renaissance as well as of the Reformation. The recognition of this fact is explanatory of much. Mediævalism found its strength in the emotions; the Renaissance was a rebirth of the intellect. The Puritan came to truth through logic; the Catholic, through symbols. Logic took precedence of beauty. The Puritan could not maintain the Gothic tradition in architecture. Puritanism was too severely intellectual to retain so emotional a type of building. Thus it broke with the Gothic tradition, and produced a type which, while it was less lovely than the Gothic, was at least definitely logical.

This does not mean that the plain, bare meeting house of the Puritan was devoid of æsthetic value; and it is certainly true to say that it was not built to spite art. Rather were these buildings the expression of a deep underlying principle which had found its

¹Puritanism and Art. Crouch.

fullest exemplification centuries before in Greek art. Superficially there is little resemblance between a Doric temple and a Puritan meeting house; fundamentally they have many points of contact. It has been well said that "the genius of Greek art lies in the fact that it makes beauty come to express truth." Their art was æsthetic enough to make them ethical. Conversely the Puritan sought to show that there can be no real beauty apart from truth. Dowden cynically tells us that "Puritanism is incapable of producing a great art," evidently blind to the fact that it has been the incentive of many. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the eminent art critic, has a word to say here in this connection that is worth noting. Speaking of the Scotch Puritans he says: "In proportion to their numbers they are the most distinguished little people since the days of the ancient Athenians and the most educated of modern races. All the industries are at home in Glasgow, all the fine arts in Edinburgh, and as for literature, it is everywhere."¹

The Puritan stood for the elemental fact that truth is fundamental to life. He won his point, and since his day life in all its manifold phases has been enriched because of this victory. The Puritan "was guided by the unerring law of Greek art and of eternal beauty, which lays more stress on form than on decoration."² This is evident in the severe yet picturesque dress of the Puritan as it later became manifest in the dignified simplicity of the Georgian (Colonial) type of architecture. The Puritan meeting house of the seventeenth century bore testimony to the stern severity and rectitude of the Christian life. The church was encumbered with many irrelevancies. It had become a sarcophagus instead of a sanctuary. It has been said that "to think deeply is to be delivered from many irrelevancies," and the Puritan was a deep thinker. It may be that for the time being he was too severe in the restraints which he placed on social worship, yet even in this he was but giving emphatic expression to the Grecian spirit which "adores all that is clearest and clearest and detests all that is in the least vague and indeterminate." Like Greek art, Puritanism rested its case upon the simplicity of truth.

¹ The French and English. Page 437.

² The Pilgrims and Their Three Homes. Griffis. Page 271

JOHN WOOLMAN—TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER

CHARLES DANIEL BRODHEAD

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"Who is John Woolman?" was the half embarrassed question of many intellectuals when several years ago his "Journal" was put among the immortal Harvard Classics.

Two hundred years ago this last August, in Northampton, Burlington County, New Jersey, was born one of the two Saint Johns of the eighteenth century. Both of these men of God would have hesitated to call themselves saints, but the world has long since recognized the fitness of that title for the one cradled in England seventeen years previously—John Wesley, son of an Epworth parsonage, founder of Methodism, apostle to his parish, "the world." John Woolman, younger and more obscure, likewise merits this tribute of Protestant canonization, although the highest honor indeed, for a Friend, is to be a free mouth-piece and messenger of the Spirit, a veritable prophet of the Lord; and such was he.

Not at all a self-advertiser, John Woolman has failed to find his true rank as an author of a minor classic in devotional literature and a pioneer in the kingdom of God. Highly revered by the Society of Friends, to which he belonged, this fountain-source of spiritual inspiration has been too largely forgotten by other communions. On the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, it is appropriate to ponder over the secret of this illuminating life.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." This recommendation from Charles Lamb should be authoritative enough to lure the lover of good literature and Christian leadership to delve into the Everyman's edition of his "Journal," or better still the Whittier edition, with its admirable introduction by the Quaker poet, who caught his spirit and message in that beautiful prayer:

"Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good."

Henry Crabb Robinson, the cultured and intimate friend of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, relates in his Diary how he feared that a certain sermon from his friend, Edward Irving, would not be conducive to belief, and then declares: "How different this is from John Woolman's Journal I have been reading at the same time! perfect gem! His is a *schöne Seele*, a beautiful soul. . . . His religion was love. His whole existence, and all his passions were love. . . . His Christianity is most inviting—it is fascinating!" And so it is.

Convictions rather than events molded the life and writings of John Woolman. His "Journal" reads more like the "Confessions of St. Augustine," whose heart was restless until it reposed in divine peace, than the "Journal of John Wesley," that other "classic man," as Dr. Joseph Fort Newton calls him in that stimulating monograph: "Wesley and Woolman." Yet both were literally preachers of the "Sermon on the Mount." They constantly traveled on horseback from place to place. Woolman went south as far as North Carolina and north to New England, dying in 1772 at York after a stormy voyage to England. Wesley's "Journal," however, dealing as it does with a half century of itinerancy wherein he preached over 40,000 times, "certainly does not lack much," as my beloved teacher, Caleb Thomas Winchester, has pointed out, "of being the most interesting social document of the eighteenth century, for it is not so much the story of Wesley's inner life as the record of his dealings with other people." With practically no such excitement as this, Woolman's narrative, therefore, grips not so much by its social contacts, keen and valuable as they are, as by its spiritual autobiography. "I have often felt a motion of love," opens the first chapter, "to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the goodness of God, and now in the thirty-sixth year of my age, I begin this work." Thus the beautiful confessional stands revealed.

In mere outward happenings Woolman's life is a tale quickly told. Brought up by pious West Jersey parents, at eighteen he was "delivered from all those vanities which so ensnared" him, and he "felt the power of Christ prevail over selfish desires." At first a clerk and then a tailor at Mt. Holly, he finally paid less and less

attention to business, invested his life in the ministry of the Friends, and traveled to upbuild their spiritual life and overthrow slavery. Home ties had come through his marriage at twenty-nine to "a well-inclined damsel," as he called his Sarah Ellis, but like Francis Asbury he was really a "prophet of the long road," clear up to the end of his earthly trail.

Yet such a short story is not all void of achievement, for wherever this holy apostle went he left a mighty impress for righteousness. In these days, when we boast of civil and religious liberty, and men are striving for industrial freedom, it is well to remember that such a power as John Woolman refused to regard slavery as one of the things to be taken for granted. He became a pioneer abolitionist in the very same epoch that "Edmund Burke, statesman of the first magnitude," as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick reminds us, "basing his judgment on the established experience of the race, can call slavery an incurable evil and say that there is not the slightest hope that trade in slaves can be stopped." This was even a whole century ahead of the thirteen colonies, made and later saved as the United States, seeing their way clear to have their President issue an Emancipation Proclamation. Take no crown from the head of an Abraham Lincoln, the pen of a Harriet Beecher Stowe, or the voice of a Wendell Phillips, a William Lloyd Garrison, or a Henry Ward Beecher, but forget not the luster of the name of John Woolman, brother to man and forerunner of liberty!

Like Wisdom, his ways were ways of pleasantness, and all his paths were peace. His was the technique not of uproar and vehemence but of persuasive gentleness. He sought the victory not of himself but of Truth. Full well did he follow the judgment of that earlier social reformer, Isaiah: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Three avenues of approach were open to him. If on his travels John Wesley were a reader, and he always went with a book, then John Woolman was a conversationalist, for he always went with a companion. This was golden time for the sowing of his seed, and he was a wise planter, being familiar with the Scriptures, acquainted with the wretchedness of slaves, and mindful of his high calling. Another approach in his itinerat-

ing came through his entertainment at the homes of the Friends. Here, if anywhere, his splendid courtesy showed itself in his literal fulfillment of the apostolic injunction: "The Lord's servant must not strive, but be gentle towards all, apt to teach, forbearing, in meekness correcting them that oppose themselves." Most of those homes where he stopped in the South had slaves, and winning a way for his cause required the utmost tact, especially in the delicate matter of remuneration, which he thus describes: "When I expected soon to leave a Friend's house where I had entertainment, if I believed that I should not keep clear from the gain of oppression without leaving money, I spoke to one of the heads of the family privately, and desired them to accept of those pieces of silver, and give them to such of the negroes as they believed would make the most use of them; and at other times I gave them to the negroes myself, as the way looked clearest to me. Before I came out, I had provided a large number of small pieces for this purpose, and thus offering them to some who appeared to be wealthy was a trial both to me and them. But the fear of the Lord so covered me at times that my way was made easier than I expected; and few, if any, manifested any resentment at the offer, and most of them, after some conversation, accepted of them."

But the most fruitful approach for John Woolman in his emancipating task lay in that place where Charles Lamb inimitably said one can "enjoy at once solitude and society"—the Quaker Meeting. Here he was completely at home in the solemn stillness of waiting souls, humble before the pure whiteness of the glory of the Lord, open to the still, small voice of the Spirit, mindful of the divine compassion for the multitudes. After he had listened for the Truth, and the burden of his message came upon him, he would declare the counsel of the Almighty against slavery of soul or body for the children of His love. Or perhaps his reproof and admonition would be delivered at a stated Monthly, Quarterly or Yearly Meeting, when special queries were asked, as at the Virginia Yearly Meeting. Such visitation was, indeed, time well spent for the kingdom.

Rightly, therefore, has a present-day writer called John Woolman "a prophet of the new social order." This is a strange though

apt title for a man born two hundred years ago. His whole life was devoted to that unseen but unconquerable divine kingdom on earth, of love and righteousness and service. His last, death-bed prayer was, in fact, the deep aspiration of his whole life: "Thou hast taught me to follow Him, and I said, 'Thy will, O Father, be done!'" "An embodied conscience" is an accurate description of this servant of mankind. He saw the economic as well as spiritual fallacy of trade in luxuries, preferring "to buy and sell things really useful." Strong drink was likewise condemned, and this in an age when even church records had entries for spirituous liquors! Earning money from the writing of wills, he early refused any that dealt with slaves. A vivid sense of human solidarity made brotherhood seem real to him. So tender that he would not ride behind horses that were being violently lashed, he felt very acutely the sorrows and sufferings of his fellow-men. Love was his dream, his goal, his way, his truth, his very life.

How then can such a man be accounted for? One answer suggests gratitude: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Verily should we be more thankful for the great souls in every branch of our Christian fellowship who have mightily increased and loyally handed down untarnished our noble heritage of faith. Yet that leaves unsolved the puzzling power of personality. A more pregnant answer points not only from heaven earth-ward but from earth heaven-ward. John Woolman, writer and prophet, was, above all else, a man of God. Greater than the keenness of his inward look toward himself, and larger than the compassion of his outward look toward his brethren, was the longing of his upward look toward his Heavenly Father. He knew that he had a soul and cared for it, perfecting it, strengthening it, establishing it. By that paradox of the blessed, he held fast to it and yet gave it away to his younger brothers, who used it freely for their lifeblood, and to his Elder Brother, who kept it freely by his lifeblood. As with the Pilgrim Fathers, God was in all his thoughts, words, and deeds. God, love, repentance, humility, gratitude, obedience, the kingdom of heaven—these eternal verities are the key words that unlock his secret. Whittier was exactly right in putting on the title-page of his edition of the "Journal" this verse from Isaiah: "The work of

righteousness shall be peace: and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever"; for Woolman knew the Scriptures for both comfort and counsel. To be sure, if the Revised Version had appeared in his life-time, he would not have misunderstood Exodus 23. 8, "And thou shalt take no bribe; for a bribe blindeth them that have sight, and perverteth the words of the righteous." He mistook "gift" in the King James' for "bribe" in the Revised and thereby through his strict literalism refused the gift of free entertainment on his travels. Fifty-five Biblical references are to be found in his "Journal," intermingled with his Scriptural ideas, ideals, language, and atmosphere. He was a man of one Book, from which he drew insight into life's problems, courage for life's duties, sympathy in life's troubles. With the familiar Book went also the frequent place of prayer, which meant everywhere. Unceasingly in sincerest gratitude, adoration, aspiration, penitence, petition, and intercession, he found his strength changed, his clouds dispelled, his joy made full. How wondrously he realized that "the place of prayer is a precious habitation: the trumpet is sounded; the call goes forth to the church that she gather to the place of pure, inward prayer; and her habitation is safe." Thus stands forth the open secret of his life: his deep religious experience. John Woolman constantly lived in the holy presence of God, abided in the matchless love of God, and labored in the glorious will of God. In him is seen the solemn shrine of sacred sainthood.

These are days apparently far distant from this Quaker itinerant. No longer do we write in his pious phraseology, hesitate about his strange scruples, or fight in his bold battles. Nevertheless, his truth of fullest freedom bears mightily upon us, his banner of perfect love waves beautifully over us, his spirit of Christian brotherhood breathes gloriously within us. May the birthday of John Woolman bring to a new birth his rare qualities of the soul, his rich experience of the Eternal, his real love of the kingdom!

As for the rest, no more fitting words could be expressed than those of Whittier in finishing his introduction to the "Journal" of John Woolman: "In bringing to a close this paper, the preparation of which has been a labor of love, I am not unmindful of the wide difference between the appreciation of a pure and true life

and the living of it, and am willing to own that in delineating a character of such moral and spiritual symmetry I have felt something like rebuke from my own words. I have been awed and solemnized by the presence of a serene and beautiful spirit redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness, and I have been made thankful for the ability to recognize and the disposition to love him. I leave the book with its readers. They may possibly make large deductions from my estimate of the author; they may not see the importance of all his self-denying testimonies; they may question some of his scruples, and smile over passages of childlike simplicity; but I believe that they will all agree in thanking me for introducing them to the Journal of John Woolman."

IN PRAISE OF POVERTY

WESTHOLME SMITH

SHE is the destruction of the poor. She is Cassandra, crying to the rich. She is Rachel; her voice is heard in Ramah, weeping for her children, for they are not. (A. D. 1919.)

These are not my texts. These words are set for signs. Let him beware who praises her. She is the austere sister, with naked breasts, who follows Duty. They had a Roman mother.

She has refined races like the northern Hellenes—the Scots. She has been flint to small lands, hewing deity from Greek rock. Her bitter bread saved Spain when the galleons failed. She sowed granite in the Pilgrim's blood.

Poverty is a quality of the soul. She is a vestal, desperate of her honor, the chaste unity of life. She is sincere like sacred death. She is the serene light, the single eye in which the sphere of reality lies steady and whole. She is the two-edged sword, the divider between the soul and its dimness, the cleanser of vision. She is the last sanity.

I will build her an altar of stone on a clean hill, on the star-touching top, for the burning of a sacrifice. Let it be all planetary goods. Thus, in the Miltonic way, I will stand and make an invocation: Poverty, be thou my wealth. Before majesty, even Solomon's, I will say of her what was said of Wisdom: "Whoso findeth thee findeth life."

"Blessed are the poor"—without codicil or condition. So far I go with the Master to-day. A beatitude is saved, reduced to Stoic dimensions. I thank God for poverty, tramping this bare track. Praise for white yarrow and the dust between toes! God gives it. For the wet white of noon between the cliffs of Broadway, for a mackerel-back ripple in the clearness of the north, men have missed meals—at twenty-three. There were poets in those days. After forty years I have a gust for blue sky. This too is a gift—Poverty's.

A century gone one of the gentlest of mankind cried aghast on the "decay of beggars." Last month Blackwood's bristled fiercely in a ten-page argument for "the need of an aristocracy." These things are related. Aristocracy, a splendid form of poverty, blood and brains in clear distinction, edged gallantly at a limitless inane. There are economies in art and literature, a severe use of means, for the cutting of flawless jewels. Life owns a cognate process. The chisel is blue steel. Poverty is a spirit. Her temper is the chill of winter nights tingling with the life whose lastingness stays between the stars. She runs in fine families like the Arnolds and the Emersons. The theme is perpetual and heavenly. It is a study in divinity. Its last implications are not here but in some beyond where being is as fire. Is this academic? It is vital, personal.

Perhaps you have slumped into the pit of *things*. Does the impedimenta of mere matter—nuggets, notes—bow you at fifty? Have you developed more ability to get than to give? Look! I am not smothered in stuff. I breathe. Eternally impecunious, do I hear you say? Ah, but if one enjoys it! Poverty is luxury—cigarettes and chocolate to the stale trench-boy.

It is to be fit at five and forty, keen as a young hound. Life in a flat is sheer adventure; a street car thrills you like a grapevine swing; the factory whistle sets you winding a mort on imagined hills. Would you know the recipe for this keenness? Live Spartan, live Spartan! Grind your stores; use the waste; to the crucible with the raw sand of your situation; make it yield gold.

What sets my heart thumping in all the world? Put down at random the list would be something like this: Sample specimens. First. A prairie rolling back from a mountain where a man walks the glimmering road. Second. The bare thought of God. Third. A shingle-brown bungalow behind whitewashed palings. Fourth. The massif of lower New York—in fog. Fifth. Green night in Arizona (by a Taos artist). Sixth. William Blake's sketches. Seventh. A reminiscence: the red heart of a watermelon broken on a dusty turnpike, near Toledo. Last, white sunlight blazing against black basalt, sky or stone.

Thank poverty for this fierce purity of taste projected into

middle age. The impression of every one of these items on the tablets of consciousness is sharply traceable to my chronic meagerness of circumstance. Take the sixth and seventh for instances. Driven for entertainment (without money and without price) into the St. Louis library, I chanced upon mad Blake's masterpiece in a soiled old copy. In the roar of the city I was alone, and I beheld the Ancient of Days. The episode of the red melon; it was a clean breakfast picked out of the dust after a night in a straw-stack, the redness crystallized into sugar and ice. I taste it now. That was in 1895. I was walking to Corydon with a pocketful of poems. The other items have each an equally vivid or poignant history. I might speak of the first glimpse of snowy Shasta on a grinding spiral of trusted steel, caught from a brake-beam between Pullman wheels. The San Francisco nabob who owned the Southern Pacific couldn't buy that plate.¹

I note your impatience, friend. This is the place for elucidation. If you were a thinker—I speak metaphysically—if you were given to thinking, raptured of it, like Hazlitt *ambulant*, my work would be simpler. I would refer you off-hand to a famous thesis on “The Nature of Non-possession.” It drew fire, when it first appeared, from so profound a source as the Wayfarer professor of the Trampdom Foundation (at the University of All-the-Asses). Said the Great Detached: “We have found it at last. This is the border of nothingness, the hell of the abstract.” In your case a definition would be better. Thus: Poverty. The want of wealth; less than enough of what one needs (“wants” are ruled out). This improves, still it is not wholly to the point. The crux is “what one needs.” Spiritual comforts first; it is Christian to say so. But in certain cases gross material blessings are equally indispensable, being at the moment exactly “what one needs.” You see, this method doesn't get us far. It is a grave matter. What do you say, friend? Let's go back to the golden pace and leave logic to limp alone. It is for those who have leisure. As for me, I will speak of what I know.

Poverty has been my good fairy Cophetua's queen in the

¹ I must admit the counter advantage of wealth as opportunity. Was it not old H. himself who drove the golden spike which pinned the last rail to the wood when the U. P. linked the East and West in iron wedlock? What must have been his sensations—a superman's?

mystic sense. She opened for me the magic gates of joy. The gracious girl, I thank her for a thousand pure rillets of boyish pleasure. They trickle to this day. Who dropt me through the smoke of an iron city between the coal banks? It was she. And upon the point of a green cape of country running into the steel sea? It was P. She ought to blush for her crime; I had such an incurable scent for wild earth. Had she made me the son of old Halpin, I would never have stolen his dad's apples from that orchard behind our rented shanty. O the taste of those yellow beauties—early harvest—it stains my soul after—as many years as you like. It was a poor man's boy who took those wintry walks on foggy mornings, to stand on the world's brink and drink wonder. The great pit seethed below; steam and blaze rose to the rim of the cauldron; it was the forge of civilization. After forty years I stood again on those holy heights. There was the mighty spread of my ancient burgh, her gray enchantments touched with gold; not a hill diminished, not a distance disillusioned, in the mild March noon.

Lack of pennies and long Saturdays, bless her for a plenty! and the bee-like instinct to track the green feet of April across the highlands. The thrill, divine Life! as from the touch of naked deity, of sun and air and water, splashing through the sulphur-colored mixture of Chartier's run. She beckoned, and "Romance came piping o'er the hills"—from Castle Shannon! She plotted the picnics in Duquesne woods and the pocketful of gingersnaps on the way home. The circus was her device, and the long wait in the July sun for the parade, and the outside of the white tent at night. This was nothing else than the pavilion of Pari-benou dipped in a sea of light, and bursting like a lily from the palm of Noor-Jehaun.

She led our hunt for slippery elm and Mayapple. She gave us buttercups and ox-eyed daisies in lieu of coin. She put globes of dandelion to the lips of the straggler. She freighted their plumes with dreams. Holy dreams! Would I exchange them for the weight of Woolworth's tower in copper or tin? Would you sell one for gold? I might—for New Jerusalem. There is no secret about this. Be pure. Diana guard thy dreams!

Poverty is a goddess, wise and fair. She opened the door of undreamed beatitude. She found me in the brickyards of Egypt, and I became a pilgrim of light. She sent me to Overmond, where piety and knowledge were friends, where conduct and character were the great objectives of education and learning. My thoughts were turned to the everlasting verities. I learned to act in deliberate rightness. I studied the torso of the ancient world, drinking at the well of the classics. I proved the muscles of virtue and what was great in Roman men. I became a mason of the temple and handled truth. A master taught me, a high jeweler of the Kingdom. J. M. L., gray in goodness, lives still. Obedience, I learned, is the beginning of all well-being, and reverence the far-off crown of science. Life cannot unlearn the lesson now, nor time corrode a letter. My student days were few—they were done in two years—but they were like that.

I was poor, but she made me poorer. Was it jealousy of the humanities, for a chastity beyond? Her cold hand pointed and the student turned to work. He looked long at the beloved spot and departed. Even now, in moments of weariness, I look back and see it all—town, tower, trees, chapel, faces, fused in a colored radiance like a fountained city; drink with my eyes, and turn clearer-souled for heaven.

She taught my hands to work. I knew the cold sweetness of the breeze on a sweated brow. She gave me a man's joy in labor; I learned the secret of my far begetting from the fingers of Him who ordained the moon and the stars. She held a cup to my lips and caused me to suffer with those who toil without hope. I walked with want and knew that she who walked with me wept. We were in the City of Dreadful Night. I beheld her colossal image, for she was Despair, and she became Madness. In the moment of her power she would have hurled me— No! no! Let me forget! The damned were there, and I knew it not. In the darkness I lost her. Mine was the burden of Duma: I was a voice crying "Watchman, what of the night?" Morning came: her weeping was turned to brightness. She placed a Book in my hands, saying, "Get to God."

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We are on the great pike here. You have come a little way, comrade; you have picked up some rudiments, but the trade is yet to learn. You have jogged along with a real amateur; it's time now to meet the masters. I'll pledge you there are some on this road. We are sure to pass them before sun's at grass.

Back of yonder hedge in the dingle, look hard at the black, tall man. He's dubbed "the Bible-seller." He can teach you tricks of the trade, more than one. The thing now is the crowd about his forge—gypsies, and one or two others. There's Lavengro, and the Flaming Tinman, and the Mad Methodist; and the girl with the glint-o'-fire hair, Isopel Berners, the dingle queen. Put your mark on the tall man, George Borrow by name. He holds the keys to the treasures of the tribe. Don't forget *him*. When your holiday comes round, *make for the dingle!*

Here's another windfall. The Bedford tinker's out of jail. Give a cheer. He loves the poor and knows this road by faith. Half the travelers are in his heart. He could name a hundred; Hopeful and Greatheart are his boys; his son Faithful, the eldest, died on the field of honor, slain in battle. You see how he's pressed by the King's business. His face is set. We may get the time o' day out of him—no more. "Hello, pilgrim!" As I thought, he shies at our hail, suspecting a pair of rogues. He's had many mishaps on this way, and the marks of mishandling are green upon him. He won't rest short of the Delectables, those peacock hills shining in the West. His testament is the manual for poor pilgrims. You can have mine. Get it by memory.

Try a word on the fat boy with the limp; I mean that bald, brown beggar in the monk's robe and girdle. That's he, Brother Lawrence, and good company. We can amble along with him and no harm. He has a pipeful of gossip and will be free of his Alsatian brew in no time. Don't miss a sip. It's tang! the love o' God. He lugs two sacks under arm. I could crush a cup now. We halved loaves together yesternoon under the Green Tree by the Wellside. There I had a taste of his "Practice." Believe me, he loves our nation. Find me a poorer one among good fellows, and I—

This play irks a trifle, if I read your meaning, lad. Patience!

A willing hand learns a bit from anyone. Reality is catching, and these fellows have it.

Listen! There's one ahead of us a mile or more. My glass shows him gloriously ragged and going in bare feet. We must catch up with the chap. We will, if he stops again to talk to the birds. Hereabout the folk call him—never mind for the moment what. We belong to the same company, but he beats me barefoot on this path. Who is he? Why, the authentic apprentice to the Grand Master of the Guild. Some say he is the only real disciple, in point of poverty, of the Greatest of the Poor. His name? Guess awhile. Here is a hint to help. I fed this same holy man out of my bag this morn. Where did you lodge the night? I asked. With my brother, he answered. With your brother, I said; where's he? Here, said he. And with that a big wolf trotted out from the woodside and licked his hand.

"Francis!" Yea, as I love poverty, it is—the saint himself! I'm after him. (*Shouting over his shoulder*).

You'll find a proper bed at the Inn there by the Bridge. A great good fellow keeps the house.

Good-bye, comrade! I'm for Tirnan-Og "where you buy joy for a penny."

THE ATONEMENT—TO ME

ISABELLE HORTON

Lake Bluff, Ill.

"Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer." Luke 24. 46.

It is night. Not the soft, enshrouding darkness that brings repose from care and toil; but an evil night. A blackness seething with passions that will not bear the light of day—a brooding horror from which are hatched plots of hatred and murder, and through which skulk the footsteps of conspiracy. And in that horror of thick darkness the Great Martyr awaits in solitary agony the last act of the world tragedy.

Who dares keep with him that lonely vigil? Who will follow his tortured steps to judgment hall and to Calvary? We shrink from even the contemplation of those hours, and well we may. We thrill with the triumph of Palm Sunday and the glory of Easter, but as for the days that intervene, we turn the pages hastily and hurry through, even as the disciples who all forsook him and fled. But for him there was no escape—no way from Palm Sunday to Easter save the way that led through Thursday and Friday. No hour of that dreary time could he escape.

All life is an effort to escape the scourge of pain. Even when we have climbed high enough in the scale of being to suffer in the suffering of others, we shield ourselves and evade it if we can. Why think of suffering that we cannot help? Of Christ we say: "Why dwell upon the scenes of his passion? We are saved by his life, not by his death; by his resurrection, not by his crucifixion." Ah, but I do not know that. His life, flawless and perfect as it was, would have been but a tale that is told without that consummation. There was no way to the triumph of the empty tomb save the way of the cross.

Artists have gone down into that horror of darkness and brought back pictured glimpses of that loved face as it might have been—as it must have been; and we hide as it were our faces

from him in his agony. One such pictured face hangs before me—just a face gleaming out from the darkness—a man's face, tortured, hunted, betrayed. The brow is stained with red drops from the brutal thorns; the eyes are dim with anguish. Yet in them is a light of infinite love, and a power of unconquered kingliness. They express, not the passive obedience of a lamb led to the slaughter, but the bending of human will to the control of the higher law. "He set his face steadfastly to go"; "He poured out his soul"; his own will was the will of the Father. And the genius of the painter has caught it all.

Still, people say, "I do not like it. Why dwell upon the physical aspects of his agony? Doubtless the moral and spiritual suffering overcame the physical." As if there were help or comfort in that! This thought neither softens nor mitigates the cruel facts, but adds to them something beyond our power to conceive. Gethsemane did not prevent Calvary. The pallid face, worn with spiritual conflict, touched to no pity the hearts of Roman soldiers or mocking priests. Every step of the way from Sanhedrin to judgment hall, from hall to palace, and up the rocky slopes of Calvary must be trod by those tired feet. No physical pang was spared because the mental suffering was heaped higher still; and then, "they crucified him."

And as I look long into that pictured face—"marred more than any man"—and meet the unwavering gaze of those tender eyes, there come to me strange questionings and heart-searchings as to the mystery of human pain and sin, and the appealing power of Love, human and divine.

We have learned, somehow, to associate sin with its penalty, pain. But how strangely here were they disassociated! Suffering in the pure and sinless face of Jesus; sin in the impudent mockery of priests, the stupid brutality of soldiers, the shamed, vanishing face of Judas. But not there alone. Search farther, patient eyes, and bare our own heart secrets. Shall I not find, hidden in the depths of my own consciousness, the germs of all that brought that agony into the face of Christ? Jealousy, wounded pride, resentment against real or fancied wrong, self-love, and indifference to another's pain—what but these passions, uncurbed and free

to work their cruel will, wrought the tragedy of Calvary? And may we not find them today all about us, making their homes in our own hearts and the hearts of our associates?

In these days of sore anguish and world travail I will not suffer my heart to be needlessly wrung with the woes of the hero of fiction. From even true tales of pain and tragedy I sometimes turn away, lest they come back to haunt me in the night watches. But from that tragedy of sorrow, from this pictured face with sad eyes that ask: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" I dare not turn away. Then, as the sacred anniversary draws nigh,

"Let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

What is it to us—this Wonder Story of the ages—this mystery of suffering that "the angels desired to look into"—and to whom it must have been even a greater mystery than the resurrection? That infinite power should stoop to human weakness, that the Sinless One should "become sin" for us, and thus open a way for the sinner back to the heart of God, that is indeed a mystery fit to tax even celestial intelligences.

Yet, impatiently, we seek to understand. We have a department of learning that we call theology, *Theo*-logy, as if it were possible for the finite to understand the infinite, the created to understand the Creator. We would measure infinity with our little yardstick, discuss, dissect, analyze, and really construct out of our own wisdom a god whom we can understand, one whom we can take apart and put together like a Chinese puzzle; while in truth our knowledge must be inadequate as that of the dragon-fly that flits for a day over the bosom of a vast river, of whose boundaries and purposes he cannot dream.

I, myself, the child of a parsonage, was born and cradled in an atmosphere of theological dissertation. "Little pitchers have big ears." At fourteen I came up hard against the doctrine of

Calvinism. At twenty-five I was floundering in Socinianism; and if later I accepted Arminianism it was only as a working hypothesis, and not that I had in any wise solved to my satisfaction the problems of predestination, of vicarious sacrifice, and imputed righteousness.

We know in part. There is a world of life and action, man's world, whose laws we do well to learn and comprehend. It involves our attitude and our conduct toward our fellow men, and reaches out toward God—so much of God as we are capable of comprehending. It is a world where, by experience and study, we may reach satisfactory conclusions, where we may agree and learn to work together. There is also a realm of ultimate knowledge which, in the nature of things, is beyond our grasp. About it we may speculate, we may exercise our reason, we may stretch the wings of our imagination, but we can *know*—nothing. In this realm of the unknown and the unknowable the conclusions of the mystic are as weighty as those of the scientist; the opinions of the poet as valid as those of the philosopher; and in this world we have no right to even try to impose upon other minds our own beliefs and conclusions.

And yet it is in this cloud land of visions and half knowledge that contests rage interminably. There is no bitterness like the bitterness of saints, when it comes to matters of beliefs, of traditions, of established forms and ritual. It was the High Priest of Judea who led the cry of "Crucify him!" and later, the hands of the priests and prelates that lit the fires of martyrdom for other saints who went to death with his name upon their lips. Someone has pithily said; "God gave man religion, and then Satan invented theology to make a fuss"; and surely the arches of hell must ring with his laughter as he sees saints turning their batteries against saints in a warfare that can never cease so long as men with human limitations arbitrate as to the character and attributes and purposes of the Creator of the universe. How much strife would be saved, how much real, vital religion would be conserved if men would agree to disagree charitably about the things that cannot be absolutely known, and unite their forces upon the firm foundation of things that cannot be reasonably doubted.

Suppose that, for one generation only, all the churches of Christendom should forget their differences and unite upon the simple platform that God is our Father, that Christ is his Interpreter, and that the immutable law of the universe is Love, manifest in service—who can doubt that that generation would bear this sad old world a thousand years on its march toward God!

Every little journey we take should teach us this lesson of actual and partial knowledge. A trip from New York to Chicago is a covenant between me and an organization about which the average person knows little and trusts much. I pay a price for my ticket. I entrust my belongings to a person whom I never saw before, and of whose character for honesty I know nothing. He gives me a cabalistic card which I do not even attempt to decipher, and disappears into the human wilderness. I know there are certain laws to which I must conform—the rules of the road—and, observing these, I fully expect to reach my destination in safety and receive my trunk on the presentation of my check. I dimly understand that I am dealing with a vast system. Great buildings with innumerable offices are open to my convenience; officials, tense and preoccupied, attend to my safety and answer my questions; I get vistas of trucks and trunks stretching away into dim distances, great, leather-bound volumes, mountains of checks and files. To me it is all a bewildering chaos. But I know that if my trunk should go astray all that machinery of men and things would be at my service. Files would be searched, telephones ring, and telegrams flash from city to city until the railroad had made good its part of the contract. I do not know, nor need to know, all the intricacies of the system, but I know what is necessary for me to accomplish a prosperous journey.

In the mystery of the atonement there are certain truths connected with human life which I can understand. They satisfy my reason and my judgment. Since they also agree with the revelation of God in his word, I walk confidently, thus far. There are other propositions relating to the nature of God and his attitude toward us which I do not understand, and which all the dissertations of theologians thus far have not helped me to understand. About these I am interested, but I will not cavil. I neither affirm

nor deny; I do not know. I cannot reconcile my sense of freedom of will, or of simple justice, with the foreknowledge of God and the immutable decrees. I no longer try. So with forgiveness, justification, regeneration. It is my business to seek and receive them; not mine to know how God can give them and still retain his character of justice, or how, sinless, he could take upon himself the burden and the guilt of sin. But there are some things connected with man's relation to God that must come to human understanding with the appeal of irresistible truth.

The first of these self-evident truths is that something is wrong with human nature—something that hinders in its upward struggle toward righteousness. We may account for it as we will. We may call it "inbred sin," or "error" or "egoism." We may trace it back to the primitive passion that has led the race thus far in the struggle for existence. It affiliates us with what is behind and beneath us; it leads to strife and hatred, and, when foiled, to deceit and cruelty and treachery. It alienates us from a God who is purity and peace and love.

Second, there is one force, and only one, that can enter the arena against this most human, most masterful passion of selfishness, and this is the power of love. Nothing else can so control, uplift, and transform the human soul, substituting in it for the law of the jungle the law of "otherism." This love is not a part of unregenerate human nature. It is divine. We "admire" what is above and beyond us; we "like" qualities suited to our taste and our temperament; we love to love and to be loved. But this is not the transforming love that Christ brings to the world. "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even publicans the same?" But the love that takes in the unlovely with tender compassion, the love that gives itself and its own gratification in service to friend and foe alike, such love is divine in its nature and origin. If God would draw this lost and wandering planet back to himself, what force more potent than the purifying and uplifting power of love?

Third, so far as human experience goes, love can be expressed only in terms of service, which will not stop short of sacrifice. A love that costs the lover nothing makes little impression upon any

heart. In what other way could God make his love for us intelligible and active for our good?

Here, then, is our problem. There may have been, in the bosom of infinite wisdom, other possibilities for its solution, but I can conceive of none.

One snowy morning a little flock of snow buntings alighted on my balcony in search of the crumbs I had scattered in anticipation of their visit. Presently a flock of sparrows swooped down and drove the snow birds away. They bustled and quarreled among themselves, keeping an alert and mistrustful eye out for the watcher behind the film of glass. Then a bullying blue jay appeared, and the sparrows in turn had to fly away. When his autocratic appetite was appeased, and the snow birds came timidly back, there was little left for them. Gently I opened the window to scatter more seeds, but they flew away in terror and would not return. I said, "Why should they not trust me? I have never harmed one of them. And why should they fight and quarrel, and drive one another away? I have food enough for them all. If I could only make them understand——"

And then a question came. Suppose it were possible, would you take upon yourself the form and limitations of bird life in order that you might speak to them in their own language, and make them understand that you are their friend and not their enemy? Would you take the risk that, even so, they might not accept your testimony? That you might be pecked at, chattered down, mocked, and driven, hurt and bleeding, from the council of their bird wisdom? And I said: No; I do not love them enough for such a sacrifice as that. I would not do it if I could. And then suddenly a new conception came of a love that was deep and tender enough for even such a test as that. Of One who, "existing in the form of God, counted not being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross." And so I accept the mystery of "the Word made Flesh," because I know of no other way by which God could so call forth in human hearts that response of

love by which we must be lifted up out of the life of the flesh, which is death, into the life of the spirit, which is love and immortality.

Pagan and heathen nations have had their myths of gods incarnate in human flesh for intrigue or adventure, but not that they might lift humanity up and link it with their own divinity. Men have worshiped such gods, dimly recognizing the Unknown standing within the shadows, but love has not entered into their relationships at all. They would propitiate the anger of their god with gifts and sacrifices, or outwit him with their cleverness to procure his favor. Such religions have had no power to cleanse the heart of sin, or to purify the life. That "Word" which for us was "made Flesh" was Love—"Love Divine"—and its expression was a sacrifice as complete as the love was supreme. "God so loved that he gave"—and by so loving and so giving he makes the strongest appeal of which the human heart can conceive, in the only language that we can understand, for the love of his prodigal children.

The appeal of Christ to the human heart is not merely the stimulus of a high ideal, or the inspiration of a perfect example. It is warmer, closer, more compelling than that. We pore over the pages of Augustine, or Milton or Browning and wonder at their richness of thought and of diction; we thrill at the story of great lives like Florence Nightingale's or Lincoln's; but when, through the medium of painter's brush, or poet's thought, or prophet's word, we get a vision of the face of Jesus Christ, our hearts say, "My Lord and my God!" Self-love, unworthy desires, unholy passions take their flight, hard tasks become easy, pain for him is pleasure, and all life takes on new and sweeter meanings. In a passion of poetic imagination one may say, "I am washed in the blood of the Lamb."

A mother once paid an unexpected visit to her son at college. On the wall of his room hung a picture of questionable taste, one that would perhaps have been removed had her coming been announced. She made no comment, but on her return she sent him as a gift a beautiful picture of the face of Christ. Courtesy to his mother demanded that he give it a place in his room, and

just as inevitably the objectionable picture disappeared. They could not occupy the same room. Neither can Christ be given his due place in the heart without exercising his kingship, bringing every thought into captivity to himself.

There are undoubtedly mysteries connected with the atonement which we do not understand, and which we do not need to understand, just here and now. I nowhere find that Christ demanded that we should. He made no attempt to explain the psychology of his dual nature; he did not discuss abstract theology at all. He said, "Believe in ME." We might even be mistaken as to how he came into the world and how he went out of it; but if we recognize him as the Revealer of God and give him the right of way in our lives we shall not go far astray.

There may be some who make the mistake of believing that the atonement of Christ removes from us the penalty as well as the guilt of sin; and whose faith suffers a shock when they find the Christian still contending with the infirmities of the flesh and the misfortunes incident to human life. It is true that, with the joys of reconciliation, there may come a spiritual uplift that seems to take the soul into an atmosphere where old temptations lose their power, and even physical weaknesses seem overcome by the "expulsive power" of a great new affection. But penalty as a result of sin is an immutable law, and as beneficent in its way as the law of forgiveness. The certainty of punishment, while not the highest or strongest deterrent motive in human life, is still strong. Fear may restrain the soul until it becomes amenable to the higher power of love. God spares no argument or influence that can make sin hateful to human consciousness. But penalty loses its bitterness when the sense of guilt and estrangement from God is gone.

A teacher required a pupil to remain after school as a penalty for neglect of his tasks. He sat at his desk sullen, resentful, defiant, and wholly unhappy. The teacher at her desk felt only sorrow for the infraction of rules, and pity for the culprit. She went and laid a hand gently on the boy's shoulder. "I'm sorry you had to stay, laddie," she said; "but you see I'm staying with you." Swift as sunlight a smile chased away the frown. The boy looked up into the teacher's face and saw there, not anger

but only love and compassion. "Oh, that's all right; I deserved it," he said with boyish frankness, and reaching for the discarded book he bent cheerfully over his task. The penalty was not remitted but its sting was gone when he realized that the teacher was his friend and he was still within the pale of her love and care. How Christ by taking upon himself the penalty of sin makes atonement for the sinner—that is not my problem; mine it is to look up into his face and see his smile of forgiveness, and feel in my own heart the answering response of gratitude and love.

But the grievous error, and the one that chiefly obstructs the progress of the Kingdom, is the complacent assumption that Christ has not only borne for us the penalty of sin, but relieved us of the necessity of sacrifice. We sing, "Jesus paid it all" and thank him in pious phrase, as if we were to be carried to heaven on flowery beds of ease. We still hold aloft the cross, but no more as a symbol of service and sacrifice for others. It is the proud decoration of a costly church—a golden ornament on woman's neck. Easter morning will see many a cross of soft and fragrant lilies in memory of Him who wore the crown of thorns. For us, music, perfume, and luxury; for him, pain and loneliness and grief.

If Jesus taught anything simply and definitely, it was that to his followers he delegated the duty of taking up his cross and carrying on his work. "As the Father sent me, so send I you." Love, the all-compelling "Word," must still be manifested in sacrifice. The triumphs of the cross had come when men and women did not shrink from giving their all, counting not their lives dear that souls might be born into the Kingdom. There is no easy way to win the world to Christ. "God loves you" means little if there goes with the message no token of love. Ever is it true that a man's testimony is worth just as much as he is willing to give to back it up with. The early Christians gave all in passionate devotion, and their testimony carried conviction to the heart of the heathen world. In lands across the sea to-day, and in our own land, souls are being won where lives are poured out in loving service. Men and women go down into the trenches of human sin and suffering and bring back soul trophies in payment for scars.

But for the most part we hedge our lives about with comfort,

shielding our tender sensibilities from even the knowledge of the lost world in its sore travail. We are gracious to the church, and give decorously of our abundance to the cause of missions, and wonder why the world remains indifferent to the gospel message. But it is the teaching of Christ and the experience of centuries that the church must continue to pay the redemption price, if souls are to be won from the power of sin and selfishness; and, failing that, there is no redemption.

But sacrifice is only half the story. The messenger of the cross goes not alone, nor does he lose his reward. "Lo, I am with you always" comes the voice of the Teacher—the Comrade. And as, even with the cold shadow of the cross falling over him, he prayed that "his joy" might be fulfilled in the hearts of his followers, that prayer is answered. No gift, or service, or sacrifice, given as he gave, for Love's sake, fails to bring back in the doing a fullness of joy that no tongue can tell, and no worldly limitation take away.

Like children upon the ocean shore, we sail our little boats. We gather wonderful shells and pebbles of truth. We bathe in its life-giving waters. But beyond and afar, stretching into the mists, lies the limitless ocean of truth, whose boundaries are beyond our ken, and whose mysteries we may not explore. But a hand is stretched out to us from the infinite dark. It is warm and human, and pierced with the symbol of sacrifice. It is human—but it is more. It holds us fast to the heart of an Unknown God, and assures us that he is Love, and Wisdom, and Power, beyond our understanding. Let us grasp that hand, and shrink not if we feel in our own the pain of service and in our hearts the spear point of misunderstanding and intolerance. So shall we be lifted out of selfishness and strife; so shall we begin to learn what love is; and so shall this tortured, sin-crazed world be led through human love to know the "love that passeth knowledge." And so shall the Christ, the Redeemer, "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE THREEFOLD TEMPTATION

A LESSON FOR LENT

THE forty days of penitential discipline, which in the calendar of the church precede Easter Sunday and culminate in the Holy Week of the Passion, are traditionally connected with the forty days' fast of our Lord in the wilderness. If we follow him in the way of the cross, we must first follow him through the time of moral testing in the valley of spiritual conflict and decision.

The first Adam was tempted in a garden of beauty and abundance; he fell and was driven into the desert of want and toil. The Second Adam was tempted in the desert; he overcame that he might bring us back to paradise. Deeper than the historic truth of these two narratives is their moral meaning. They are typical of the trial of the will which every man must meet, whether his lot be cast in Eden or the wilderness.

Goethe, in the initiation scene in "Wilhelm Meister," has his hero instructed in the three reverences—reverence for that which is beneath us, for that which is about us, and for that which is above us. These are, indeed, the three great relationships of life—to nature beneath our feet, to our brother man by our side, and to God in the overbending heavens. These relations, which are the school of our physical, moral, and spiritual training, are also the sphere and means of our temptation. Man is tempted by fleshly appetite to use his power over nature selfishly, by worldly ambition to use his power over his fellows selfishly, and by spiritual aspiration to use even his power over God selfishly. This is the threefold appeal of the tempter—through "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

The first imperious needs of man are the bodily appetites. He is a hungry animal who must find food or die. "It is good for food," says the serpent to the woman; "Make bread," says the devil to our Lord. Man has a right to make bread, and he must make it out of

stones, that is, out of the material that nature supplies him. Here man passes beyond the animal stage, for beasts forage for food and find it; he must master nature and make it. The world waits for the miracle of man's genius which shall make the desert "rejoice and blossom as the rose," and man shall make himself in remaking the earth. But it is wrong to make bread in violation of the law of God and in selfish disregard of the needs of others. Much of the world's wealth is bread baked by a recipe out of the devil's cookbook. The idle rich, who return no service for the food they eat, the gamblers of the stock exchange, the selfish greed that lives luxuriously at the cost of human suffering, the hoarded wealth gathered by exploiting unrequited toil, the ill-gotten gains of the liquor traffic—these are bread at the devil's bidding, which can feed a pampered animal but cannot satisfy a being who needs not bread alone, but God.

The second temptation is on a higher plane. Satan is quite aware that we need more than physical food. He is perfectly willing to go with us from the wilderness of bodily want to the mountain of ideal vision, whose wide horizons enclose the kingdoms of beauty, truth, and power. "Fair to see," said the serpent; "Lo, the glory of them!" cries the tempter. It is not wrong for man to seek mastery and dominion; his commission is to subdue the earth. "Not by bread alone, but by truth," says science; "and by beauty," says art; "and by social order," says politics. Yet a subtler danger lurks in these glorious dreams of æsthetic achievement than even in the coarse lusts of the animal. Divine philosophy has been made "procuress to the gates of hell"; art has been made a pander to vice and selfishness, and man's march to empire has been marked by tyranny, oppression, and bloodshed. Men have been but too ready to believe that the road to rule is by devil worship. They have thought of power as conferring privilege rather than as imposing obligation. Jesus knew better and came down from the mountain as poor as he went up; he marched to victory not by the path of selfish power but by the lowly road of humble and loving service, and it is therefore that he has been "given a name which is above every name."

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only," answers Jesus. "Certainly," says the Devil, "let's go to church!" The third temptation is wholly in the spiritual sphere. The tempter knows how to pervert even a holy trust. Piety is full of perils. Satan is not afraid of Bibles or holy water; he will poison the one and quote the other. He would as soon capture a soul in the closet as in the

countingroom, at prayer as at pilfering, through faith as by forgery. The worst corruption is the corruption of the best. The climax of all sin is spiritual pride. God will not protect us against our stupidity and wicked presumption. He will not turn a planet out of the way to let our little cart go past. "God *hath* given his angels charge concerning us," but not all the hosts of heaven can save us when the stumbling stones in our pathway have been left there by idle neglect, willful ignorance, or stupid indifference.

"God hates those sneaking creatures that believe
He'll tend to things they run away and leave."

God is our healer, but he has ordained that our cure shall come by many medicinal methods. The right road down from the temple tower is by the stair and not through the air. "The Lord will provide," but we are the partners of his providence who must by toil of hand, head, and heart cooperate with his laws.

All these temptations are manifestations of one spirit—selfishness. Calvary and its cross are the final answer of the Christ to the false claims of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We can overcome through our overcoming Saviour. This is the teaching of the apocalyptic vision: "They overcame him (the evil one) because of the blood of the Lamb, and because of the word of their testimony, and they loved not their own life even unto death" (Rev. 12. 11). For the threefold temptation there is the promise of a threefold triumph. Spirit shall conquer flesh and make every meal a sacrament; real sovereignty shall be found in service and not in selfish sway; and genuine religion is not a franchise to be exploited in the interests of spiritual pride and presumption, but loyalty to the law and love of the heavenly Father.

EASTER AND THE EQUINOX

It is by no accident that Christmas comes at the winter solstice, when the triumph of light over darkness begins, and that Easter Sunday coincides with the vernal equinox, when the conquest is complete. It is thus a divine symbol set in the calendar, marking the victory of light over darkness and of life over death. Spring is one of God's prophets; it is an annual resurrection in which he renews the face of the earth and the hopes of mankind. In the world of grace, Jesus Christ is the first blossom that proclaims an immortal summer, the first fruit of an eternal harvest.

After all, the analogies of nature are only approaches to the truth; Christ is the only bridge between eternity and time. With him begins the spiritual order, the genealogy of life. His empty grave in Joseph's garden is God's "Amen!" to the plea of the lilies, the argument of the roses.

Our interest in the resurrection of our Lord is not speculative, but practical and personal. One who stood before the open tomb, early in the dawn of the Day of Resurrection, has thus voiced it as an experimental fact: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again into a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." (1 Pet. 1. 3.) Just as a tidal river feels in its ebb and flow the pulse of the mighty ocean as it swells to the starry influences of the heavens, so the new birth is a part of the same fact and urged by the same power as raised our Lord from the dead.

Men talked about immortality before, but it was a spectral hope without flesh and blood. It was "this pleasing hope, this fond desire" of Cato's soliloquy, a phantasy that melted away as men strove to grip it. Something did happen that Easter morning that turned a dying dream into a "lively hope." A flashlight flamed into the kingdom of the dead and into the failing faith of man. As you leave Rome by the Appian Road, on the left are the pagan columbaria with their despairing inscriptions filled with wild regret; on the right are the catacombs where the tombs of Christian saints and martyrs shine in the vaulted darkness with such mottoes as "Hope in Christ," "I shall arise." Something had awakened in the heart of humanity. The earthquake that rolled away the stone from the grave in the garden has lifted a heavier load from thousands of buried lives. "Begotten us"—yes, but that "*us*" has a "*me*" in its heart. The winter of sin and death has yielded to the springtime of salvation and life, and the flowers of grace begin to bloom in the garden of the saved soul. The "All hail!" of the risen Lord has thrilled to life innumerable dead spirits.

Our Christian faith is more than an intellectual belief in past facts; it is a moral trust in a living and present Person. We do not have to ransack graves, exhume ruins, excavate Jerusalem, or drain the Red Sea to find the credentials of our faith. We shall find it inwardly in the awakened Christian consciousness and outwardly in the constant conquests of the Kingdom. Christian experience is a present testimony to the might of the Risen and Living Lord. The

church is rallied by the presence and voice of a never-dying One who cries: "I am he who liveth and was dead, but behold, I am alive forevermore." A dead Christ could make only dead Christians.

What does Easter Day mean to us? Does it signify merely fresh attire, brisker trade, country excursions, and renewed industry? Only by the destruction of our sin and selfishness can the last enemy be slain. If we are risen with Christ, surely we are seeking the higher things, as the April sunshine calls the sleeping germs to find a soul in grass and flowers. We can no longer dwell among the tombs or be interested in dead and dying things. Our present life of faith is a budding life in union with an unseen but risen Christ; it shall blossom and find perfection of flower and fruit in union with a glorious manifested Christ at his appearing in the final redemption. Therefore can we chant that sublimest strain of the great *Te Deum*: "When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

"Blessed be God" for this "lively hope," shouts St. Peter! Shall we not sing with him this New Testament psalm, majestic and full of music, recounting blessings born of grace and burgeoning in glory?

THE DANGER OF DOGMATISM¹

THE casuistry of the pulpit, discussed in the last issue of the *REVIEW*, needs a further negative safeguard, if the purity of the pastoral conscience is to be preserved. If the reckless radical of the pulpit is to be condemned for exploiting undigested critical conclusions in his sermons, an equal blame rests upon the ultra-conservative who makes the sacred desk a fortress for the defense of traditional opinions which have no vital relation to religious reality.

This negative duty is imposed upon the preacher by the present situation. In intellectual honesty he must not use the pulpit to support untenable and discredited theories of Holy Scripture. The conservative minister, no more than the progressive, has the right to proclaim any human opinions as if they were the veritable truth of God. He must not use his office to disparage the work of devout scholars, nor to cruelly and falsely brand as heretics and infidels men whose loyalty to truth is born of their communion with God, and whose conception of that relationship is frequently more spiritual

¹This discussion and that following are in continuation of the treatise on Biblical Criticism and Preaching begun in the November-December, 1920, number of the *METHODIST REVIEW*.

than his own. There are popular evangelists who have made indecent assaults upon pious Christian scholars in a manner which was perilously near what our Lord called the sin against the Holy Spirit—the moral blindness which perversely sees evil in real holiness.

The preacher must not disingenuously point out the disagreement of critics on uncertain and disputed matters and wholly ignore the vast range of conclusions practically settled by the consensus of all experts. If he is a sincere man he will not seek to win the plaudits of uninstructed piety by the tricks of the demagogue and charlatan, or by passionate protestations of loyalty to the "dear old Book." Nothing has more dishonored the sacred records than the unworthy honor often shown them by men who are willing to pay them every possible respect except to really study them. The Bible has had to endure more at the hands of its supposed friends than from all its enemies. There is a subtle unbelief that underlies all these attempts to profanely steady the ark of God. There is a calm confidence which should possess the soul who has won spiritual certainty to which the froth and fury of partisan special pleading are utterly alien. That besetting vice of the oratorical temperament which makes the preacher a mere echo of popular prejudice must never be allowed to stain the transparent candor of the true prophet of God.

Nothing is more fatal to the pulpit than this spirit of militant dogmatism; the temper of the literalist or of intellectualism is far away from that "sweet reasonableness" by which divine things insinuate themselves into the minds and hearts of men. All the hosts of doubt and denial are less dangerous to the cause of Christ than the traditionalism which has substituted its shriveled formulas for the truth of God. The days of dogmatism are the days of denial. Infidelity has never been more rampant than in the periods of theological obscurantism. Many who hold these reactionary views are doubtless good and sincere men who verily think they are doing God service; but it sometimes requires the utmost effort of Christian charity to recognize any vital religious experience back of the intellect that can conceive or the tongue that can express such sentiments as "You must choose between Christ and the criticism," "If the Bible is not infallible, it is worthless." How is it possible that any soul that has once caught a glimpse of the self-evidencing glory of the faith of Christ should be willing to stake all its excellence, beauty, and truth upon the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Levitical system in its completeness, or the historicity of every detail in the book of

Chronicles? It is a shallow and unimaginative dogmatism, making itself the dry-nurse of skepticism. It would be easy to retort, if such persiflage is to be dignified as argument, "You must follow Christ rather than the Sanhedrin"—for it was the rabbinical school that formed the traditional idea of Scripture which many ignorantly confuse with the Holy Word itself. The preachers of this pseudo-orthodoxy are sons of the synagogue and not children of the church.

Here are some samples of the sort of thing which the preacher must avoid if he would not make skeptics by the score: "The affirmations of Scripture of all kinds, whether of spiritual doctrine or duty, or of physical or historical fact, or of psychological or philosophical principle, are without any error when the *ipsissima verba*¹ of the original autographs are ascertained and interpreted in their natural original sense. . . . A proved error in Scripture contradicts not only our doctrine, but the Scripture claims, and therefore its inspiration in making such claims." To stake the value of the Book of God upon the accuracy of the primitive scientific theories or historical data held by its writers, and naturally used by them as the medium for the statement of inspired moral and spiritual truth, is worse than absurd—it would involve the rejection of the Bible by those who know the facts.

Well did Richard Baxter say, in criticism of similar theological aberrations in his day, "The devil has always been a great undoer by overdoing." In the chilly air of such a sterile thought region sooner or later every flower of a true faith must droop and die. It is not in such pint-cups of doctrinal definition that men can catch and measure the tropic rains of God. It is not necessary to deny the service rendered in a former age by such inadequate and inaccurate formulas; they are the scholastic drill of infantile souls, the "beggarly elements" of an immature dispensation. Something of mother love a child may learn by playing with dolls; but the grown woman who has a living baby at her breast has laid aside the idols of her play days. She would lose the very love they taught if she now preferred them to the growing beauty of the child. As we shall see hereafter, there is an implicit rationalism in such statements which must give way to the religion of the spirit. Our religion will become a more vital thing when it frees itself from the transient and nonessential

¹Evidently, God is not as much interested as these professors in the inerrancy of the "original autographs," or he would have providentially preserved them for us.

²Warfield and Hodge, *Presbyterian Review*, April, 1881.

and fixes itself upon the eternal spiritual reality. The City of God will be fairer when its walls of beauty are cleared of the scaffolding, which may have been useful in its building, but which, left standing, defaces its loveliness.

There should be warning to the ministry in the memory of the supposed conflict of a generation ago between natural science and revealed religion. Many preachers made the mistake of roundly denouncing from the pulpit the geologists who taught a greater antiquity of the earth and man than that allowed by the biblical chronology as interpreted by Archbishop Usher, and the naturalists who taught the inclusion of man in the continuity of living organisms indicated by Darwinism. Then, later, others were led into the still more serious blunder of constructing elaborate harmonies of science and religion. Moses and the prophets were supposed to have anticipated Herschel, Lyall, Huxley, and Tyndall. By both the dogmatic denial and the absurd harmonizing the preacher abdicated his real throne of power and missed the meaning of Holy Writ. To try to harmonize science and religion is as absurd as to try to harmonize the Declaration of Independence with the theory of logarithms. There can be no discord between these two wholly different attitudes toward reality. In the fine phrase of Martineau: "Science teaches the method of the world but not its cause; religion the cause of the world but not its method."

To say, as has been said so many times, that every latest discovery in physical science will finally be found in agreement with Scripture properly interpreted, is simply another way of saying that we theologians have become so clever in the manipulation of sacred texts that we shall find no trouble in adjusting the difficulties raised by any of its naïve, primitive statements to any discoveries made throughout the tides of time. This wresting of Scripture in its defense will at last confuse the logic and callous the conscience, until the very temper to which truth is revealed is wholly lost. Some people are immune to dangerous microbes and can drink polluted water with impunity. So likewise many in our churches have taken little harm either from the belligerent blunder of antiquated ignorance or the insincere patchwork of would-be enlightenment; but who can doubt that the sense of unreality raised by both these thought-attitudes has done much to create religious indifference and even widespread skepticism? Sensitive spirits by the thousand have been poisoned by such pollution of the very springs of salvation.

GAINS TO FAITH FROM CRITICISM

ALREADY the church is beginning to realize positive gains to faith from the new methods of biblical study. Of course, there have been losses, but they have been more apparent than real. Whenever a church member apostatizes because of some change of attitude with regard to the Bible the actual fact is that he never had any real religious experience. When all the religion he had was an intellectual acceptance of a set of propositions, rather than moral trust in a Living Person, there is little wonder that, when the propositions were knocked out, what religion he had went with it. But thoughtful people who have been embarrassed by the countless difficulties raised by the mechanical theory of the Bible, have been strengthened in their faith by the literary analysis which has furnished a simple and satisfying explanation of the seeming contradictions.

Truth itself is always a gain. In the words of the quaint and judicious Hooker: "That which is most truthful is also most behooveful." The critic's rod has shattered the rock of traditional theories and already the waters of life are beginning to flow. New power will come to the pulpit when its message is spoken in this new atmosphere of reality. If the center of gravity as to biblical inspiration has shifted from a mechanical to a dynamic theory, there can be no question that it is only a readjustment of ballast which will make the ship ride more steadily.

Of course, there are some who will feel it very hard to see a good sermon made useless because an ancient exegesis is made impossible. But the Bible was not chiefly created to furnish texts for preachers nor proof-texts for theologians. The church will be vastly profited if delivered from the atrocities of allegorical interpretation. When the distortions caused by a piecemeal use of Scripture give place to a larger view, and preachers, no longer privileged misinterpreters, are held by the demands of a genuine grammatical and historical exegesis, a new respect will be generated for the Book of God. Nothing has more discredited and cheapened Holy Scripture in the past than the lack of exegetical conscience and the twisting of texts to fit the convenience of the pulpiteer.

There has already been realized a great gain in vividness. The Bible is most divine when most human. True Protestantism has humanism, and not scholasticism, in its veins, and feels most mightily

the power of the appeal to life. After all, it is not so much confirmation of our faith that we should seek as for new views of truth that will vitalize it. The Bible has become a new book to many of us. Criticism has given life to an alien past. Above all men the preacher profits by possessing the historical imagination. The true Bible has power to speak across the ages, because it is not a ready-made code, like the Koran, but the truly human record of the ways of the Spirit. The book is made to live for modern uses when its supernatural element is conceived, not as a philosophical puzzle, but as a vital power. Prophecy gains new meaning when, instead of being a collection of mysterious oracles or queer riddles for modern guessing, it is seen as the living message of God-filled men to their own time. Our modern prophecy-mongers, who can see nothing in the prophetic writings but a confusion of the tenses of human history by their false emphasis on the predictive element, have well nigh destroyed their present worth. A writing which was pure prediction would have little value for any age but that of its fulfillment. Such a view makes the Bible a sealed book of mysteries waiting the unfolding of events to find their explanation. Nothing has more quickened the preaching of applied Christianity than this new conception of prophecy as ethics applied to history. What divides the preacher from the people more than anything else is the academic spirit; he grows out of touch with life. A fresh bath in the living waters of a progressive revelation would wash the mind of the professional taint; religion would no longer be a bit of far-off moral archæology dugged up from the débris of centuries, but a present, living fact. The critic, with all his limitations, is often a juicier person than the dogmatist.

There is also an ethical gain from the new attitude. If Scripture is no longer used to justify slavery, polygamy, and despotism; if the morals of a primitive age are no longer invested with a divine sanction and invoked to feed the fires of bigotry and intolerance; if judges do not now burn or hang witches nor conquerors bear the sword of religious persecution in the name of Jehovah of Israel, a great and lasting gain has been realized. It may be said that those things have already passed away; but, if so, it is because the Bible has taught men better than their narrow theory of it would allow. Such is its inherent vitality that genuine nourishment for the soul has always been derived from it in spite of impossible mistranslations and preposterous exegeses. And here emerges a still higher moral advance for the pulpit message. The preacher has been delivered from the toils of apologetic

sophistry, from insincere harmonizing, and from conscience-deadening casuistry. He is no longer called to the defense of an obsolete morality or a worn-out social order. Indeed, the traditionalists themselves are already reaping this benefit. They themselves do not, with heroic loyalty to the letter of Scripture, condone polygamy, defend slavery, practice feet-washing, indulge in the holy kiss, teach the superior sanctity of celibacy, forbid a second marriage for bishops, or preach the social subjection of women. Even the literalist has quite ceased the futile effort of squaring his practice with the theoretical convictions of literal Bible-teaching. The moral battle will have been won when he attains an intellectual standpoint which will relieve him of this inconsistency. Criticism does consciously and with reason what piety has always done unconsciously and sometimes with much perplexity. The blessings of Jesus have always superseded the curses of the psalmist in Christian morals. The enlightened conscience has always been a critic.

The Bible itself contains not a few examples of the critical activity of the growing religious conscience. For example, the earlier prophetic historian of the books of Kings tells us that Jehovah, in order to vent his wrath against Israel, incites David to sinfully take a military census, which was promptly punished by a divinely sent pestilence. 2 Samuel 24. 1-17. The priestly Chronicler, writing at a later date, under the influence of a loftier moral ideal of the divine character, in telling the same story, makes Satan, and not Jehovah, the mover of the wicked act. 2 Chronicles 21. 1-17.

Here is another somewhat different example of the religious interpretation of past history by the growing spiritual consciousness. Biblical criticism has strongly emphasized the striking differences in the story of Jehoshaphat as related in the books of Kings and Chronicles, the former so meager and unflattering, the latter so detailed and grandiose in its pictures of the magnificence of that monarch's reign. And those critics who are rationalistic in tendency have not been slow to draw conclusions most unfavorable to the veracity of the chronicler. The true answer to these skeptical inferences is not to deny the facts, which are patent on the pages of the Holy Book, nor to hide them with a patchwork of cunning and insincere harmonizing, but to interpret them with spiritual insight and from the standpoint of the principles of a progressive revelation. Doubtless the chronicler, writing long after the event, beheld the past through the golden mist of historic imagination; it does not follow that he willfully falsi-

fied the facts and still less that he misinterpreted their religious significance.

"With us the past doth often win
A glory from its being far,
And orbs into the perfect star
We saw not when we stood therein."

If the bright haze of glory through which they read the past dulled some of its outlines, it also acted as a lens to magnify its deepest spiritual truth. Philosophy comes after events. It is not always easy to see God's presence in the confused life of to-day, but after he has passed by we can behold the splendor of his retreating glory, and cry with the patriarch, "Lo, God was here and we knew it not."

The fresh moral orientation of Scripture through critical reconstruction is also, therefore, an apologetic gain. A needless barrier to faith has been removed when the preacher no longer feels compelled to palliate or explain away ethical perversities or intellectual contradictions in the Holy Book. A rigid literalism and mechanicalism is helpless in the presence of a multitude of difficulties for which the traditional theories of composition and authorship furnish no explanation excepting forced and unnatural harmonies. It is often alleged by superficial scholars that many of the phenomena discovered by the higher criticism are simply repetitions of the blasphemies of Voltaire, Paine, and other eighteenth century skeptics. Surely, "a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies." The fact is that the objections to Christianity raised by these enemies of faith were based on real difficulties. For these perplexing phenomena, on account of which they denied the divine revelation, traditionalism had no answers save those which either wrested the Scriptures themselves or did violence to the human understanding; the historical and literary criticism, however, has thrown these into their proper perspective by the methods of scientific analysis, and so furnishes a natural explanation. So long as we confound the form with the substance of Christian teaching there is the endless obligation and the impossible task imposed upon the teachers of religion to defend every possible flaw in the earthen vessels which have conveyed to us the heavenly treasures. The modern method, which dares to discriminate between the temporal and eternal in Holy Scripture, sweeps away at once the trivialities of a credulous dogmatism and the shallow sophistries of a superficial skepticism. The alleged "mistakes of Moses" collapse in a moment when placed in this larger light. We need no longer, ostrich-

like, hide our heads in the sand and refuse to see the problems that have perplexed sincere souls as well as given weapons to dishonest denial and doubt. It is a divine discrimination which has taught us that the healing is neither in the hem nor the robe of the Master who wears it, but in our Lord himself, and that his living efficacy is not hindered by flaws in the weaving of his garment nor the dust on the hem which it has gathered along the road of the ages.

Such have been some of the perils of the new criticism, and such the splendid promise of the gains. Certainly there is nothing to warrant the hysterical condition into which some have fallen. The seeming condescension of superiority implied in the word "higher," the ignorant misuse of the word "criticism," as if it principally involved unfavorable judgments, and were merely finding flaws in the sacred writings, the hasty results of "freak" criticism in some radical quarters,¹ the illegitimate confusion of philosophic with literary and historical criticism—these have discredited the careful work of devout scholarship among the unthinking. The minister, above all men, should set about the grateful task of reassuring troubled minds and burdened hearts. The fact is that the word "criticism," both by its etymological and in its scientific use, merely means discernment, discrimination, and judgment. To criticize the Bible is simply to do justice to it. The realm of criticism always begins the moment we pass the bounds of personal experience. Things outside that realm are brought into experience only by an act of judgment. It is the fundamental principle of Protestantism that religious belief is no exception to the rule governing truth in general. The right of private judgment is not a denial of authority, but the assertion that authority is only such by credentials which provoke the assent of the critical sense. All men who form any mental concepts or utter any forms of propositional judgments employ the critical method. Some do it with the help of dogmatic presuppositions and *a priori* speculative theories, and so reach results tainted with personal bias; others begin by criticizing their own mental process, and reach their results

¹ An outstanding example of this "freak" criticism, which is really criticism committing suicide, is found in the work of such men as Bruno Bauer, Loman, Pierson, Steck, Von Manen, and others, who reject the Pauline authorship of Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians. Now if there are any writings in all literary history which carry in their internal structure the evidences of authenticity, they are precisely these four great letters. To deny their Pauline authorship is to assert the futility of all critical methods. Even so radical a writer as H. J. Holtzman says: "For ten years a determined effort was made by Holland and Switzerland to ascribe all the epistles of Paul as not genuine to the second century; this attempt has found no support from German theology."

with the help of scientific canons of evidence. When the belligerently orthodox Gilbert Chesterton notes that very valuable fact in our Lord's mental method, his frequent use of the *a fortiori* appeal,¹ he is quite as truly a higher critic as is Wellhausen in disengaging the threefold strands of the life and legislation of Israel. We are all critics of some sort or other. To dispense with criticism is to be without judgment.

The science of biblical criticism, therefore, needs to be placed in its right light before the people, as the glorious consummation of the Protestant principle of soul-liberty as its religious ground, and of the grammatico-historical exegesis as its scientific ground. The ideas of the Reformation will continue to make their way in spite of bigots and obscurantists. In the meantime confessions remain to confuse us and hierarchies to harry us, and the one great papacy is giving way to countless little papacies with much less historical reason for being. Still a great, even an incalculable service was accomplished when the Bible took the place of the church as objective authority in religion. For this is a great glory of Holy Scripture, that while a false misunderstanding of its relation to Him who alone is the truth may blind us to its highest worth, it will at last, if patiently studied and loyally trusted, render the high service of freeing us from bondage to its letter by imparting its own spirit of freedom. Without any need of defining the measure or mode of its inspiration, he who studies it with open mind and heart feels the truth of the free Spirit moving through it; every leaf of its forest of truth quivers with his power, and even the deadest branch of obsolete custom, crumbling chronicle, or sapless genealogy sways in the onward sweep of the wind of God. The vital principle of the Reformation remains to be worked out. That principle teaches the privacy of the relations of every individual soul to God, a privacy sacred from the intervention of any outward thing, not to be defined by dogma nor mediated by ministering priest. The essence of religion is spiritual, and this inward liberty must be granted up to its farthest consequences.²

¹ Orthodoxy, p. 272.

² The May-June number of this Review will contain a discussion of the Authority and Inspiration of Holy Scripture in the light of the new learning.

THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

THE lessons from prophetic history, with a view to their present-day application, are continued in this number in two studies on Elijah, the prophet. The preacher will find abundant expository material in such sermon series as those of Krummacker, W. M. Taylor, and J. R. Macduff's "Prophet of Fire." Farrar's volume on 1 Kings in the Expositor's Bible and Milligan's life of Elijah are full of helpful suggestions. On the imaginative side Peter Bayne's tragedy of "Jezebel" has much penetrating beauty. In these discussions little attention will be paid to critical problems, for the reason that the sole purpose is to emphasize moral and spiritual values. But on those questions much help may be found in Cheyne's *Hallowing of Criticism*. But the preacher should not fail to familiarize himself with Mendelssohn's oratorio on "Elijah," especially the great solos "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," "It Is Enough," and such mighty choruses as "Baal, Hear Us," and "Thanks Be to God."

THE MEETING OF HOSTILE MORAL FORCES

Elijah's period of retirement lasted, according to the New Testament, three and one half years. (Perhaps this is but a figurative number, half of the perfect seven, a period of want, suffering, and judgment, the time, times and half a time of apocalyptic symbolism.) That time had not been lost for the prophet. By the brook in the gorge the ravens had taught him faith; in the cottage at Zarephath the human touch of the widow and her son had taught him love.

The time is ripe for his return, for the famine had doubtless done its work of warning and conviction. Yet it needed courage to face the king who had been seeking to destroy him. But God is time-keeper for the man of faith; when he says "Wait," we do well to rest and watch; when he cries "Now!" the prophet "went." Doubtless he was quite ready to leave; waiting becomes at last more weary than working; his soul pined for action, and leaped up like the warrior at the blast of the bugle when the command comes to "Carry on."

What a sad prospect met his gaze. The harp of nature is unstrung. The song of the reaper, the mirth of the vintage, the joy of the harvest are all unknown. Gaunt famine stalks wolf-like through the land and the cloudless, burning air rings only with the discordant wail of suffering and the cry of want. Baal, the sun-god, no longer

makes crops but burns his votaries. So sin always rewards its dupes. America can hardly realize the horrors of famine. To-day the white charger of militarism in the Great War has been followed not only by the red steed of slaughter, but by the black horse of famine. This awful procession is repeated again and again in history, when the ripe rottenness of social decay attracts the divine thunderbolt of doom. The pale horse of death always follows at the end of the awful parade. In *Hiawatha* the horror of famine is vividly pictured:

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine,
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished.
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars of heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

And so again the pagan and the puritan are brought face to face. God led them both, the king and the prophet; the one by his voice, the other by his needs. Ahab, to save the royal steed, sends forth expeditions to search for hidden fountains, beneath every bunch of flax or clump of withered greenery. At last they come to where Kishon's shrunken waters crawled like a wounded serpent to the sea. For famine has touched the court of Ahab. In any public calamity the great, rich, and powerful are the last to suffer, but they cannot escape forever.

So at last they meet. There are no accidents with God. Saul, seeking asses, found a kingdom; another Saul, persecuting Christians, found Christ. God's clocks always keep time; his trains are never late; he always makes connections. It was an upright steward of the royal court that brought them together—Obadiah, who had secretly rescued many servants of Jehovah from martyrdom. "Faithful among the faithless, only he."

So piety blooms in unexpected places. There is a devout widow in Zidon, and now a devout officer at the court of Ahab; we shall soon discover there were more than seven thousand such in Israel. The world story is full of examples. Even soldiers have been pious: Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, Havelock, Stonewall Jackson, Hedley Vickers, O. O. Howard, Admiral Mahan, Foch, and Haig. In the days

of the cruel Nero, there were saints in Cæsar's palace in the very shadow of the tyrant's throne. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yet there the spotless Jesus grew up. Holy souls are found in false churches, whose hearts are better than their heads: Bernard, Fénelon, Pascal, Newman, Channing.

And it is possible to remain religious in an evil environment. Circumstances are no excuse for apostasy. Whatever station encloses a duty is a safe place for a soul. Ease is sometimes more fatal than hardships; few of our useful garden plants do their best in a hothouse. Only a positive piety can stand the test; Obadiah "feared the Lord from his youth." Yet Ahab honored him. Necessity compels kings and rulers to trust the godly man. The speculative banker wants an honest teller, the blasphemer wants a godly teacher for his children, the worldling often wishes his wife to be religious. God-fearing men, Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon, are the best servants. The wicked world pays at last a grudging homage to goodness. There may have been an element of timidity in Obadiah's nature, but it roused to courage at the prophet's call.

Probably Ahab welcomed the reappearance of Elijah, hoping for some compromise which would end the drought and the famine. The callous and cruel king is on an expedition, not to console the dying, to devise relief, or minister sympathy, like St. Louis of France, among his plague-stricken troops, or the royalties of England, Belgium, and Italy in the World War. No, his selfish purpose is simply to save the coursers that grace his cavalcade or draw his chariots. While Obadiah is feeding hidden prophets, he is only anxious to find fodder for horses and mules.

Ahab has many modern imitators. Luxury often breeds heartlessness. The abodes of wealth are too often gilded dungeons with icicles for their tenants. The expense of poodle-dogs in any large city would feed its starving babies and house the homeless children who are in want of motherhood.

"Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" complains the conscience-smitten king. Faithful preachers are seldom popular with politicians. The wolf accuses the lamb of muddying the water. This is a favorite theory of tyrants, that the reformer is disturbing public order. Such is Herod's estimate of John the Baptist, Lorenzo di Medici's of Savonarola, and the New York machine of Charles H. Parkhurst. Obduracy of heart brings moral blindness. There is a point at which the mercury refuses to mark cold or heat.

The crowned monarch cowers before the kingliness of character. Sin is abashed before saintliness. View the four types in the story, the stern Elijah, the faithful Obadiah, the weak and wicked Ahab, and, in the background, the evil genius of the age, Jezebel. But truth and conscience are stronger than scepter or crown. God's spokesman issues his challenge to the fire test of Carmel. The test is really a popular referendum, based on the fundamentally democratic constitution of Israel. It is a twofold appeal to God and the people.

So they meet—light and darkness, truth facing error—the prophet of Jehovah and the champion of Baal. They come together like two charged thunderclouds, while the nation waits, with bated breath, the bursting of the storm.

THE ANSWER BY FIRE

There have been some decisive battles in history on which the destiny of nations, and even the world, has hung, such as Marathon, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Chateau-Thierry. Such was the contest of Carmel between two rival religions, the old Baal-worship of Canaan and the younger pure spiritual worship of Jehovah. There is a splendid royalty of righteousness which clothes its herald with authority; the chariots of wrong stop at his signal, and kings fear his face.

The battleground is near the borders of Phœnicia, at an ancient shrine of Baal and later of Jehovah. This beautiful forest-crowned hill, "the excellency of Carmel," is still alive with memories of the conflict, and is called Mt. St. Elijah. We can possibly locate the very spot, a level plateau on the southeastern slope, still called El Murakhah, the place of burning, just as Kishon at its feet is fitly named the river of slaughter. Here is a wide-extended view: North, snow-crowned Hermon; eastward, Tabor and the hills about Nazareth, with perhaps a glimpse of the silver sea of Galilee; south, the plain of Esdraelon, with its suggestions of Deborah, Gideon, the Crusades, Napoleon, Armageddon; and westward the great sea with the isles of Greece beyond. A fit terrene for a great battlefield for truth.

Picture the scene: the king with his nobles, priests in purple and gold, bearing on their breasts either the golden sun-shield of Baal or the silver crescent of Astarte. The multitude throng the amphitheater about the plateau, gaunt with famine, their gleaming eyes blazing out of sunken sockets, expectant on the strange event. And there, in strange contrast, stands the hermit prophet, in the

rude garb of the wilderness—Athanasius *contra mundum*, Luther at the Diet of Worms, Columbus at Salamanca.

Three classes are there, the out-and-out Jehovists and Baalites and the undecided, the latter certainly the larger company. There is a fatal power in compromise which carries the crowd. Very likely, a majority at heart sympathized with Elijah, but the sympathy of a neutral is of little help. He who is on neither side aids the wrong side. The conflict is first between righteousness and unrighteousness. The supreme characteristic of Jehovah above other gods was his demand for the service of righteousness. Morality and religion have not always meant the same thing; the Hebrew prophets made it so. The decision is between laxity under Baal and strictness under Jehovah. Baal will take the lid off, let you have a "good time," does not forbid the wine glass, the card table, the holiday Sabbath. Jehovah will surround you with the blessed barriers of holy law and give the happiness of inward freedom. It was a fight between purity and sensuality. The cause of chastity can only be won by a hard battle. It is a fight between the few and the many, one prophet against eight hundred and fifty priests. "They all do it"—the way of the world, the primrose path of sinful dalliance, is a crowded way, but it leads to the pit. Strong is the force of example, the smile of royal favor or of conjugal influence. It is hard to stand against a tyrant and still harder to resist a mob. There is no more divine right in majorities than in kings.

So of mankind each mighty master-spirit
Has stood alone;
The world's applause unsought for and unheeded,
Upon the throne
Of his own mind he sits; of execration
What storms may roll
He knows not, fears not, strong in the approval
Of his own soul!

From the slopes of Carmel rolls the thunder of that lonely voice across the wastes of time, the wreck of nations and of souls: "How long halt ye between two opinions?"

The multitude were silent to the challenge but assent eagerly to the test. It was a fitting one. Baal is the god of fire, appeal to him. Let him roast his own meat. His priests may have the choice of bullocks, the animal sacred to Baal and made by Jeroboam the symbols of Jehovah at the schismatic shrines of Bethel and Dan. Let

them have the middle hours of the day when the sun-god has most power. But the test was equally suggestive to Israel, they probably already inherited the traditions of the burning bush, the fiery pillar and the Shekinah.

All day goes on the monotonous chant of the pagan priests, "Baal, hear us!" maddening into a mystic choral dance, growing wilder in Bacchantic fury and frenzied self-torture. But all in vain. The sun-god rolls in his chariot through the sky, unheeding the cry of his devotees (he roasts them and not their sacrifice), until at last he begins to burn himself out in the western sky.

The preparation of Elijah is significant. (1) He rebuilds the altar of Jehovah. All reforms and progress must rest upon the foundations of the past. (2) He symbolizes the need of unity by using twelve stones, thus rebuking the schism in Israel. To-day greater unity in the church would help bring down the fire of God. "One accord" is part of the secret of Pentecost. (3) He guards against the imputation of fraud by deluging the offering with water. Cheating is not unknown in religious history, witness the holy fire at Easter in the Greek Church of the Holy Sepulcher. (4) Prayer. See him kneeling against the glowing sky of evening, with the shadows rising in the hollows of the hills and slowly widening on the plain, while the sun hangs like a golden temple lamp above the western waves. There is an expectant stillness. The frantic rage of the priests has died in exhaustion, while the calm prayer of the prophet of the Lord rises clear and firm through the still twilight air.

He ceases; the hush is fearful in its awful calm. Hath Jehovah, like Baal, no ears? When—a hurtling crash of thunder, and from the riven skies *Fire falls!* It is like no other fire, it burns from above downward, and lifts offering, altar, earth and all upward to the God of heaven. The people, silent at the challenge to choice, are conquered by the triumphant test, and, falling on their faces, shout: "Jehovah, he is the God!" While Elijah, a "girt and glorious homicide," slays the priests of Baal beside the stream of slaughter, and Kishon's shrunken stream runs red to the sea, already crimson with the lifeblood of the dying day. There is no proper defense for this bloody deed; it can only be interpreted as a part of that primitive process by which savage men were taught the majesty of right. Elijah, at Horeb, will be taught a wiser and better way.

The waters are still unruffled, no cloud yet dims the zenith, but Elijah, more sympathetic with nature's moods than the multitude,

glimpsing a rising shadow like a man's hand on the horizon, cries, "I hear the sound of the feet of the rainstorm." And soon the thirsty earth is glad again in God's gift of rain.

Prayer has the same power in our day against the false gods of our own time, the eternal deification of force and lust. The positiveness of denial and doubt can only be victoriously met by the assurance of faith.

THE ARENA

JAMES M. BUCKLEY—HUMAN BEING

To most people James M. Buckley is a figure. They have known him only as they have read his writings or about him. Possibly they have seen him occasionally on the platform or in the General Conference. Even if they have casually met him, they have brought to that meeting a conception that casual acquaintance could not overcome. Doctor Buckley to most people is a machine: one of the finest geared, truest running, most perfectly synchronized machines that ever was put together, but still a machine. He was, in the thinking of most people, a man devoid of sentiment or heart. A surgical operation would have revealed a bag filled with sawdust where most people have a heart. The springs of tenderness and human kindness had long since dried at their source. A vindictive fighter, an implacable enemy, a ruthless steamroller, these are the figures of speech that would fittingly describe this man in the judgment of most people. Multitudes were glad to have him as their champion of the right, not because they loved him, but because they trusted the machine.

The real Doctor Buckley was very different from this conception. He was human to the core. Tenderness and sympathy were characteristic of him; a genuine love of men was very near the surface. He was intolerant of meanness. He was scornful of and often vindictive against littleness. He loved a worthy combat. He used every power he had to achieve victory for the side he thought was right. He had confidence in his convictions. But he fought fair. He admired his antagonist if he was a worthy one. And he could accept defeat gracefully when it came.

It was my privilege to be a member of the same Conference with Doctor Buckley for twenty-two years. For the last sixteen years of that time I believe I can say we were close friends. On his invitation I have taken many long walks with him, have been entertained in his home and have advised with him concerning decisions to be made. He has asked me to write articles for the *Advocate*. He has asked my opinion on editorials he had written. He took me for a long walk at Minneapolis and asked my advice as to whether he should retire or continue in office. I mention these facts merely to show that I had opportunity to know the man, Doctor Buckley. This close acquaintance revealed his very human qualities.

I had always been told that Doctor Buckley was ruthless against an

opponent and would resort to any tactics to achieve victory. When I had been a member of Conference only four years, I espoused the side opposite to him on a question before us, and when the Conference voted the side I was on won by a small majority. Doctor Buckley congratulated me on the victory. Two years later I was compelled to take the floor after he had spoken and try to show him and the Conference that he had slipped a cog in his memory of the facts, from which he had drawn a false conclusion. When I sat down Doctor Buckley arose and said, "I desire to say that Brother Richardson is right in every particular and I was wrong. I wish to sustain him." This was the man who was said to be implacable and never to own mistake. From that day on Doctor Buckley adopted me as one of his friends to my great joy—we frequently differed, but we never quarreled.

One of the human qualities that the onlooker would not suspect was a deep fund of humor. His wit was well known. Often its scathing scorched an opponent; but the source of his wit was a love of fun. He walked through life extracting a great deal of innocent enjoyment out of it. One of his favorite schemes was to pretend to be deaf and dumb. He would go into a restaurant or barber-shop or store and make signs. When they failed to understand he would motion for pencil and paper. Then would ensue a conversation by pencil and pad. At the close of the interview he would bid his acquaintance "Good-day" in a loud tone and with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

He told me of one time when he went to a convention—few people were there at the time. He sat near the rear. He noticed a couple of women who were evidently talking about him. To give them something to talk about he took off one of his shoes and put it in the pew next to him, sole up.

He appreciated a joke whether it was on himself or not. Once in Florida he went into the dining room of the hotel, leaving his hat with the colored man at the door. When he came out the porter handed him his hat. "How did you know that was my hat?" asked Doctor Buckley. "I don't know whether it's yours or not, boss," was the reply, "I only know it was the hat you gave me." Doctor Buckley repeated this with great enjoyment.

He was always seeking knowledge. On his walks he would stop whenever he thought he could extract information from anyone he met. Questions on their work, how it was done, etc., gave him many facts for future use. If the man was one to whom he thought he could give a reward for the information imparted, he would give a dollar or sometimes two at the close of the conversation.

Doctor Buckley was always ready to render assistance in case of worthy need. If trouble or sorrow came to any friend or acquaintance he would gladly assist in alleviating the trouble as he was able. A letter of sympathy, a subscription to help, a lecture to ease matters, all these were freely given. I never knew a worthy cause to be presented to him in vain. Because of his sympathy for the distressed he was the prime

mover in the founding of the first hospital in America under Methodist Episcopal auspices; and the inspiration of, and for many years the President of, the Asylum for the Insane of the State of New Jersey. Both of these institutions were objects of his solicitude during many years.

To his friends the real Doctor Buckley was a very attractive and lovable personality—a charming companion, a most entertaining conversationalist, a kindly, sympathetic, loyal friend.

E. G. RICHARDSON.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

THE twilight zone that lies between sense and nonsense is very alluring to a type of intellect that constitutes a goodly portion of humanity.

In contrast with the scientific mind that demands facts and a logical sequence of reasoning before accepting a statement as a truth we have this type of intellect occupying the twilight zone between sanity and insanity. These people accept, as a fact, any statement that appeals to their fancy, and any fantastic line of reasoning that can be twisted to justify their position.

To them there is nothing material. What apparently is, is not. They recognize no sense of pain, no disagreeable odor, no repulsive diseases or unsightly deformities.

This twilight zone blends on its shady side into the recognized zone of insanity. Here we find the paranoiac and paretic dement. They too have their hallucinations. Though clothed in rags, the paranoiac to himself may be a monarch whose imaginary vassals come at his beck and call. Or he may be a great musician or orator who holds his audience spell-bound. Or he may be a millionaire with divers and peculiar possessions. Though he may be confined within his ward and its whitewashed walls, who can deny that he derives as much pleasure from his possession of the state house or Panama Canal as the real millionaire does from his actual possessions?

On being released from the hospital after recovering from one of his periodical attacks of insanity, Charles Lamb wrote one of his friends that he had been having a most delightful time, and that he almost regretted having been transferred from that world of romance to one of sordid reality. And much more evidence could be produced to prove that balance of mind is not always an unmixed blessing. Then why not utilize this twilight zone to the good of humanity?

Normal man by taking thought cannot add a cubit to his stature. Yet the inhabitants of this twilight zone, by taking thought, readily convince themselves that all their natural senses are nil. What they see, hear, feel, smell and taste, after taking thought, do not exist. What a blessing! I must confess that to me pain, disease, deformity, and suffering are repulsive; and I think that all normal people feel as I do about these things. As long as we see the possibility to correct the wrong, cure the disease, or relieve the suffering, the altruism in us overcomes the repugnance. But when we can no longer render a service, why not utilize

the twilight zone? Why not allow these unfortunates to be transported there? They might be segregated with those who have this crick in their reasoning. As they recognize no deformity, disease, disagreeable odor or unsightly sore, these unfortunates could not be offensive to them. They might even be able to proselyte them so they no longer could recognize their unfortunate condition. This would not only be a great blessing to the afflicted, but would lift a burden from the shoulders of the normal members of society.

C. P. COOK.

Des Moines, Iowa.

JESUS SPEAKS TO AMERICA

THESE are days when the wisest men are, at times, in doubt as to the course America should pursue in international relations. But there comes to us a message from one mightier than man, which, if accepted as a course of action, will dissolve all doubts and set America on the way to mightiness no less grand than the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus says to us: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Who can minimize the force of God's Word? Jesus tells us that each part of a man's mind has its peculiar and distinctive excitement. The passions and appetites give forth a turbulent and exhausting experience. The full activity of the domestic and social emotions produces excitement less harsh and violent, but yet tumultuous. The highest conditions of the soul's activity are serene and tranquil. It is to this superior calm of a soul that is living in the continuous activity of its highest spiritual sentiments that the term "meekness" should be applied. It designates the whole temper of the soul in the range of its moral and spiritual faculties. The appetites and passions produce a bolsterous agitation too coarse and rude for real pleasure or for national advance. The strength of men and nations lies in those faculties which are farthest removed from animal conditions. At the bottom of man's nature lie rude strength, coarse excitement, exhausting impulses. At the top of man's nature the soul puts forth continuous life almost without fatigue, is tranquil under intense activities, and is full of the light of moral intuitions. Meekness is generally thought to be a sweet benignity under provocation. But provocation only discloses and does not create it. It exists as a generic mood or condition of soul, independent of those courses which may bring it to light. In this state, power and peace are harmonized,—activity and tranquillity, joy and calmness, all-seeingness without violence of desire. From these nobler fountains chiefly are to flow those influences which shall control the world.

Awake, America! Heed the words of Jesus! Awake, O church of God! Bind men's souls to the horns of the altar! Man the animal has hitherto possessed the globe. Man the divine is yet to take it. The struggle is going on. Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth."

Pinebluff, N. C.

GEO. STUBSON DE LANE.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES

STATISTICS for American churches, taken from official denominational year books and the Catholic Directory, are compiled every year by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and published in the annual "Year Book of the Churches." The United States Census Bureau has issued reports on Religious Bodies for 1890, 1906, and 1916. Some religious statistical census material goes back of 1890 by a few decades. The new census of religious bodies will be finished in 1923, and published in 1926.

The report of the Year Book of the Churches for 1920 gives the Protestant churches a membership of 25,980,456, the Roman Catholic Church a population of 17,549,324.

Roman Catholic figures include all baptized persons, Protestant figures as a rule only actual members. This excludes most children and several million members of Protestant families not church members, but Protestant in sentiment, who would be included in the Catholic method of estimating population. Roman Catholic statistics are sound from the point of view of the polity of that church, but account must be taken of its different basis in comparing figures. The Lutheran churches, for example, report for 1920, 2,451,997 confirmed members and 3,652,010 baptized persons and it is often claimed that there is a Lutheran population in America of approximately ten millions. The editor of the Year Book estimates that if the Roman Catholic method of counting were followed the Protestant membership would approximate 40,000,000. This is, of course, an estimate.

Dr. Walter Laidlaw of New York, a consulting statistician of the census, and an authority on religious and population statistics of New York City, estimates by careful study of American and Canadian religious statistics, that the Protestant "population" of the United States is above 70 per cent of the total population. "Roman Catholic figures as always," he says, "are population figures of parishes, not a summation of membership rolls. They present the Roman Catholic estimate of the practical adherents of the Roman Catholic Church in all its parishes in the nation." Dr. Laidlaw's studies were made at the request of the War Plans Division of the War Department, and have been approved by the General Staff.¹

The figures of the Census Bureau reports on religious bodies from 1890-1916 and the Year Book of the Churches for 1920 reveal much interesting and important information. The increase of church membership in all bodies by decades is as follows: 1890, 21,699,432; 1906, 35,068,058; 1916, 41,926,854;² 1920 (Year Book of the Churches), 44,788,036.

The Protestant increase from 1890-1906 was from 14,007,187 to 20,287,742; the Roman Catholic from 6,241,706 to 12,079,142; a relatively heavier Catholic gain, due largely to immigration.

¹ Federation, New York, July 21, 1920, p. 2.

² Census 1916. Religious Bodies, p. 29.

From 1906 to 1916 the increases of the large religious bodies in percentages were as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Roman Catholic | 10.06 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 24.5 |
| Presbyterian (Northern) | 36.6 |
| Protestant Episcopal | 23.2 |
| Baptist (Northern) | 17.1 |
| Congregational | 13. |
| *Russian Orthodox | 421.6 |

The increase of these seven Protestant bodies from 1906-1916 was 3,312,359, as compared with a Roman Catholic gain of 1,511,060.

These percentages reveal a much heavier gain by the Protestant Churches during the decade of 1906-1916 than by the Roman Catholic. They also establish the fact, by comparison with the rapid gain of the previous decade, that the Roman Catholic increase is mainly from immigration. This coincides with the experience of Protestant pastors that the inflow from the Roman Catholic into the Protestant bodies is greater than the counter flow. Protestant churches in the United States are also, as a rule, more careful about proselytizing than their Roman Catholic brethren. At any rate their methods are different. We have nothing corresponding to the great Catholic missions to "non-Catholics," but our missions to Roman Catholic countries even the scales.

The following figures of increases from 1906 to 1916 for three large cities are instructive:

| NEW YORK | | 1906 | 1916 |
|-------------------------------|-----------|------|-----------|
| Roman Catholic | 1,663,265 | | 1,545,562 |
| Protestant Episcopal | 95,534 | | 106,661 |
| Presbyterian (Northern) | 48,914 | | 61,707 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 49,970 | | 50,745 |
| Baptist (Northern) | 43,601 | | 45,564 |
| Congregationalist | 21,096 | | 25,230 |
| WASHINGTON | | | |
| Roman Catholic | 51,503 | | 51,542 |
| Baptist (Southern) | 26,203 | | 27,544 |
| Protestant Episcopal | 13,692 | | 18,295 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 11,019 | | 13,085 |
| Baptist (Northern) | 10,777 | | 9,667 |
| Presbyterian | 8,162 | | 9,338 |
| Congregational | 2,984 | | 3,255 |
| CHICAGO | | | |
| Roman Catholic | 669,134 | | 718,111 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 29,456 | | 33,676 |
| Presbyterian (Northern) | 21,341 | | 27,408 |
| Baptist (Northern) | 18,022 | | 24,487 |
| Protestant Episcopal | 19,275 | | 22,233 |

These statistics reveal first the enormous strength of the Roman Catholic Church in cities. They show, however, an actual decrease of

*Census 1916. Religious Bodies, p. 34.

Roman Catholic membership in New York during the decade of 117,703! and that in spite of the rapid growth of Washington, the Roman Catholic Church was at a standstill in the national capital during the decade. On the other hand, with the exception of the Northern Baptists in Washington, the Protestant churches have shown a steady growth.

*The total population of New York by religious population groups, not by membership, in 1910, and based upon house to house studies made by the New York Federation of Churches, is given by Dr. Laidlaw as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| Protestants | 1,785,316 |
| Roman Catholics | 1,672,618 |
| Greek Catholics | 56,764 |
| Jews | 1,252,135 |

One other comparison, by geographic areas, needs to be stated to portray the religious map of the United States. The Roman Catholic Church is very strong in the middle Atlantic States, especially in the cities, where it is preponderant, totaling 5,366,848. But in the Southern States the situation is reversed. Of the four million and more inhabitants of the Appalachian Mountains, few have any knowledge of the great mother church. The figures which follow for two sections of the South illustrate the situation:

*SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Roman Catholic | 455,500 |
| Methodist Episcopal, South..... | 850,415 |
| Baptist (Southern) | 990,067 |

*EAST SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Roman Catholic | 252,842 |
| Methodist Episcopal, South..... | 562,472 |
| Baptist (Southern) | 816,521 |

These figures leave out of account the Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Disciples, and Colored Churches. The colored people are all but solidly Protestant.

These statistics are given as matters of fact and in a spirit of good will, as one might compare figures between Protestant communions. The better Protestant sentiment, which cares more for the spiritual welfare of the people than for ecclesiastical organizations, prefers to see the immigrant loyal to his faith, and encourages such loyalty. The breaking away from the Synagogue and from the Roman Catholic Churches, which is taking place, for example, in New York, is a public misfortune. The social and personal need is for an intelligent loyalty on the part of their members to liberalized and cooperative Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches and Hebrew Synagogues.

One is glad to note that Protestants and Roman Catholics are more and more cooperating in social and community work, as was done during the war, and that a basis of confidence is being constructed, but very slowly. One interesting illustration of this is a recent study of the disas-

*Census 1916, summaries by cities, Federation, Vol. 6, No. 4, p. 2428.

*Census 1916. Religious Bodies, p. 532 seq.

trous street railway strike in Denver, Colorado, which occurred during July and August, 1920. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish Churches of Denver united to finance this study, and the study was conducted jointly by representatives from the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

WORTH M. TIFFY.

BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE BIBLICAL CONCEPTION OF THE FUNCTION OF THE "FIRMAMENT"

WHEN the ancient Hebrews saw the sky overhead, what did they think it was, a "firmament," as the text of Gen. 1. 6 has it, or an "expanse," as the margin has it? and what was its function?

It has become a recently established view that the *raqi'a*, translated "firmament," was conceived as a solid vault whose function it was to hold the upper waters in reservoir fashion, and let them down upon the earth through windows literally understood. This is supposed to be the representative Hebrew view which they shared with the Babylonians. This interpretation has displaced an earlier one, according to which the *raqi'a* is an "expanse," or vault, in which the clouds and winds have their abode (Saalschuetz, *Archæologie*, vol. II, p. 67). When the newer view was first argued, some attention was given to the biblical passages pointing in the other direction; so Dillmann, in his commentary on Gen. 1. 6-8, says that at a later time the Hebrews formed a more physically correct view of the formation of the clouds and rain as coming through mists arising from the earth.

Schiaparelli (*Astronomy in the Old Testament*, pp. 31-36) has given the newer view full statement. His view is that the "firmament" was considered a vault of great solidity, whose main function it was to support an upper ocean. By means of flood-gates, or portcullises (Hebrew: *aruboth*), the upper waters came to be distributed over the earth in the form of rain. This conception, he claims, takes away from the clouds their principal function of bringing rain. "This crude cosmography is not, however" (Schiaparelli says), "that of all the biblical writers; it is not that, for example, of the learned and gifted thinker who wrote the Book of Job. In his opinion it is the clouds that contain the rain, and distribute it over the earth. The evident connection, however, of clouds with rain could not escape the notice of observers, however superficial, and we find some traces of it"; and he refers to four biblical passages.

Schiaparelli is an Italian and writes from the point of view of an astronomer. But although his book was translated into English with the sanction of the late Canon Driver, his use of the biblical material is often uncritical and inconsistent; but he at least indicates that there is another view in the Old Testament. But in the more recent commentaries and Bible dictionaries very little mention is made of the other view; and it would seem that the one view has come to hold undisputed sway.

My interest in the question was awakened by reading Professor William Fairfield Warren's *The Earliest Cosmologies*, reviewed by the writer in the *REVIEW* (Jan.-Feb., 1910). It belongs to the credit of Professor Warren to have called in question the correctness of ascribing to the ancients too crude views of the universe. Although it does not discuss the question before us, it led me to a reexamination of the data upon which the prevailing view rests. I found, as will appear in the discussion, that the prevailing view is due to an overemphasis of one passage, Gen. 1. 6-8, which, even if it is correctly interpreted, represents but the writer of the Priestly Code (P), and the ignoring of another view which is represented by a series of passages extending through the entire period of Old Testament literature from its earliest beginnings to its latest parts.

The method proposed in the discussion is a chronological survey of the biblical passages involved with a view to the question suggested by Schiaparelli: What function do the clouds have in the view of biblical writers; and how do they conceive the rain to come?

1. Judges 5. 4, 5:

Yahweh, when thou wentest forth from Seir,
Marchedst from the region of Edom,
The earth quaked, the heavens swayed (?);
The clouds dripped water,
The mountains streamed before Yahweh,
Before Yahweh, the God of Israel.

This is from the song of Deborah, one of the earliest pieces of Hebrew literature, in the rendering of Professor Moore in his commentary on Judges. It pictures Jehovah coming in a thunder storm to aid his people against the Canaanites. There is a suggestion in v. 21, "The stream of Kishon swept them away," that a heavy rain aided the Israelites in the battle. But in this earliest passage it is the clouds that bring the rain.

2. In the Jehovistic (J) account of the flood, it is the heavy winter rains (Hebrew: *geshem*) which cause the flood; and herein, it is generally understood, is the contrast with P's conception, according to which it is caused by the opening of the fountains of the deep and the windows of heaven; that is, the subterranean and celestial oceans (Gen. 7. 12; 8. 2b (J); 8. 2a (P)). As J antedates P by five centuries, the common-sense view of the origin of rain was current long before what Schiaparelli calls the "crude cosmography."

3. In the stories of Elijah, 1 Kings 18. 42-45, dated about the beginning of the eighth century B. C., Elijah is described as being on the top of Mount Carmel. In expectation of a coming rain storm, he has his servant watch the western sky. The servant brings the report: "Behold, there arises a cloud out of the sea, as small as a man's hand." This Elijah takes as an indication that a rain storm is coming, and sends the doubting Ahab the message: "Harness and get down, that the rain hold thee not back. . . . And in a little while the heavens grew black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." Here is what we may consider a typical record of a common-sense observation of the coming of a rain storm; and there is not the slightest suggestion of a celestial reservoir. And how

general this common-sense view was in later time is seen in the words of Jesus: "When ye see a cloud rising in the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it cometh to pass." (Luke 12. 54).

4. The prophet Amos (5. 8; 9. 6) says:

Who [Jehovah] calleth the waters of the sea,
And poureth them out upon the face of the earth.

In the light of the preceding passage, this can mean only that Jehovah brings rain in the clouds from the (Mediterranean) sea.

5. In Isaiah we find two references. In the song of the vineyard (5. 6) Jehovah says: "And to the clouds I will command that they rain not upon it," which fully agrees with the preceding. In 18. 5, the expression is, "Like a cloud of night-mist in heat of harvest." This refers to the night mists or light rains which fall in Palestine during the hot summer nights. "The westerly winds bring much moisture from the Mediterranean, and this condenses under the action of the cool night air into something like a Scotch mist." (See Gray, Commentary on Isaiah, *ad loc.*) It appears, then, that Isaiah recognizes the clouds as the source of both rain (*matar*) and the night mist or dew (*tal*).

6. In two parallel passages in Jeremiah (10. 13; 51. 16; quoted in Psa. 135. 7) we find a rather full description of the various elements that constitute a storm: thunder, vapors or clouds, lightning, wind, and rain.

When he thunders there is the sound of waters in the heavens;
For he causes vapors to rise from the ends of the earth;
Lightnings for the rain he makes;
And he brings out the wind from his stores.

We have here the various phases of a storm: the vapors or clouds arise from the earth below; the sky is dense with watery clouds; the lightning causes the rain to fall, and the winds rush from hidden places. Both Dillmann and Schiaparelli agree that Jeremiah's description is physically correct; but it is substantially the same as in the preceding instances.

7. In the Book of Psalms occur five allusions that are in point. 29. 10, "Jehovah is enthroned above the flood." The expression is vague and commentators differ on its meaning. Baethgen takes it as referring to the Flood of Noah; so does Briggs; Duhm takes it as referring to the celestial ocean. But the psalm is a poem on a thunderstorm, and its keynote is "the voice [or thunder] of Jehovah," occurring seven times; and the most natural supposition is that the "flood" here means the cloud-bursts which accompany the thunderstorm, and over which Jehovah is enthroned as king, the thought of which is to bring confidence to his people in the hour of terror.

Psa. 77. 17-19 is an instance of the many theophanies in storm clouds, as in Psa. 18, paralleled in 2 Sam. 22; Psalms 29 and 114, and Hab. 3:

The waters saw thee, O God;
The waters saw thee; they were troubled;
Yea, the deeps trembled.
The clouds poured forth water;
The clouds gave forth their thunders;
Yea, thine arrows went abroad.

In the characteristic form of Hebrew poetry, consisting of parallel statements, the poet here mentions two bodies of water. The one is the "deep" (Hebrew *ichom*, Gen. 1. 2), that is, the terrestrial ocean; and the other is the "clouds." There is nothing here of a solid reservoir.

Psa. 78. 23f.:

And he commanded the clouds above;
And he opened the doors of heaven;
And he rained upon them manna to eat
And gave them grain from heaven.

The verses celebrate Jehovah's providence in the desert. He sent water and food. The water came from the clouds. The clouds, as we have seen from the previous discussion, arise as vapors from the earth below, and, as is indicated here, at Jehovah's command. Does the expression "doors of heaven" here imply the conception of a solid heavenly ocean? If it does, it is here where we meet it for the first time. But the parallelism suggests that the "doors of heaven" is merely a poetic figure for the clouds. The manna came from the clouds, as the rain came. This leaves the clouds still as the only heavenly ocean known to the biblical writers.

Psa. 147. 8:

Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth for the earth rain.

This is a clear assertion that the manner in which Jehovah prepares for rain is to cover the heavens with clouds.

Psa. 104. 3:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters.

Amos 9. 6:

He that buildeth his chambers in the heavens.

Psa. 104. 13:

He watereth the mountains from his chambers.

The question here is as to the meaning of the word translated "chamber." The Hebrew *'almyah* means that which is high up, hence the roof-chamber on the top of a flat-roofed Oriental house. It is from Jehovah's roof-chambers in the heavens that he watereth the earth. But what does it mean that he layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters? According to Baethgen, Duhm, and Briggs, in their commentaries on the Psalms, we are supposed to have here a reference to the solid firmament that holds the celestial ocean. Briggs says: "A series of stories are built up in the water, the beams of the one being laid upon the beams of the other in an ascending series; and so the upper waters were divided from the lower waters." In reading this description one is puzzled as to what kind of a structure it can be that is constructed of beams and founded on water! Wellhausen (Psalms, Sacred Books of the Old Testament, *ad loc.*) renders the verse "Thou framest out of water thine upper stories" and suggests in the notes: "The upper stories are built of water, not of beams." This is far more reasonable. Verse 13 Wellhausen renders: "From thine upper stories—

of clouds—thou givest drink to the mountains." Jehovah's roof-chambers, figuratively understood, are thus built of watery clouds; and this is in harmony with all the other passages we have so far considered.

8. In the Book of Job, we have already been told, we may look for better than crude notions. In 26. 5-14, we have an extensive poem on the creative power of God. It is highly advanced in conception, and in verse 7, "He hangs the earth upon [or 'over'] nothing," we have a discarding of the pillars on which the earth was supposed to rest, and an approach to scientific conceptions. Strictly relevant to our discussion is verse 8:

He rolls up the waters in his thick clouds,
But the clouds burst not under them.

The clouds are thought of under the figure of water skins, used by Orientals to carry water, and in 38. 37, are actually compared to "water-bottles"; and it expresses the marvel how the celestial body of water can be held up without any further support. The same thought is expressed in the Elihu speeches, 37. 16,

Dost thou understand the balancing of the clouds,
Marvels of his who is perfect in knowledge?

The poise of the clouds in the sky, heavily laden with moisture, floating without support, was regarded as the evidence of God's wisdom and power. How a solid celestial reservoir would have simplified the problem, if it had been known.

Job 38. 4-38, is part of the speech of Jehovah. It is a survey of Jehovah's creative work and his power over the forces of nature, and follows closely the order and content of the creation account in Genesis. It is remarkable and of much meaning in our discussion that it mentions all the essentials of the creative work, but does not mention the firmament nor the celestial ocean. Verses 34-38 deal with the clouds and rain:

Liftest thou to the clouds thy voice,
And do the water-heaps answer thee?
Dost thou send lightnings that they go,
And do they say to thee, Here we are?
Who places wisdom in weatherclouds,
Or gives insight to meteors?
Who musters the clouds in wisdom,
And pours out the water-bottles of heaven?

It is God alone to whom the forces of nature bow in submissive obedience; and it is the acme of divine wisdom and power to make the clouds perform their function.

Job 36. 27-33, belongs to a section of the Book of Job that on the evidence of the ancient versions has suffered much from transcription. By a slight change (the adding of an *m* between two words), Duhm reads verse 27:

He draws drops out of the sea,
Distills rain out of his mist;
Which the clouds distill,
Trickle over many men.

Whether we adopt this rendering or follow that of the Revised Version,

it yields the author's knowledge of the law of evaporation already met with in the passages discussed in section 6.

9. The Book of Proverbs contains two references to the two sources of water: the deep, that is, the seas, and the clouds.

3. 19f.:

Jehovah by wisdom hath founded the earth,
Established the heavens by understanding.
By his knowledge the deeps were cleft,
And the clouds drop dew.

Exactly the same allusion is made to the two bodies of water in 8. 28:

When he fastened the clouds above,
And made firm the fountains of the deep.

The Revised Version has changed the Authorized Version's rendering "clouds" into "sky." The Hebrew word, *shechagim*, comes from a root which means "to beat fine," or "pulverize." The noun means "fine dust" or "thin cloud." It is used as a synonym for the heaven or sky, but it reveals the fact that the Hebrew writers thought of the sky not as a solid mass, but as composed of a fine or thin substance. The same term is used in Job 37. 18:

Canst thou spread out with him the clouds,
Strong like a molten mirror?

Barton's comment on this verse is: "The reference is to the Hebrew and Babylonian conception of the sky as a solid, overarching vault, in which the stars were fixed and which supported a celestial ocean. Cf. Gen. 1. 6, 7, 14-16." This comes about by translating *shechagim*, "sky," without paying sufficient attention to its etymological derivation. Whatever the phrase "strong like a molten mirror" may mean, *shechagim* means the sky as composed of fine, thin clouds, and not of a solid substance. It were better to follow Budde, and take the phrase "strong like a molten mirror" to reflect the author's state of mind, according to which the sky appears to him as covered with heavy, leaden clouds, withholding the light. This is supported by the context and particularly by verse 21, in which the same term *shechagim* appears. In reconstructed form by Budde it reads:

And now we see not the light,
As it is hidden by the clouds,
But the wind passes by and drives them away.

10. In the Book of Ecclesiastes there are three clear references to the clouds as the source of rain:

11. 3a:

When the clouds are filled with rain,
They empty it over the earth.

11. 46:

He that looks at the clouds will not reap.

12. 22:

The clouds return after rain.

We have so far examined over twenty references scattered over ten

books of the Old Testament, representing, I believe, all the essential material on the subject, and we have found a general agreement that the clouds, arising from the earth below, are the celestial waters, and that they have the function to bring the rain upon the earth.

We now must examine the passage which is the main basis for the view of the solid celestial ocean, namely, Gen. 1. 6-8: "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven."

This passage is from the Priestly writer (P), whose date is during the fifth century B. C., occupying in our chronological survey the period between the above sections 6 and 7. If he is correctly interpreted by those who hold the view of the celestial reservoir, he represents another and totally different view. He stands alone; he has gone in the face of the tradition that preceded him; and he has exerted no appreciable influence upon those who came after him.

But there is one passage in the Priestly document that gives us a hint that the Priestly writer knew the common Hebrew view and shared it; and that is the story of the rainbow in Gen. 9. 12-17. "My bow I place in the clouds . . . and it shall be when I bring clouds over the earth, the bow will appear in the clouds; and I will remember my covenant . . . and waters shall not again become a flood to destroy all flesh." The Priestly writer here connects the rainbow with the clouds, and the clouds with the waters of the flood; and implies that the waters of the flood came from the clouds. It is quite possible that the story of the rainbow was once found in the Jehovistic account also; "for," says Wellhausen (*Prolegomena* ed. 5, p. 316f), "it goes better with the simple rain which here brings the flood than with the opened sluices of heaven and the fountains of the deep which bring it according to P." But P must have considered it in harmony with his view. And indeed it does harmonize with his view and the entire view of the Old Testament writers, as pointed out in this discussion, if we take it that the waters of the "expanse" are not a celestial ocean held up by a solid firmament, but the waters of the sky in the form of clouds held up by the omnipotence of God.

In Gen. 1. 7, it is the translation of the preposition *me'al*, "above" the firmament, which has led to what I consider a distorted view. The preposition *'al*, of which *me'al* is, as used here, is simply a later pleonastic form, does not always mean "upon," "above," "beyond," or "over"; but it also means "beside," "towards," or "against." In 2 Chron. 26. 19, the same preposition is translated "beside." In Gen. 1. 20, in connection with the flight of birds, *'al pene rai'a*, cannot mean "on the face of the expanse," as the margin of the Revised Version suggests; for it conveys no meaning to say, "Let birds fly above the earth on the face of the expanse of the heavens." The text of the Revised Version, which translates the preposition "in" is much better; but better still would be to translate it "against." It would then read, "Let birds fly above the earth against the

open firmament (or expanse) of the heavens." Skinner, *Genesis*, *ad loc.*, suggests 'al pene, "in front of."

It will not appear at all violent but in harmony with Hebrew usage to suggest that in the crucial passage before us, Gen. 1. 7, we translate *me'al le*, "against," and read: "And God made the expanse, and divided the waters which were under the expanse from the waters which were against the expanse." This comparatively slight change does away with the solid firmament upholding the celestial ocean, nowhere else found in the biblical writers, and leaves the two bodies of water contrasted in many biblical passages, the deep below, and the clouds above.

What then becomes of the "windows of heaven"? We have seen that the clouds are called by a variety of names. They are called *nible shamayim*, "the water-bottles of heaven" (Job 38. 37), they are called *tuchoth*, Job 38. 36, "inward parts," that is, "reins" or "kidneys"; they are called *daleth shamayim*, "the doors of heaven" (Psa. 78. 23); of course, all figuratively understood. It would not be strange then to take *aruboth hash-shamayim*, "the windows of heaven," in Gen. 7. 11 and 8. 2, as in Mal. 3. 10, in a figurative sense.

Attention has quite naturally been called to the evident parallel in the Babylonian creation story (Tablet IV, lines 136-140) where it is said:

He split her open like a flat (?) fish into two halves;
One half of her he established as a covering for the heaven.
He fixed a bolt, he stationed a watchman,
He commanded them not to let the waters come forth.

This passage is largely responsible for the general currency that the view of the solid vault and the celestial ocean has received. It lies beyond the scope of this paper to enter into a detailed discussion of the relation of the Hebrew and Babylonian traditions of the creation and the flood. But I have reread with special care both Babylonian accounts, with a view as to what light they throw upon the current view.

The above quotation from the creation account is poetical and vague; and a great deal depends upon what you bring to the passage as to what you will take out. Jensen and Gunkel have furnished us with the clue as to its original meaning. The Babylonian myth of creation has its origin in the climatic conditions; and its entire imagery can be explained from the changes that pass over the face of nature in the lower Euphrates valley about the time of the vernal equinox. Chaos is an idealization of the Babylonian winter, when heavy rains and the overflow of the rivers have made the vast plain like a sea, when thick mists obscure the light, and the distinction between heaven and sea seems to be effaced. Marduk represents the spring sun, whose rays pierce the darkness and divide the waters, sending them partly downward to the sea, and partly upwards as clouds, so that the dry land appears. (See Skinner, *Genesis*, page 46.) This origin of the Babylonian story yields nothing that can be construed into a solid vault with a celestial ocean; and on the other hand, it yields everything in favor of a celestial ocean composed of clouds.

The same is true of the Babylonian account of the flood. (It is most

easily accessible in Rogers, *Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament*, pages 90-112.) Throughout the entire account the cause of the flood is rain, coming in storm-clouds with winds and tempests, but not a word is said of a celestial reservoir.

It would seem, then, that the current view that the Hebrews and Babylonians believed that the sky was a solid firmament supporting a celestial ocean is based upon the slender evidence of a mistranslated preposition.

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FOREIGN OUTLOOK

KARL HEIM ON THE CERTAINTY OF FAITH

It was inevitable that the war should put the brotherly relations between the Christian leaders of the opposing nations to a fearful strain. Yet it was a certainty, fully guaranteed by the Spirit of Christ, that even war itself should not really sever the bond that unites all true believers. For a long time we shall remain more critical toward German theology than formerly, but we shall be ready to listen to what the Christian thinkers of Germany have to say, ready to test all things and hold fast that which is good. And even if there were no bond of Christian sympathy to determine this for us, our scientific interest would be enough to inhibit a systematic neglect of the religious and theological movements in Germany since the war. "What the Christians of Germany are thinking"—this is the significant caption of an important series of reports by Professor James Stalker, of Glasgow, in the *British Weekly*. All persons who reflect upon the situation must recognize the compelling interest of such an inquiry.

In the last few years we have, in these pages, more often traced the broader tendencies of religious thought and activity than offered characterizations of individual thinkers. Perhaps hereafter rather more of the latter thing will be welcome.

Karl Heim has more than once been noticed in these pages. His rapidly growing influence, however, demands that we now give him ampler consideration and urge all who are interested in the newest phases of religious thought to acquaint themselves with his work. For Heim is the head of a new and very vigorous school of systematic theologians. Indeed, it may be said that Heim and those influenced by him form the only compact and well-defined school of systematic theologians in Germany at the present time. The Ritschlians are no longer a school; various newer tendencies have dissolved the unity of the school. Yet some of the disciples of Ritschl continue to exercise a great influence in the realm of systematic theology as well as in that of historical research. Herrmann, in particular, is a wonderful force in the realm of religious thought. It is, however, more than a score of years since all the leading ideas of his theology were put forth. He is the highest scientific authority

for a notable group of theologians, but with his development and modification of Ritschlianism he forms no school in the proper sense of the term. There is, to be sure, a "history-of-religion school," and it represents a powerful movement. But this school is far less concentrated in its theological tendencies than was the case with the Ritschlian school and is now the case with the school of Helm. The most important accomplishments of the history-of-religion school lie in the domain of historical research; so far as systematic theology is concerned, its tendency has been to dissolve dogma rather than to make a positive contribution to theology. Yet no one can question the immense intellectual force of a man like Troeltsch nor the extraordinary extent of his influence. One meets also with frequent references to the "Erlangen school" or to the school of Kaehler. But the disciples of Frank (Erlangen), such as Ihmels, Seeberg and Gruetzmacher, have modified the Erlangen type in so large a measure that we must think of the "school" as belonging to the past rather than to the present. As for Kaehler, great as his influence has been and still remains, his disciples have never formed a compact school. With Helm, however, the case is different. He is the head of a school whose members are held together by the strongest sense of the oneness of their standpoint and show the most definite concentration upon certain fundamental questions of faith.

The question has often been asked, "In what does Helm's drawing power consist?" The question is most natural, and the answer is not altogether obvious. The question is natural and insistent; for when a *privatdocent* in a famous faculty has gained a more enthusiastic following than any one of the full professors, as was the case while Helm was still at Halle, the curiosity of an interested public is aroused. And already in that period (namely, before 1914) there were unmistakable signs of the first beginning of "the school of Helm." Ritschl had been full professor many years before the publication of the third volume of his work on Justification and Reconciliation in 1874, and he was fifty-two years old at the time. It was this work that formed the basis of the Ritschlian school. But in 1914, before Helm became professor and before he was forty years old, the marks of a school of "Helmists" were as clear as the marks of a school of Ritschlians a year after the completion of the master's great monograph. In 1914, that is, a few months before the outbreak of the war, Helm was made full professor in the newly established faculty for Protestant theology at Münster. The war, of course, greatly limited the number of students that might hear Helm's lectures, but it did not check the growth of the new school of Helmists. For Helm was able from his standpoint to meet the religious needs of the students in arms in an extraordinarily telling manner. Shortly after the close of the war Helm was called to Tübingen as successor to Häring, who was retiring. Here, in one of the four most frequented theological faculties of Germany, he has a most promising field.

But the question as to the secret of Helm's strength we have not yet answered. Such questions, however, can never be fully answered. Only in part do the admirers and reviewers of Helm clear up the matter

for us. Not a few are agreed in saying that what chiefly attracts and holds his hearers and readers is the unsurpassable frankness and earnestness with which he meets all problems. He has a remarkably fine organ of sense for the intellectual and religious problems of the student world and of a larger public. Besides, in his personal intercourse with students—to which he gives himself unstintedly—his wonderful intellectual sympathy causes the students to express themselves with the utmost freedom. But to this remarkable openness of mind there is added a very unusual definiteness and positiveness of personal conviction. The perplexed minds that make known to him their problems he leads up to his own higher standing-ground, where the air is clearer and the outlook is wider. He really offers solutions for the problems, and he does it from a most definite point of view. And while his system and method show the utmost concentration upon one great central idea, Heim is unusually well informed on all modern scientific, philosophical and social theories that seem to have any bearing on the problem of religion. Now Heim's standpoint is that of a most positive and most evangelical Biblical faith. There is something startling, something arresting in the bold way in which he brings the oldest Christian affirmations forward into the very center of the forum of the modern world of thought. He is aware that these affirmations will be challenged, unless indeed they are ignored; and, in order to make ignoring impossible he always makes the affirmation itself a challenge, he assumes the aggressive. It is not strange that a bold exponent of the old faith, who has an almost ideal orientation in modern theories and comes in the fullest sympathy for all who feel the present "theoretical and practical distress," should gain a hearing. And when to this we add that Heim has command of an unusual gift of vivid exposition, perhaps the secret of his success has been fairly indicated.

While Heim has a vivid style, one must not infer that all of his books are easy reading. His "Dogmatik," at least in the first edition, is decidedly hard to understand. This, however, is due chiefly to the extreme compression of the work, which is intended only as an outline to underlie his lectures. If one would be duly initiated into Heim's world of thought, he may do well to observe the following directions. Begin with *Aus der Heimat der Seele* (The Home of the Soul), or perhaps with *Die Weltanschauung der Bibel*. These are untechnical discussions. In them Heim appears not so much in the rôle of a theologian as in the character of a witness. But this is characteristic of Heim: he is first of all an evangelical witness, and theology is for him nothing but an aid to his ministry of the Word. Heim is an evangelistic theologian, and yet his theology is most vigorous and profound. In these more popular writings there is a wealth of thought, but it is not their intellectual strength that chiefly impresses the reader, it is rather the intensity of their religious conviction and feeling. It would not be easy to match the essays and addresses of these two books for an almost ideal union of religious and intellectual depth. And Heim has put his whole soul and at the same time the gist of his theology in these little books, especially in the *Aus der Heimat der Seele*.

After reading one or both of these little books one may turn to the Glaubensgewissheit. This is in some sense Heim's principal work up to this time. It can be read with immense interest even without the preliminary reading of the other books, but it will be enjoyed even more if one already has a certain acquaintance with the author's world of thought. It is about this work that the discussion of Heim's theology has turned since its publication in 1916. So vigorous was the discussion that the author was led to rewrite the whole work for the second edition (1920). This book, let it be observed, is not to be confounded with Heim's earlier historical study of *The Problem of Certainty in Systematic Theology* until Schleiermacher. The Glaubensgewissheit is an exposition of the author's own thoughts on "the vital question of religion."

The Glaubensgewissheit in its second edition is a book of 216 closely-printed pages. It contains a far greater abundance of ideas than the size of the book would lead us to expect. The author's method and manner cannot be described—one must know Heim at first hand. But we will venture on a brief and consciously incomplete characterization of the book.

In the first place we observe that there is nothing of the Ritschlian isolation of religion from the realm of world-knowledge. At this point Heim is in agreement with Troeltsch. In the second place we note that Heim operates very extensively by the use of analogy. Analogies from the various departments of science and from every-day life are brought forward in great abundance, and they are handled in a most telling manner. It must not be inferred, however, that Heim uses the argument from analogy in the same way or with the same object in view as was the case with the anti-deistic arguments of Butler and Paley. These men used the analogy of the assumed *certainities* of the natural world in order to make the claims of supernatural religion seem more probable. Heim takes the opposite course. For him the object of faith is the supreme certainty, and this certainty is arrived at by a suprarational process. He uses analogy not to make religion appear probable—faith gives certainty, not probability; he uses it to show that the alleged certainties of reason and science, if viewed apart from certain great postulates or presuppositions of faith, run into the hopeless antinomies and are not certainties at all. The certainties of science, of reason, and of every-day life rest upon a deeper certainty. In other words, there is a religious presupposition involved in all the certainties even in the realm of our world-knowledge. Heim contends that faith and religion are essentially and wholly *irrational*. (The term "irrational," as Heim and many others use it, does not mean contra-rational, but simply "not based upon nor conditioned by reason"; that is to say, faith is conditioned by positive and solid fact, and it signifies a personal attitude to the given fact, namely, the supreme fact of Jesus Christ; reason neither gives the fact nor is able either to explain or escape it.) Mediæval theology had for its goal the rationalizing of the faith as expressed in dogma: *credo ut intelligam*. The Kant-Ritschlian type of theology aimed at the strict separation of the two domains of knowledge, the ethico-religious and the so-called natural. Heim

repudiates the idea of such a separation, which, he holds, does violence to the fact of the deeper unity of the whole mental and spiritual life. But Heim does not return to the mediæval standpoint, according to which faith should flower in a higher certainty, namely knowledge. For Heim faith itself is the highest certainty. Instead of seeking to show that faith is destined to resolve itself into knowledge he argues that knowledge resolves itself into faith.

In a first cursory survey of Heim's book one may be surprised and displeased to find analogical discussions in the most multifarious fields. But with Heim there is no scattering—everything is concentrated upon the one central question of the certainty of faith. Only, of course, he will not admit anything that looks like the isolation of the religious problem from the other phases of human life.

Heim's discussion of faith's certainty has in it so much that calls for patient thought, and it has such a multitude of points of contact with the world of human thought and life, that we must content ourselves with pointing out the general tendency of the argument. In addition to the fundamental characterization, which has already been given, we call attention to just a few points of interest.

Perhaps the first argument of profound significance in the book is the examination of the nature of our human relations of mutual trust. There is something transcendental in our trust in our fellowman. It is not the result of calculation, it transcends our experience, it reaches into the future and is as sure of it as of the present and the past. Trust is not a bit of gambling on probabilities. And so (as Heim develops the argument) there is a divine, a religious element in all relations of human trust.

Heim's whole theology seeks to answer the question: How am I, here and now, to be saved from my deepest distress? The starting-point is "the deepest need (or distress)." Next comes the necessity of complete clarity regarding the practical significance of the threefold thesis: I, Here, Now. How am I—not another, not the race at large—how am I, I in my present situation, to find release from my deepest distress? I must find it in obedient adjustment to the sovereign, "irrational" fact of Jesus Christ. He saves me not only from my practical, but also from my intellectual distress. Apart from that supreme fact there is no outcome to either my practical nor my intellectual problem. Heim's highly interesting discussion of this standpoint can hardly be reproduced in a few lines.

Heim shows himself very much of an individualist in his theology. He is not wholly wanting in an optimism regarding the social betterment of the race. But he insists with great energy and clearness that the goal is not to be reached under the present world-order. He is an eschatologist of the boldest sort. Not a few of his utterances sound like modern Adventism. But let us not be hasty in placing him in any specific category. Certainly Heim is utterly free from the specific characteristics of premillennialism. His eschatology centers in the person of Jesus Christ. Heim knows nothing of times and seasons, nothing of the material setting

of Christ's return. But he is sure that only Christ can be the Consummator, and he is equally sure that somehow the elements of the present world-order must be dissolved before the consummation is reached.

It is doubtful whether any eminent modern evangelical theologian has had fewer or simpler "points" in his system than Heim. His is an intensely biblical faith, and yet he has permitted some things to fall into the background which most biblical and positive theologians hold fast. But his concentration upon certain great central issues naturally appeals strongly to this sorely distressed age. His "system" is extremely simple, but he expounds it with a wealth of reference to modern problems that is most extraordinary.

The question is often asked, whether the agony of the war might not tend to drive Germany back to the simple gospel. That, however, would mean that distress must naturally lead men to repentance—a thought that finds no support in the teaching of Jesus. Nevertheless it is a blessing, for which the universal church may well give thanks, that a number of genuinely evangelical theologians have been growing in influence since the war.

Portsmouth, N. H.

JOHN R. VAN PELT.

BOOK NOTICES

BIBLICAL LITERATURE

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians. By ERNEST DE WITT BURTON. 8vo, pp. lxxxix+541. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Price, \$4.50, special, net.

At last, after twenty-five years of diligent research and meditation, Burton's Commentary on Galatians in the International Critical Series, which many feared was destined, like similar promising projects of Lightfoot, Hort, and Sanday, never to emerge from limbo, is now *un fait accompli* in a stout volume of 630 pages, of which 89 are devoted to a luminous introduction, 362 to the commentary proper, 158 to an appendix of twenty-one topics, and 18 to indexes. Though availing himself of such ample space, the author has confined his "chief attention," as he states, "to a fresh historical study of the vocabulary of the letter, and then to an endeavor to trace its course of thought with exactness and to state it with clearness." All three of these aims he has all but realized in a scholarship which combines Teutonic thoroughness, English sobriety of judgment, and American pith and clarity.

More than ever, in these barbaric days, when the beauty and strength of the Greek language are neglected as was the Parthenon itself under the Turkish regime, and when, with the passing of the doctrine of plenary verbal inspiration, the jot and tittle of the sacred text receive scant attention, Philip the Evangelist's challenge: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" applies with renewed force to the reader of Galatians, be he wayfaring preacher or layman. Burton will be found a good Philip to guide one into an understanding of the letter, and through it, the spirit.

It is the function of sound exegesis to make one hear the biblical writers speaking in the idiom in which they were born. The extempore etymology of the ignorant and unsteadfast, who wrest from the words of the English translation meanings as strange as the wild beasts seen in apocalyptic vision, needs to be eschewed. The apostle who commended grace and taste in speech, was himself a conspicuous example of discriminating skill in the choice and use of the exact word for the interpretation of his thought and feeling. The *ipissima verba* of Galatians are no exception. Like his Master's they are spirit and they are life. One finds the "drawn swords" of the Psalmist in 1. 8-9 and 5. 12, not to mention reverberating thunder and forked lightning; the gentle intonation of maternal tenderness in 4. 19; and a tropical splendor, like that of the celestial city with its gates of pearl, streets of gold, and trees of life-bearing fruit in 5. 22, 23. None of the varied and variegated foundation stones of the apostolic literary fabric have been ignored by this mature student of biblical Greek. A glance at the appendix with its full and learned discussion of the history and contextual meaning of the technical Greek terms for such words as "spirit," "flesh," "just," "justify," "righteousness," "apostle," "law," "sin" fascinates and allures the inquiring mind. In determining the meaning of words as modified and limited by the context, as well as by their history and contemporary usage outside the biblical books, the author is also exceptionally instructive. His study of the single word is like the poet's comprehensive and understanding view of the "flower in the crannied wall, root and all, and all in all."

Equally happy in reaching his second aim, "to trace the course of thought with exactness," the author of this rare volume will escape the criticism passed upon Westcott's great work on the Epistle to the Hebrews—that it is "a commentary rather on the words than on the thoughts of the author." Like the trained anatomist, familiar with the vital office of every tendon, muscle, artery, and vein in the physical organism, this lifelong student of Greek syntax feels the structural significance of every item of an opulent system of linguistic connective tissue, of prepositions, conjunctions, participles, moods, and tenses. With logical precision and lucidity, and an admirable typographical arrangement, he enables even the reader who runs through his pages to hold the chain of the apostle's argument.

Finally Dr. Burton's conviction that Galatians is a tract for our times as truly as it was for Paul's, Luther's, and Wesley's is well founded. For an era of recrudescent religious materialism in various phases, theological vagaries, crass pre-millenarian, and other literalistic systems of biblical interpretation, confidence in new or old forms of ecclesiastical organization, with a common loss of emphasis upon personal religious experience, a growing indifference to sin public and private, and a general weakening of the religious sanctions of individual and corporate morality, no "Scripture inspired of God, is" more "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness."

To preachers especially this book teaches a sound and fruitful method

of biblical study and preparation for strong, lucid, and edifying expository preaching which will command the respect of the laity, one of whom recently told the writer that his minister since the first three months of his appointment has been threshing over Sunday after Sunday nothing but old straw.

Boston University School of Theology.

MARCUS D. BUELL.

A People's Life of Christ. By J. PATTERSON-SMYTH. Pp. 505. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$3.50.

THIS book is precisely what its title calls it, a *people's* life of our Lord. It is one which the common folks, who heard Jesus gladly, can read easily and with pleasure as well as profit. While written from the standpoint of full scholarship, with a careful but conservative criticism of sources and in the full light of a vivid historical setting, there is no pedantry, no confusion of the unlearned mind with burdensome erudition.

The book begins with the Beginning as does the Fourth Gospel; it ends with the ascension, when the Son of Man, declared Son of God by the resurrection power, returns to his Father's glory. The truly human life of Jesus hangs between two eternities, without beginning and without end. While the work is without dogmatic purpose, it does not dodge such problems as that of the Virgin Birth. And this is its sane conclusion: "The church did not believe the Virgin Birth because it was put into these Gospels, but it was put into these Gospels because the church believed it. St. Matthew and St. Luke have the whole church behind them."

Here is a pretty picture of the boy at Nazareth "playing in the market place the games of the unchanging child-world such as our children play to-day":

"Did you ever think how unchanging is that child-world, that world which changes nothing in all the passing centuries, playing the same sort of games to-day and singing the same sort of rhymes as their child-world has been doing since the Tower of Babel? As you hear the children to-day singing in the streets 'London Bridge is broken down' and 'Round and round the mulberry bush,' so two thousand years ago you might have heard the Nazareth children:

'We have piped and ye not *rakedtoon*,
We have mourned and ye not *arkedtoon*.'

And Jesus remembered that rhyme one day in the midst of a solemn discourse. In English it reads: 'We have piped unto you and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you and ye have not wept.' But Jesus was quoting one of the old familiar lines of his boyhood. This is one of the delightful little discoveries of biblical scholars. You cannot get it rhyming in the English or in the Greek. Only in the language of the Nazareth children. And I shall never again hear the children singing in the market-place without thinking of that rhyme and the child Jesus at play."

A charmingly original treatment is Book V, the "Memories of the Jerusalem Road," in which the three hundred verses, found only in Luke's Gospel, that bridge the interval between Capernaum and Calvary, are interestingly interpreted. Of course, the author does not wholly ignore the critical certainty that Luke freely uses historical situations as a setting for the teachings of Jesus, but like Luke he makes them the fitting framework for those great pictures of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, Responsibility and the Great Assize.

A multitude of lives of Christ have appeared since that of Farrar, with its gorgeous rhetoric, but we know of none better adapted to popular use and as a historical handbook in the family for religious education than this most fascinating, yet scholarly, life of our Lord.

The Theology of the Epistles. By H. A. A. KENNEDY, D.D., D.Sc. 12mo, pp. xii+267. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.35.

WE need to be constantly reminded that the New Testament is the literary expression of a living experience and not the exposition of a dogmatic system. These writings have the accent of earnest religious individuality, and the faith of the writers was based upon direct access to the source of life in Jesus Christ. The epistles were not primarily intended for publication; they were letters addressed mostly to Christian communities in response to immediate needs. Their vitality is that of the Divine Spirit, and though directed to local situations, they were destined to become interpretations of the Christian faith, valid for all time. Professor Kennedy of New College, Edinburgh, here offers a balanced discussion of the thought and teaching of these letters. He has omitted the Johannine Epistles because they involved a discussion of the Fourth Gospel; but he has done his work so well that we regret this omission to consider their "momentous simplicities," to use an apt characterization by Dr. Gore.

A large amount of space is devoted to the Pauline writings not because there is more material but because of the wide range of the Apostle's influence in recreating "heathen Christianity" and in purifying "Jewish Christianity," in the interest of the complete constructive Christianity, which is preeminently the religion of redemption. "The Apostle Paul is, of all men, the least likely to satisfy mechanical tests. His was one of those spontaneous, ardent, conquering natures, whose vitality and daring were subject only to the mind and will of Christ." His conversion-experience was normative for his religious thought and he invariably interpreted his spiritual past in the light of his Christian consciousness. This was equally true of his present and future. The fact of the risen and living Jesus and his personal relation to him dominated everything. It recreated his attitude towards God; it confirmed his belief in Jesus as the fulfiller of the Messianic Hope; it taught him that inward freedom of the spirit, as against legalism, was the very kernel of religion; it made vivid the perversity and peril of sin; it deepened the significance of the death on the cross for world redemption; it revolutionized and developed

his eschatological outlook; it set the Redeemer in the central place as the Lord; it gave distinctiveness to his understanding of the Holy Spirit as the bestower of spiritual freedom; it enriched his mystical experience which brought him into immediate contact and fellowship with the Divine. All this is ably dealt with in succeeding chapters.

Professor Kennedy rightly emphasizes the richness and breadth of Paul's interpretation of the death of Christ. He also argues against the influence of the Mystery Cults on the Apostle's thought. The ideas of reconciliation, justification, and adoption are shown to be fundamental and new light is thrown on them. It may come as a check to ardent advocates of ecclesiasticism to be told that there is a singular lack of reference to questions in which they are concerned, and that when the Apostle refers to the church it is as a spiritual entity rather than an ecclesiastical institution.

The experience of Paul was not normal in early Christianity. There were other types which supplemented at many points his notable contribution. If this were more clearly recognized we might do better justice to the versatility and manysidedness of the Christian Gospel, which has never been content with one type of thought and life, but has always provided for the manifold needs of humanity with due regard to its respective traditions and temperaments. Professor Kennedy has rendered a good service in making this clear, for with all the diversity in the New Testament Church there was an underlying unity in grateful loyalty to the One and Only Christ.

Part II deals with those phases that were largely independent of Paulinism. The chapter on the first Epistle of Peter brings out the distinctive character of this letter as reflecting the consciousness of primitive Christianity. The timeliness of the Epistle to the Hebrews is considered in another chapter. This letter was addressed to Jewish Christians whose grasp of the Christian hope was slackening and among whom early enthusiasm was giving place to spiritual lethargy. The background of this letter was that of Alexandrian Judaism and its fundamental conceptions of the new covenant, the priesthood of Christ and faith were not after the fashion of Pauline thought. Part III separates the Pastoral Epistles from the writings of Paul and places them with James, Jude, and Second Peter, "as monuments of the theology of the developing church." Their tone and temper bespeak a correct, commonplace piety, with an interest in tradition and organization. These characteristic products of the post-Pauline thought breathe a changed atmosphere, and while the Pastoral Epistles belong to the school of Paul, they come from a later date. Even though some may hesitate to follow Professor Kennedy to his conclusions, his reasoning is lucid and his arguments are forcible.

This is a book for students who will find it to be a judicious and reliable treatment of some of the urgent issues which were faced and met by the church in the early days of its aggressive enterprise. It also suggests to the modern church, at home and on the mission field, how the problems of our own day are to be solved.

PRACTICAL THEOLOGY

Preaching and Paganism. By ALBERT PARKER FITCH. 12mo, pp. 229. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, \$2.

Can the Church Survive in the Changing Order? By ALBERT PARKER FITCH. 12mo, pp. 79. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.

THESE two volumes are written in a controversial spirit and the excessive radicalism is lacking in charitable judgment. No clear distinction is made between the conservatism and the corruptions of religion, and like most progressives, Fitch is obsessed by the fallacious idea that truth is found in newness rather than in reality. This is unfortunate because there are many good things in both volumes, but we are reminded of the man who carries the milk from the dairy and then spills it just on the point of delivery. His criticisms are too captious and exaggerated. He does not have the irenic spirit and there is nothing more needed in these trying days than leaders who mediate between the old and the new. We cannot lightly discard our traditional inheritance when the sacred voices of the past bear such a compelling testimony, nor need we be so wedded to the past as to be incapable of initiating, in the freedom of the Spirit, such expressions as shall meet our needs in a positive way.

Let us recognize that one of our dangers, as others have reminded us and as Fitch does, is to seek refuge from the difficulties of thought in the opportunities of action. We must find out what are the regulative ideas of our age. There is much to be learned from men of the scientific or intellectual type as well as from those who are practical and from mystical souls with the temperament of the seer. The preacher would guard against provincialism if he reckons with all three. Jesus was a humanist, but humanism, as we understand it, is a form of naturalism and those who accept it live in a self-centered world, showing an exclusive spirit and of necessity have an incomplete outlook. Humanism is far too individualistic and materialistic, and like English Deism of the eighteenth century it is incapable of understanding or appreciating the immeasurable worth of human life, for man is the child of the eternal. This type of thought has affected much Christian preaching, as Fitch sharply points out. Its view of Jesus has been impoverished by the emphasis on his identity with us rather than his difference from us. This point should have been more fully developed, but here, as in so many other places, our author starts a line of thought which goes only half way. What is essentially distinctive in the personality of Jesus? What gives him the unique place of leadership? Surely not merely his character but his Saviourhood through his great work of Atonement. But this is not stated. Another vitiating feature of the humanistic influence is that much of our preaching aims at education and not salvation; there is a tendency to relinquish the goal of conversion. The author of *Ecce Homo* wrote several years ago that "Christianity would sacrifice its divinity if it abandoned its missionary character and became a mere educational institution. Surely this article of conversion is the true *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*. When

the power of reclaiming the lost dies out of the church, it ceases to be the church." But what is conversion is not definitely answered by this latest Yale lecturer on Preaching, and to judge from the tone of his book he is not in sympathy with the evangelical conception.

The analysis of the weakness and error of humanism is splendidly well done and for this reason alone Fitch deserves our gratitude. But he does not offer an adequate substitute. As a critic of current tendencies he is exceptionally good and his illustrations from fiction, the drama, art, poetry, and screenland are a timely exposure of "the revolt against the decencies and conventions of our humanist civilization." One of his sentences vividly sets forth the situation. "Our world is full of dilettanti in the colleges, anarchists in the state, atheists in the church, bohemians in art, sybarites in conduct and ineffably silly women in society, who have felt, and occasionally studied the scientific and naturalistic movement just far enough and superficially enough to grasp the idea of relativity and to exalt it as sufficient and complete in itself." For chapter and verse in support of this indictment of English society, we would refer to the Autobiography of Margot Asquith, and her conclusions are equally applicable to American social life. Fitch scores the church in both these volumes, but to use his own words "all blanket indictments are ungracious and ungenerous and they cannot be wholly fair." There is far too much of the Cassandra note in much of what he writes. To be sure, the church is engaged in campaigns to raise money and in membership drives, but certainly the church is also concerned in other things. In spite of his diatribes against humanism, the gospel he implicitly advocates is humanistic, if indeed humanism has any gospel.

Toward the end of the volume of Yale lectures he defends himself against the charge of inconsistency but the defense comes too late and the previous chapters do not sustain it. For instance, in one place he insists on the need of doctrinal preaching and in the next breath he disparages the educational functions of the pulpit, and deplores that most Protestant services are more informative than inspirational. On one page he declares that the essence of worship is the appeal to the religious will through feeling and the imagination; on a later page he states that no one would deny that the revival of intellectual authority and leadership in matters of religion is terribly needed to-day. If it is unwise to use the phraseology of the past in expressing our religious convictions, how can it be wise to use them to express our religious devotion? "If we are to have a religious revival then it seems to me worshipful services must be accompanied by speculative preaching." And yet he condemns the rational appeal in favor of the emotional!—He would practically have every preacher turn theological professor, more interested in the content than in the application of truth. How does this harmonize with his idea that "a sermon is not a contribution to, but an interpretation of, knowledge, made in terms of the religious experience"? On this subject of speculative preaching, Fitch is surely too good a student of church history to forget that when Bishop Butler was preaching his sermons, "Upon Human Na-

ture or Man Considered as a Moral Agent," the religious life of England was in a deplorable condition. There was no hope until John Wesley, scholar and evangelist, came with his Gospel of grace and mercy, which had to do not only with the heart of man but also with the social and economic problems of that age, just as Wesley's successors at Des Moines recognized, of which Fitch vigorously disapproves. The fact is, this writer shows more impulse than insight and hits at random because he has not correlated all the issues. He has failed to present a definite message in terms of the new order, which must nevertheless be in harmony with the full Christianity of the Eternal Christ. OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

Ambassadors of God. By S. PARKES CADMAN. Pp. 352. New York: The Macmillan Company.

DR. CADMAN is the Theodore Roosevelt of the American pulpit. He has the same triumphant vitality. He has the same masterful virility. And in just the same fashion he is preeminently a man of men. It is twenty years since he became the minister of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn. He went to that pulpit one of the most outstanding of Methodist preachers. To-day he is one of the most notable of American preachers. And he is a preacher whose words are heard with intense and eager interest on the other side of the sea.

Dr. Cadman might have been a brilliant technical scholar. As it is he is a minister of deeply real erudition and of many scholarly attainments. One wonders how he has found it possible to keep in understanding relations with such a variety of intellectual interests in the midst of so demanding a pastorate. And as one follows the range and movement of his diversified mental life one is glad that this large and generous sort of interpretation is the fruit of his mind. It is really a rarer and more important gift to our time than the gift of a provincial and microscopic scholarship. We do not have enough men in America who make some attempt to see life steadily and to see it whole.

In an age which knows how to write sentences but has forgotten how to write paragraphs Dr. Cadman represents the tradition of a rich and ample speech, building the structure of a noble paragraph with a gracious and happy art. He moves with a stately serenity, warming at times to noble passion, and sweeping on to climaxes of superb eloquence. It is refreshing to turn from the sputtering epigrams of contemporary writing to this style of masterful dignity with its echoes of the more sonorous speech of the days of Burke. It is all perfectly aware and full of sympathy for every vital thing in our immediate life. One is swept through the ages with bewildering rapidity. But one's destination is the very place and the very time which one knows the best. It is the age in the light of the ages, and the time in the light of the centuries which are gone. So one views on preaching on a canvas large and marvelously impressive. Science and philosophy, history and poetry all pour their wealth into this palace of the preacher's art. It is no isolated or provincial activity of which

Dr. Cadman writes. The interpreter of the Christian realities is seen as the master of history, the man who sees time against the background of eternity.

The book is full to the brim of effective practical suggestions. The preacher of many years' experience is all the while sharing his far-gathered wisdom with the younger men who are to follow. Problems of biblical criticism jostle economic riddles, and fundamental matters of philosophy are claiming attention in the midst of the insistence of matters of ecclesiastical polity. It is all as rich and diverse as life. It is all as fascinating as the life of a real preacher of manifold interest and of responsive mind and heart. With such versatility these lectures are still warmly evangelical, ripe with the zest of a profound and noble piety. The making of sermons, the making of preachers, the making of Christians, and the making of a Christian world—all these things come within the ken of this masterful prophet. It is a good book for a preacher, this volume by Dr. Cadman. It is a good book for any man who would feel anew the mighty and achieving dignity of the Christian religion at work in the world.

Detroit, Mich.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

Church Finance and Social Ethics. By FRANCIS JOHN MCCONNELL, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Pp. 130. New York: The Macmillan Company.

No message could be more timely and important than this study of economic ethics as applied to church finance. Now that gold galore is pouring into the treasuries of the church, making her the owner of vast estates, an opulent investor, a generous spender, a large employer, and still the persistent solicitor for greater resources, she faces the perils arising from the power of the purse and the dangerous dominion of dollars.

Has the church a right to own? Is private property justifiable on the basis of fundamental morality? Certainly, *meum* and *tuum* have been the twin pronouns of civilization and man has been making himself in the process of making money. Yet the sacredness of private possession can only be proclaimed by social service. The Christian church, above all, must make her mastery of material means not an end-in-itself, but a contribution to the moral and spiritual enrichment of society.

The church, as the body of Christ, is an extension of the incarnation. Her activities in the money-getting, money-owning, and money-spending world must be made a demonstration that all those material tasks can be filled with a spiritual content which will give the world a visible Lord. Here is a fragment of Bishop McConnell's beautiful conception of the corporate Christian conscience:

"May we say that if the mass of mankind are to be reached with a gospel that transforms even a material and industrial environment they will have to be reached as a church embodies Christian truth in material

and industrial terms? Some men never see anything of religion except as they behold a churchman. Some never hear anything suggestive of Christianity except as substantial church bells peal forth an arresting melody. The ordinary mind must physically see something. Even the consciousness of Jesus seems to have been first awakened to the significance of the Father's house by the spectacle of rising altar fires and by the rhythm of the chanting of the priests. All of us would agree to this. We shall all sooner or later have to agree further that some men will never see Christianity in its social bearing until the church strides forth into the market-place to buy and sell honestly, until the church employs laborers and treats them according to the Christ standards, and until the church uses its funds to lift on high the doctrine of the stewardship of wealth."

Bishop McConnell is no preacher of social revolution; he does not recognize "the tyranny of dogmatic absolutes." But the element of relativity in the social order demands that we always face the future, keeping morals up to date by a constant revision of the practices and principles of the past. The reactionaries who protest that the business of the church is to save souls, rather than to transform society need to ask if they themselves are fully saved, when they have only attained an individualistic and self-regarding morality. Entire sanctification certainly involves the total transformation of life.

When the church gives perfect publicity to all her business methods, has only a "white list" of investments in her vast endowment schemes, and carries out the principles of democracy in all her industrial relationships, she will be indeed a "Holy Catholic Church"—holy in moral idealism and catholic in social consciousness.

The author must not be held responsible for all the forms of statement in this notice, but on the questions here raised, this little book appeals to us as suggesting a supreme solution. It is more than that, a moral tonic for all workers, owners, spenders, investors, and employers.

The Church and Industrial Reconstruction. Edited by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. 8vo, pp. viii+296. New York: Association Press. Price, \$2.

A More Christian Industrial Order. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN. 12mo, pp. 86. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.

The New Social Order. Principles and Programs. By HARRY F. WARD. 8vo, pp. ix+384. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.50.

THE Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook are doing a most needed work. Their first report on Religion among American Men was discussed in the Reading Course in the METHODIST REVIEW for March, 1920, together with the important findings of the British Committee in the report on The Army and Religion. The second report on The Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War received notice in the Reading Course for May, 1920. The third report now to be considered is marked by the same

spirit of hopefulness. It is an inquiry, not an inquisition, and the conclusions and suggestions are healthily free from the temper of exaggeration, which is the bane of most social reformers.

Those who argue that the church is an effete institution, and others who insist that the church must take part in all sorts of social propaganda, as a sort of maid of all work, will find a necessary corrective in this report. Both types of thinkers need to understand that the church is preeminently the interpreter and inspirer of duty. We need not disguise the fact that the church has failed to discharge this function because much of its energy was absorbed in theological and ecclesiastical questions and the opportunity was not used to enlighten and develop the social conscience. But the church is atoning for this inexcusable neglect, and there are signs everywhere of the coming of a better day. Let us thank God and take courage for the next step, which points to social redemption and the Christianization of the whole of life through an order that reckons not only with the present but also with the world beyond. For we cannot think of the intrinsic worth of the individual without stressing the fact of immortality. It is this that differentiates the Christian approach to industrial and kindred problems from that of much contemporary social thinking.

What the Christian approach is and how the problems should be dealt with are set forth in this Report. It recalls a corresponding report on Christianity and Industrial Problems by a committee of the Anglican Church. That document reviewed the economic factors of life in the light of the Christian Gospel, and its interpretation of the principles of Christ was distinguished by the scholarly ability and insight characteristic of our British brethren. It is of permanent value, but the situation had to do with Great Britain, which differs in many respects from what prevails in the United States. It must therefore be supplemented by the American volume. Nothing is overlooked in these pages. Difficulties are honestly faced and suggestions offered without the controversial features and dictatorial judgments which unfortunately weakened the Interchurch report on the Steel Strike.

The first chapter on "The Christian Ideal for Society" deals with much that is familiar, but such an introduction was necessary in order to place by way of contrast the "Unchristian Aspects of the Present Industrial Order," which is the title of the second chapter. A great deal is made of the demoralizing tendency to violate the sacredness of personality and to stunt its development by the lack of continuous opportunity to work, inadequate income, insufficient leisure. A timely word is spoken on child labor and the failure to protect woman workers. All this is clearly inconsistent with the truths of brotherhood and of service, and it weakens the program of democracy which endeavors to realize the fundamental rights of every personality by a fellowship of spirit. A system which permits such an intolerably inequitable situation is structurally wrong, and it must therefore be radically changed both as to its spirit and purpose. The Christian attitude emphasizes the truth of stewardship and it distinguishes between "property for use" and "property for power." It

furthermore sees in the wage system a limiting of freedom of the workers, a refusal to give them a just share in their products, and a hindering of the development of their individuality and self-expression. It also regards the principle of unregulated competition in business as perpetuating a disastrous gulf between classes. As Dr. Coffin so well states in his volume: "A Christian's main quarrel with the existing economic order is not that some possess large wealth, but that so many possess practically nothing." This anomaly exists because of "the assumption that every man, employer and employee, can be moved only by his self-interest."

The constructive presentation of the problem is given in the chapter on "The Christian Method of Social Betterment." It might sound somewhat commonplace to be told that our supremest need is the cultivation of the motive of love. If it does it is because our judgment has been warped by traditional sentimentalism, for many Christians have long professed a religion which they have not practiced. It is nevertheless true that until there is the infusion of the new creative spirit of Christ so that it takes controlling possession of us and unifies our purpose, we shall be found wanting in the sacrificial impulse, which is the very genius of Christianity. On this subject Professor Ward is pointedly explicit in his volume which is at once incisive, stimulating, and hopeful. His chapter on "The Trend of Progress" deserves study in this connection. Here is the conclusion in a sentence: "Whether the new order desired by multitudes will now appear, depends finally upon whether those multitudes have sufficient capacity for sacrifice to send new life coursing through the exhausted veins of humanity." He recognizes that the source of this new life is in Jesus Christ, and in a chapter on "The Churches" he brings together some of the recent pronouncements of organized Christianity concerning its social task. The Report makes application of the principles discussed in the chapter on "Present Practicable Steps toward a More Christian Industrial Order." Here as elsewhere it guards against the danger of becoming merely academic and theoretical and of expressing pious platitudes which really evade the vital issues. It is replete with instances where the better course is being followed, which are an earnest of the yet greater improvement that is bound to come as the result of education, agitation, exhortation, and above all, of consecration to the ideal in Jesus Christ our Lord.

The leadership in bringing about better conditions is manifestly with Christians and the church. "For the Christian to adopt higher social standards before others are willing to do so may involve financial loss and sacrifice, but to be ready to make sacrifice for the good of mankind is an essential part of the Christian way of life." Such an obligation rests upon Christians as employers, investors, employees, consumers, and citizens. What is here written on the subject can well be supplemented by Dr. Coffin's excellent volume, which shows the insight and independence, the comprehension and fairness for which this author has an enviable reputation. There are few books recently published that deal with these problems with such directness and suggestiveness and which breathes a genuine Christian spirit. The Report has a strong concluding

chapter on "What the Church Can Do to Christianize the Industrial Order." The subjects that receive special consideration are social evangelism, religious education, promoting an understanding of the social conditions to which Christian principles are to be applied, and illustrating the Christian ideal in the church's corporate life. All three books should be carefully studied by preachers and laity. If consecrated courage is shown in carrying out the program, the day of social health and happiness will dawn in the not distant future.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

Religion and Culture. A Critical Survey of Methods of Approach to Religious Phenomena. By FREDERICK SCHLEITER, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. x+206. New York: Columbia University Press, 1919. Price, cloth, \$2.00 net.

THE science of religion has advanced to the stage when the question of method demands careful examination. The investigator is engrossed in the endless details of the religious phenomena of the world. He is seeking to classify and to reach general conclusions as to the nature of religion and the meaning of a practice or a tendency in the religious history of man. He may be so intent on his immediate task that it is difficult for him to subject the presupposition with which he is working to the criticism which would assure him that his canons of classification and generalization are (or are not) suitable instruments for the task. Or if the decision is not so confident or drastic he may need to modify and hold in check certain generalizing tendencies in order that more confidence may be placed in his conclusions when they have been formulated. The present volume is an attempt to isolate a number of these presuppositions and subject them to searching analysis and questioning. It is, of course, a highly specialized discussion, but, even so, the query arises whether in vocabulary and style such a statement might not be made more simple and less technical. A wide audience cannot be expected for a consideration of this kind, but with the rapidly growing interest in religion the circle of readers might be appreciably increased by bringing the whole discussion out into the open where men and women who are not specialists and yet are deeply interested in the problems of religion live and think and exchange their ideas. The danger is pointed out of attempting to arrive at universal laws of religious development by "the intensive study of a limited geographical area or historical period." Too many conclusions, for instance, have been drawn concerning religion the world over from the minute study of the aborigines of Australia. The use, on the other hand, of the comparative method, by the accumulation of facts wherever similarity is to be detected, is severely criticised. The special environment of each fact thus collected is so important that unless its full weight is ascertained the fact itself is unmanageable and is to be used with the greatest caution. A similarity in form may at the same time cover great differences in inner significance. In dealing with the related subjects of magic and religion the question is asked whether the final vital fact is a definite spirit or the more impersonal *mana*, the attempt being to show that as these theories are held today there is too much

rigidity and that there may be other explanations which should be called in to supplement the contention made by the current theories. The last chapters discuss the concept of causality in its application to religious phenomena. What do we mean by causality? is the question asked. The discussion brings out the fact that it may mean a half dozen things quite different one from another. When it does actually mean so many things the suggestion is made that magic, mana, etc., may be the "garbs" assumed by the psychological process which is the reality after all back of our ideas of causality. One is led to wonder whether the author is not a believer in any form of efficient causality, which leads him to make a difficult subject even more hazy by his uncertain method of treatment. The conclusion of the whole discussion in the mind of the reviewer is that caution is much needed in the use of terms and conceptions whose connotations are all too likely to be taken for granted, but that the discussion might have been conducted with more positive helpfulness than is evident in the present volume. Analysis is keen and criticism is abundant, but where are we to stand when all has been said? EDMUND D. SOPER.

Northwestern University.

The Letters of William James. Edited by his Son, Henry James. Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. xx, 382. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. Price \$10.

In one of the universities of the Middle West a course is given dealing with the great movements and dominant personalities in the development of American thought. The material for this study is arranged in such a way that it inevitably clusters about the three outstanding figures in the intellectual history of America: Jonathan Edwards, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William James. No one would question the inclusion of the name of James in this great triumvirate, but different individuals would give varied reasons for his preeminence among American thinkers. His dominant interests were in the field of philosophy and religion. In his philosophical creed of pragmatism he gave expression to a simple, tangible explanation of reality, most decidedly of the earth, earthy. Whether or not the pragmatist can be numbered among the metaphysicians, he has brought philosophy from the clouds and has given expression to the thought life of his generation. Professor James in his *"Varieties of Religious Experience"* has produced a volume which no student of religious psychology can ignore. It is, however, true that in this work he dwells too much on religious abnormalities. Some one in Cambridge has suggested that the book should have been given the subtitle *"Wild Religions I Have Known."* But as a psychologist James changed the current of American education. He made vital a subject which had in general petrified into a conglomerate of pedantry. His chapter on *"Habit"* cannot be disregarded by any man or woman intellectually alive and interested in *"the real business of living."*

But in these volumes of letters, edited by his son, we come not so much into contact with systems of philosophy or psychological theories as we do with a dynamic, militant, sympathetic personality. No phase of

life or humanity was alien to him. He was a part of all that he met. He brought fresh currents of thought upon everything that he touched. The early pages of the book give some delightful glimpses of the pungent personality of Professor James's father, the first Henry James. A prig was the pet antipathy of this vigorous, paradoxical character. He once ejaculated, "I would rather have a son of mine corroded with all of the sins of the Decalogue than have him perfect." Henry James, Sr., was a Swedenborgian of a highly individualistic type. The source of his son's prose style may be seen by reading a few extracts from a letter written by the father to a radical denominational editor: "I find the general drift of the paper so very poverty-stricken in spiritual regard as to make it the least nutritive paper I know. I know nothing so sad and spectral in the shape of literature. It seems composed by skeletons and intended for readers who are content to disown their own flesh and blood and be moved by some ghastly mechanism. It cannot but prove very unwholesome to you to be connected with all that sadness and silence, where nothing more musical is heard than the occasional jostling of bone by bone. Do come out of it before you wither as an autumn leaf, which no longer rustles in full-veined life on the pliant bough, but rattles instead with emptiness upon the frozen, melancholy earth." As one reads this he is reminded of the description which an old Scotchman gave of the ancestors of Thomas Carlyle, "Pithy, bitter-speakin' bodies and awfu' fighters." The editor of the letters describes the mother of Professor James in these words: "A gentle lady who accommodated her life to all her husband's vagaries and presided with cheerful indulgence over the development of her five children's divergent and uncompromising personalities." Both her sons revered her and Henry James, Jr., regarded her memory as so sacred that he could not bring himself to the place where he felt that he could give an adequate account of her in "Notes of a Son and Brother."

In these letters we have something seldom found; an epistolary collection which is a fitting biography. The course of the life of William James can be easily followed by means of these letters. Good letter writers do not grow upon every bush. Dr. Holmes was one; Lowell and Stevenson add two more to the list. The letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle are sprightly, vivacious, informing—in general hard to excel; the redoubtable Thomas himself by no means lacked proficiency in this art. Mark Twain's letters show the real man, although they are sometimes disfigured by a blood-curdling profanity. The two volumes of the letters of Charles Elliot Norton are a real contribution to American literature. But among the letter-writers, James is not surpassed by the best. Unlike Stevenson, and possibly Lowell, he has not written his letters with the thought of their publication in mind. Labored brilliancy is not one of their characteristics. There is no intimation whatever of a pose. They are the spontaneous expression of an intense, vivid, and attractive human being. Professor James could have quoted with truth the words of Dr. Holmes, "I am alive from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet."

In him there was none of that lugubrity which is sometimes mistaken

for profundity. His personality was pervaded by a rich humor, which was likely to bubble forth even when he was dealing with the most abstruse subjects. There is a classical story of a solemn-minded student who stemmed the full tide of a classroom lecture by exclaiming, "But, Doctor, Doctor!—to be serious for a moment—" In the later letters there is much comment upon national and world politics, psychology, and religion. The earlier writings are for the most part of descriptions of people and experiences. It is hard to say which type is the more interesting. When he was twenty-three years of age he accompanied Professor Agassiz on the Thayer expedition to South America and the letters which he wrote to the members of the family during this period have all the sparkle and vivacity of brilliant youth. This experience is suggestive of Darwin's Beagle voyage and that of Huxley on *The Rattlesnake*. James, however, was not sorry when the trip was over. In a letter written while on his way home he expresses these sentiments: "I have often longed for a good, black, sour, slushy winter's day in Washington Street. Oh, the bliss of standing on such a day half way between Roxbury and Boston and having all the cars pass you full. It will be splendid to get home in mid-winter and revel in the cold." Almost forty years later he promised Mrs. Agassiz to write a book worthy of "you, my dear Mrs. Agassiz and the Thayer expedition."

In these superlative volumes there is possibly nothing better than the comments of Professor James upon men and books. "Glorious old Don Quixote" is his characterization of Ruskin. And again in writing of him to Charles Elliot Norton he says, "As the clouds clear away he will surely take his stable place as one of the noblest of the sons of men. Regard all that as unessential, and his inconsistencies and extravagances fall out of sight and leave the Great Heart alone visible." He eulogizes Emerson in these words: "There are only a few things that can be said of him. He was so squarely and simply himself as to impress everyone in the same manner. Reading the whole of him over again continuously has made me feel his greatness as I never did before. He's really a critter to be thankful for." He was strongly opposed to the occupation of the Philippines and his references to President McKinley are rather acidic. He called the McKinley and Roosevelt ticket "a combination of slime and mud, soap and sand, that ought to scour everything away, even the moral sense of the country." He thus comments upon Lowell: "Looking back at him, what strikes one most was his singularly boyish cheerfulness and robustness of temperament. He was a sort of a boy to the end, and makes most others seem like premature old men." He speaks of his colleague Royce, whom he addresses in beginning a letter as "Beloved Josiah," as a "perfect little Socrates for humor and wisdom." In regard to both men and books he was appreciative rather than fault-finding. He was a man of too large caliber to degenerate into a seed-pecking critic. He welcomes Bergson's "Creative Evolution" with unrestrained enthusiasm, "O my Bergson, you are a magician and your book is a marvel, a real wonder in the history of philosophy." Mrs. Howells called his letters of appreciation "whoops of blessings." He greeted Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" with one

of these whoops: "My mouth has been watering for just that volume. Autobiographies take the cake. I mean to read nothing else."

It is not unamusing to note his solicitude over the heterodoxy of the orthodox. In regard to Emerson he makes the following statement: "I have myself been a little scandalized at the non-resisting manner in which Orthodox sheets have celebrated his anniversary. An 'Emerson number' of 'Zion's Herald' strikes me as *tant soit peu* of an anomaly, and yet I am told that such a number appeared." One wishes here to have had the opportunity to have reminded the genial professor that several generations ago one of Emerson's most ardent admirers was that eloquent Methodist "Father" Edward Taylor, who said of the Concord seer, "He knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of Hebrew grammar," but added Emerson was more like Christ than any other man he had known. Methodism believes in valuing the good in a man and his work, whether or not we can follow him in every path he treads.

Of course, James was highly tolerant in his attitude toward all seekers for light and truth. Considering his dominating interest in religion, it is very interesting to note that very little material in the volumes was written to preachers. Many of Mark Twain's best letters were written to his closest personal friend, Rev. Joseph Twichel. Once he mentions entertaining one of America's most eminent pulpiteers. "We are having ice cream and the Rev. George A. Gordon to lunch to-day. The ice cream is left over from the Philosophical Club last night." In another, written to his daughter, he speaks of his church-going: "Just before tea! and your Grandam Mar and I are going to hear the Rev. Percy Grant in the College chapel just after. We are getting to be great church-goers. 'Twill have to be Crothers next. He, sweet man, is staying with the Brookses. After him the Christian Science Church and after that the deluge." It is hard to pass over the last sentence without comment. Much has been made of James's attitude toward psychical phenomena. It is set forth with brevity and clearness in a letter to Rev. C. L. Slattery: "My state of mind is this: Mrs. Piper has supernormal knowledge in her trances; but whether it comes from tapping the minds of living people or from some common cosmic reservoir of memories, or from surviving 'spirits' of the departed, is a question impossible for me to answer just now to my satisfaction. The spirit theory is not only the most natural but the simplest, and I have great respect for Hodgson's and Hyslop's arguments when they adopt it." But he adds these words of high significance: "At the same time the electric current called belief has not yet closed in my mind."

The editor of the letters has done his work well. The material is frank without being undignified. If anyone would read the work in order to add to his detailed philosophical knowledge he would, of course, be doomed to disappointment. These are not volumes of metaphysics but they contain that which is better. They reveal a rich, red-blooded, and zealous personality who all of his days was a seeker for truth. In 1863, while he was debating between philosophy and medicine, he wrote to his mother: "I

now stand at the place where the road forks. One branch leads to material comfort, the flesh-pots, but it seems a kind of selling one's soul. The other to mental dignity and independence combined, however, with physical penury." He lived not for the flesh-pots but for the things of the spirit. He practiced the Johnsonian motto, "Clear your mind of Cant." He walked along the paths of earth with active step, inquiring eye, and tongue varied in discourse. He lived a life that was full, rich, and free. It can be said of him as Lowell said of his one-time mentor, Agassiz,

His magic was not far to seek—
He was so human!

Not more than two or three times in a decade do we come into contact with such a suggestive and stimulating piece of biographical work.

West Virginia Wesleyan College.

LEWIS H. CHRISMAN.

The Life and Letters of Hamilton W. Mable. By EDWIN W. MORSE. 8vo, pp. 344. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

FROM the energetic career of Bok, whose autobiography was read with breathless interest and increasing admiration, we turn to this life of an editor and author who represented a different type of American life. The meditative calm, mystical poise, and literary charm of Mable were beyond Bok, who was a director and discoverer of literary workers, although he himself produced a great deal which, however, could hardly be classed as literature. His writing was journalistic and much of it was ephemeral, and whatever of permanence it possessed was in the results achieved. To say that his writing was of the practical sort would be an injustice to those cultured writers who interpret literature in its relation to life. And there is always need for this latter ministry, especially when it is remembered that a recent investigation revealed the alarming fact that the average family in the United States buys six hundred newspapers a year—and two books.

There is no heresy so noxious as that which holds that books are a luxury, not a necessity. The pabulum furnished by the daily press is woefully inadequate to nourish the mind and feed the inner springs. People should be encouraged to read books and be rightly guided in their choice of books. The guidance volunteered by publishers is usually treated with suspicion for obvious reasons. But even publishers can improve in their methods of advertising, and conduct an educational campaign, to cultivate the public taste for good books.

No man did more to develop the better standards of American literature than Mable. He was a critical and creative artist, and we place him in a class with Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, Coleridge, Arnold, Emerson and Lowell. He held with Matthew Arnold that the purpose of criticism is "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." He was therefore more interested in pointing out the excellent qualities in books than in exposing their defects. The positive view of things is always better than the negative. Such a de-

cision was in keeping with his generous nature to give cheer and encouragement. He was, as Henry van Dyke so well put it, "an author without a grudge, a teacher without a rod, an idealist without a fad; a good man to tie to and a good friend to have."

Those who have read Mable's books—and they make a large library—and who were helped week by week by his articles in *The Outlook*, will be glad to read this discerning biography. It also contains some of the letters he wrote to a multitude of friends and acquaintances. It is a testimony to his high standing that his advice was sought by numerous young men and young women throughout the country, and it speaks for his generous and optimistic nature that no one looked to him in vain. Many were encouraged by him to start out upon literary and other careers, and what they accomplished was due to his impetus. May his mantle fall on other individuals of influence, so that this sort of unselfish service might be rendered to the present generation of aspirants.

Mable holds a high place as an author, and he was frequently sought as a lecturer, but his forte was that of an editor. His weekly output was phenomenal considering the high grade that was consistently maintained. Indeed, several of his books were made up of reprints of these weekly articles, which were on a variety of subjects—educational, economic, social, literary, theological, religious. The religious note was dominant in everything he wrote. His spirit was reflected in an article on "The Test of Courage," written as he was recovering from a serious illness. "The testing of courage is not the moment when the charge is made with ringing bugles and the impetus and inspiration of a great strain onward; it is when the inspiration of action has been lost; when all the conditions are full of disillusion, and few see clearly on account of the depression and monotony; and only they are heroically strengthened who are steadfast in the faith in which they began the fight—loyal to the very end."

His colleague, Dr. Lyman Abbott, said of him: "He looked forward to a divinely predestined human brotherhood, and tested every policy, whether political, industrial or ecclesiastical, by the relations which that policy bore to the coming kingdom." With such an ideal always before him, Mable performed the functions of an interpreter of literature and life with rare ability, showing a catholicity of sympathy with the diversified interests of the human race in the struggle towards higher and better things.

His splendid services received appreciative recognition when he was selected to be the ambassador of peace to Japan, to deliver a course of lectures at important centers in the Sunrise Kingdom. He was welcomed everywhere and his observations led him to realize that his own countrymen needed enlightenment about the Japanese far more than Japan was in need of information about America. The closing paragraph of his report to the Carnegie Endowment, under whose auspices he carried out this mission, is worth quoting: "Japan has gone far and will go further. It asks nothing of any other nation which it is not willing to give. It has a high and worthy conception of its place and future in the development

of the Far East. It is in a position to render a great service to the peace of the world; its friendship is of immense value to Americans, and if they are true to their traditions and understand their responsibilities to the country which they forced to come into relations with the world, they will preserve towards it a policy which shall be not only just but sympathetic and helpful."

Such a life, marked by openness of mind, flexibility of intelligence, and cheerfulness of spirit, helps us to believe in the sanity and sanctity of Christianity.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

POETRY

The Faith of the People's Poet. A Study of James Whitcomb Riley, by DANIEL L. MARSH. Pp. 254. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill & Co.

PASSING the question whether James Whitcomb Riley is justly given the title of "The People's Poet," it may be asked why, taking the other for granted, should there be a study such as this to determine and set forth his "faith." There has been ever a search to dig out the "faith" of anyone assuming to speak to the people in poetic measures. Somewhere Emerson says, in effect, that "poetry is the unfallen language." Unless "faith" is in the very texture of his work no one may lay claim to or be accorded the title of poet, certainly not a poet of the people. In the deepest depths man is a religious animal—in the phrase of Carlyle—and unless the poet sings the Faith he may not prophesy for the people nor be an accepted interpreter of the human spirit. We are all poets in instinct. At our best we yearn to utter ourselves in the unfallen language, and when one comes along who can and does do for us what we fail in ability to do for ourselves he is instinctively recognized and is accorded the popular title given to Mr. Riley by Dr. Marsh. On the pediment of the statue at Dumfries, Burns is called "The Poet of Mankind." James Whitcomb Riley is affectionately styled "The Burns of America." There are more profound spiritual voices than Burns or Riley; but in the lyrics of both the great middle class of peasant and people have recognized the expression of their own inarticulate but none the less certain "faith."

It is a loving service Dr. Marsh has rendered in producing this exhaustive study of Mr. Riley's eleven hundred published poems, bringing out of them the clear, unquestioned affirmation of the "faith" fundamental in human nature, not so much to establish Riley himself as a religious man or poet, as to make assurance doubly sure to the common mind that "faith" is at the heart of humanity.

There are, however, in this volume most interesting data of a personal faith and experience in the poet himself. No one can give what he has not. Riley sings true; his faith is not an assumption. He came from devoutly religious ancestors. His paternal grandmother was an unlicensed preacher. She had two Methodist preacher brothers. The maternal grandfather was a preacher bearing the name honored in Methodist

annals of Marine. This reviewer recalls one of the family, Abijah Marine, as one of his best-loved pastors in Indiana. Riley's immediate home was under Christian influence: his mother a woman of rare character and excellence and the father an honored gentleman of the old school. The poet's nephew, and editor of the authorized edition of his works, wrote Dr. Marsh that in answer to a direct question Mr. Riley said, "I am a member of the Methodist Church."

Riley had a vivid conception of sin and the experience of salvation. After perpetrating the "Leonainie" hoax, he felt not only the possibilities that might come from that fault, but he bitterly bemoaned the implications involved of his own weakness and wrong. He wrote a friend, "I have been sick; sick to the soul. . . . I would have died with all hell hugged in my arms. I can speak of this now because I can tell you I am saved." This is more than remorse over a literary prank or deceit. It is the birth-pang of a repentance and faith that led him to a vision of his dead mother "smiling back upon me from the blue fields of love—when lo! she was young again." Many human souls have found solace and peace in a revelation of God to them "as a mother comforteth her children." Of this experience Riley voiced his clear belief in the forgiveness of sin and in immortality through such poems as "The Song I Never Sing," and "We Must Believe."

"We must believe—
For still all unappeased our hunger goes
From life's first waking to its last repose.
Lord, I believe,
Help thou my unbelief."

Riley believed in God. "The Rubaiyat of Old Doc Sifers" (a conceived character somewhat autobiographical) is an indirect reply to the epicurean pessimism and cynicism found in the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Riley says of his poem: "It is a picture of a wholesome, helpful, industrious man, a doctor with a hale faith in God and man, in contrast to the old Persian's utterly hopeless doctrine."

Many of Riley's poems show his unquestioning belief in God, of his immanence in human life, and of his overflowing love. The second one of the Benjamin F. Johnson dialect poems—a dozen of which formed the first modest little volume of Riley's published work—ends:

"Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you."

In one of his early poems, written in 1899, "The Shower," Riley pictures himself

"Transposed by some wondrous art,
Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod,
My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart
Drenched with the love of God."

Riley believed in the Bible, and in Jesus Christ and his gospel. In 1881, living yet *in camera* so far as the outside world was concerned, he wrote of his preacher-grandfather's Bible:

"Shall the voice of the Master be stilled and riven?
 Shall we hear but a tithe of the words he has said?
 When so long he has, listening, leaned out of Heaven
 To hear the old Bible my grandfather read."

Few Advent hymns excel the one of Riley "By the splendor in the heavens and the hush upon the sea." The baby in the manger is the King, to whom "we humbly bow the knee."

"Thy messenger has spoken, and our doubts have fled and gone.
 As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before the dawn,
 And in the kindly shelter of the light around us drawn
 We would nestle down forever on the breast we lean upon."

How Riley did believe in Man, and his possibilities! How he did love Nature, with her myriad expressions of the God he saw everywhere! How he rested in the unfailing Providence that rules in the world despite all seeming doubts and disappointments and disarrangements! Browning sings no clearer note of God's watchfulness and care than does Riley. To Riley not in fatalism but in faith, God rules and overrules. In "The Best is Good Enough" he says:

"One only knows our needs, and He
 Does all the distributing:
 I quarrel not with Destiny;
 The Best is good enough for me."

Riley sang, as few others have, the songs of country, of patriotism, and of the Flag—the "Old Glory" under whose folds his father fought as a captain in the Union Army. But to linger longer over Dr. Marsh's volume is forbidden. The book is a storehouse of all that Riley has written upon the deep themes that sum up into Christian Faith. It is good reading—a book of wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort. Riley's myriad readers and lovers will be glad to have their faith strengthened, refreshed, and possibly humanized by this revelation of the Hoosier Poet, as unusual as it is welcome.

E. W. HALFORD.

Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1920. Pp. 709.
 The Methodist Book Concern.

THE Book of Discipline is an encyclopedia of the principles, practice, and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is an evolution from the historic Larger Minutes of the Conferences which Mr. Wesley held with his preachers. The first edition, published in 1785, and bound up with the Sunday Service (prepared by Mr. Wesley from the Anglican Prayer-Book for the use of American Methodists) and the Collection of Psalms and Hymns, bore this title:

"Minutes of Several Conversations between the Rev. Thos. Coke, LL.D., the Rev. Francis Asbury, and others, at a Conference, begun in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on Monday, the 27th of December, in the Year 1784. Composing a Form of Discipline for the Ministers, Preachers and other Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America."

The title was changed from year to year, the present form appearing

for the first time in the Discipline of 1804. The first copy filled 30 pages; the present edition, including appendices and index, reaches 709 pages. The growth of the Discipline, therefore, has kept step with the expansion of Methodism. If the saying be true that a nation that shortens its sword extends its boundaries, it may also be true that a briefer and simpler code of laws would make for Methodist efficiency. In twenty years the Discipline has grown from 409 pages to 709. Should that rate of enlargement continue, the book will swell to one thousand pages before the middle of the century.

Doubtless the ecumenical church of to-day needs a bigger law-book than did the handful of societies on the Atlantic seaboard in 1784. Yet there is danger that the church may become burdened, as is the State to-day, by an accumulation of cumbersome and little regarded legislation. Ignorance of the law excuses no one, but the law ought to be made as easy of knowing as possible. A chief cause of this plethora of pages is found in the fact that every General Conference adds a fresh fund of legislation, not by a process of digestion, but by an obese accretion of tissue. It may be necessary before long to create a commission to codify the law of the church and give it a more constructive and organic form. Maybe, the unification of Methodism will bring about the same result by a true historic evolution.

Although the Discipline of 1920 is our biggest, it is, in spite of that, our best. This is due not only to the excellent mechanical format, but, most of all, to efficient editorship of Dr. David G. Downey, the Book Editor of the church. So far as a reviewer's hasty inspection can discern, this has been done with admirable accuracy. The highest helpfulness is the comprehensive index, the most complete and scientific our legislative handbook has ever owned. This colossal book achieves convenience and availability, and its mass of material becomes easily accessible, because the index is a perfect guide through this tropical luxuriance of the text.

The most interesting portions of the Methodist Discipline are the oldest, the relics of the Larger Minutes, where we still hear the voice of John Wesley, our Father in God, speaking spiritual counsel and giving sensible advice to his preachers in the strong, nervous Saxon sentences that so clearly inform the mind, pungently penetrate the heart, and strongly fortify the will. The General Rules, the advices about worship and singing, the more ancient parts of the Qualifications and Work of the Ministry—these are religious discipline in the highest and noblest sense of the word.

It is not necessary to note in detail the new elements in our polity introduced by the General Conference of 1920. The closer coordination of our benevolent boards, the steady movement toward a greater local autonomy in world-wide Methodism, the privilege of preaching granted to women, the removal of the time limit from the District Superintendents—all are progressive steps toward a more efficient modern church life.

The Discipline should lie beside the Bible and the Hymnal on the reading table of every Methodist family. Larger intelligence will add the *METHODIST REVIEW* and one of the *Advocates*.

The Methodist Year Book—1921. OLIVER S. BAKETEL, Editor. Pp. 340. Methodist Book Concern.

THIS eighty-eighth issue of the Year Book is the biggest, brightest, and best of its history. The attractive New Era cover shows the long trail of the itinerant from the log church of primitive Methodism to better and better buildings, and at last to the world-wide objectives of the holy war, to which the General Conference appointed leaders in 1920.

The figures given as to the gains in folks and dollars are fascinating, the losses being rare and inconsiderable. There is need of becoming humility in numbering Israel, for bigness is not necessarily greatness. Yet Luke is not ashamed to give us the census of the Pentecostal revival, and we must not fail to give glory to God for the membership increase of 182,338, the largest in the history of the church. While ministerial support has not kept pace with living costs, yet the record of increases everywhere is good ground for gratitude. The Pittsburgh Conference leads the procession with the largest average salaries.

Economical Methodism records a great growth in the last decade, now reaching almost ten million communicants, a gain of over one million. The Methodist population of the world approximates thirty-six million, a four-million gain in ten years. Methodism furnishes to-day the largest contribution to the Protestant army of the world, excepting, perhaps, the Lutherans.

Human interest is supplied in the noble record of translated leaders, such as Vincent, Hughes, Buckley, Eckman, Doran, Rovard, Sheridan, and Buttz. And then is given a list of the Patriarchs, over ninety years of age, who still tarry in Beulah land, a list of thirty veterans, beginning with Dr. Seth Reed, of the Detroit Conference, in his ninety-eighth year and ending with the Rev. Samuel C. Miller, of the North Indiana Conference, in his ninety-first year.

Other features not less informing and inspiring are the Area studies, the Book Concern story, the Centenary achievements, the multitudinous details of benevolent, philanthropic, and educational work, together with the record of coordinate agencies.

The Year Book in the hands of every Methodist preacher, every official member, and all the potential leaders of the church would constitute a survey which would help in shaping programs of more intense spiritual effort and more expansive activities in the future.

A READING COURSE

The Doctrine of the Church and Christian Reunion. By the Rev. ARTHUR C. HEADLAM, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$4.

WE have not yet gone much beyond the academic stage of discussion pertaining to church unity. Much water has flowed since the initial suggestions were made not many years ago and sentiment is more favorable toward it. The appeal of the Lambeth Conference of August, 1920, was a

notable advance beyond the Lambeth Quadrilateral of 1888. Other declarations and proposals were the first and second interim reports of a joint Anglican and Nonconformist Committee dated February, 1916, and March, 1918, respectively; the plea of the Bishop of London in February, 1919, for reunion between the Church of England and the Wesleyan Methodist Church; a conference of Episcopalians and Congregationalists in March, 1919; and a plan adopted by the American Council on organic union of churches of Christ, February, 1920. All this registers the spirit of dissatisfaction with existing conditions.

The waste of the moral and spiritual resources of the world by church disunion is self-evident. How to prevent it is not quite as easy as some enthusiastic leaders aver. They have not fully reckoned with certain influential forces in the church, which are either absolutely indifferent to this issue or are positively opposed to it. This conservative element, represented by clergy and laity, is not given to much publicity and we are apt to underestimate their strength. Those of us in the active pastorate realize the difficulties but the outlook is hopeful. There is, however, considerable work yet to be done in educating church public opinion. This requires patience, perspicuity and perspective, and the outcome will largely depend on the spirit and ability of those entrusted with the task of instructing the people from the pulpit and in the course of pastoral activity.

A number of important books has appeared in recent years. Four of them were noticed in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for May, 1919, and July, 1920. In many respects, the present volume by Professor Headlam is of the greatest consequence. Lord Acton remarked that history must stand on documents, not on opinions. Dr. Headlam constantly appeals to documentary evidence in a strictly historical and impartial spirit. There are two methods of investigation: one states the theory and then seeks for evidence; the other first examines the evidence and then draws conclusions for better or worse. The latter course may not satisfy the traditionalist who is also a dogmatist, but it furthers the interest of truth and progress, which must always be the supreme concern of preachers. Note Dr. Headlam's remarks on these two methods in the opening lecture. His attitude is well expressed toward the end of the volume. "We must be prepared to discuss our differences without as a preliminary insisting upon the acceptance of our own conclusions. There must be no more of the spirit of self-will. Let us defend our convictions with any learning or ability that we may possess. That is right enough. But to begin a controversy by refusing to be bound by any decision that we dislike, and to threaten disruption if we do not get our own way, is to show a want of faith in the reasonableness of our own cause, and a want of faith in God's guidance of his church."

The first lecture on "The Origins of the Church" takes up the teaching of our Lord. How came it that the phrase "Kingdom of God" so often on the lips of Jesus hardly ever appears in the epistles? There were doubtless political considerations, lest the term might be misunderstood by the

Gentiles who would regard the Gospel as a political revolution. What do you think of the suggestion that our Lord did not directly found the church but did so indirectly by preaching the Kingdom? (Pp. 27, 46.) The words about remitting sins were not addressed exclusively to Peter, but to the disciples as a body. The twelve received a commission but authority was conferred on the whole community. The plan of our Lord did not contemplate any specific method of procedure. He emphasized principles and made no rules for the future guidance of his followers. No dead hand was laid on the church, but rather the inspiration of the living Christ. These vital questions are discussed with learning and insight. The second lecture develops the thought of freedom of initiative, which was the privilege of the apostles, who so clearly understood its significance that they refrained from any reference to perpetuating their methods, which were largely adopted as emergencies arose, with the concurrence of the whole church. The church moreover was an organism, but local communities were an undivided part of the whole society, although they pursued methods which were often at variance from those practiced by the mother church at Jerusalem. The halo of legendary embellishments which surrounded the apostles was introduced at a date later than the Apostolic Age, without any warrant in history. "The ministry of the apostolic days was in form wholly temporary. When we next have any full knowledge of its life we find that the apostles, prophets, and evangelists are a memory of the past, the embryo church Sanhedrin is swept away, the local churches are no longer governed by a body of presbyters, but by bishops, presbyters, and deacons, and the bishop is the official minister of the whole church." This change was no doubt made in harmony with the principle of spiritual freedom; but there are no grounds in history or reason for inferring that this later transformation should be regarded as permanent. "Not one of the rival systems of church polity which prevail at the present day can find any direct support in the New Testament" (p. 83). Those who insist on doing so violate all canons of Scripture interpretation. We need to-day the same freedom of the Divine Spirit enjoyed in the first century, and to this end we should set ourselves to discover the creative resources of God in the living Christ.

The historic episcopate is the storm center. The conclusions first definitely reached by Bishop Lightfoot have been confirmed by recent scholarship. The name bishop was a synonym for presbyter. The episcopacy was created by the church to meet the altered needs of the times. The fact that it had no apostolic authority behind it proves nothing. The imposing claims for episcopacy made by Cyprian and Ignatius were characterized by Lightfoot as "blasphemous and profane." The inconsistencies of their contentions are forcibly set forth by Headlam. A serious charge is that the rights of the laity were discarded and the voice of the people heard in the councils of the apostolic church was silenced as hierarchical authority increased in power. Here we see the beginnings of that vicious conception of the church which regarded the ministry as superior to the laity, by reason of office and not of character. Against this damaging

error Marsiglio of Padua uttered his vigorous protest in *The Defensor Pacis* and heralded the dawn of the Protestant Reformation. The idea of apostolic succession is shown to be a mechanical theory without the sanction of history. The seventh lecture furnishes additional arguments against the unwarrantable assumptions of its advocates. Its true meaning is the sense of historical continuity, "the recognition of the fact that in all ages God's Spirit has taught the church and is leading us into all truth, that we should always be guarded and instructed by the authority and experience of past generations of Christians." But we link ourselves with the past not only by using its teaching but by learning its spirit of boldness and confidence, which taught it always to adapt itself to new situations and deal with new crises (p. 137).

The supreme concern of St. Augustine was to secure the unity of the church. His problem was how to deal with the Donatists, who were schismatics but not heretics. Note the distinction between these two terms. They held to the consensus of Christian doctrine, as do all modern Nonconformists, but they separated from the church because of its corruptions. St. Augustine pleaded for charity in receiving back these sectarians without the necessity of reordination. However crude and even inconsistent was his theory of the church, his attitude merits our serious consideration. "*Ubi ecclesia, ibi et Spiritus Dei: et ubi Spiritus Dei, illic ecclesia et omnis gratia.*" The unity of the church can never be secured by persecution or by dogmatic assertion. Its greatness is not in external authority and organization but in its embodiment of the spirit of Christian charity. No single communion should expect to receive the adherence of everyone, since we are all schismatics and every church is shot through and through with contradictions and is hampered by self-imposed limitations.

The divisions of the church were caused by controversies, intolerance, arrogance, political separations of East and West, and differences of temperament. These factors are well considered in the fifth lecture. The rise of the Papacy was occasioned by the demand for unity and the desire to promote the efficiency and purity of the church and the reform and well-being of society. But it dismally failed. What guarantee have we that organic union will now prove to be a success? It may be that federalism is inadequate but this is the only feasible step looking toward the goal of unity. Three reasons are assigned for the separations among men who are adherents of the same Lord and Master. One is the substitution for the Christian Creed of a number of propositions on many disputed points. Another is the attempt to propagate truth by unspiritual means. A third is due to inadequate theories of the church. These matters are reviewed in two lectures on "*The Doctrine of the Church.*" Of whom does the church consist? How shall schism be treated? Does any church represent perfectly the full apostolic tradition? What is our ideal of the church? These pointed questions are also impartially considered.

Dr. Headlam rightly holds that there should be a doctrinal basis of unity. We agree that the Scriptures should be that basis, but we disagree

in placing the Nicene Creed in that foundation. This is to look backward and not forward. Apart from the fact that this symbol expresses the beliefs of a former day, it is also seriously defective in its Christology; and moreover, creedal subscription has never secured orthodoxy but has often involved insincerity. The creeds are venerable documents, but to regard them as possessing finality would mean to do violence to the testimony and illumination of the Divine Spirit. Furthermore, with definition has come disunion, and this cannot be removed by rigid tests.

As might be expected, Dr. Headlam regards the episcopacy as furnishing the most practicable basis for union, not because it has apostolic authority but because the historical testimony of the church favors it. The authority of the bishop is derived from and dependent on the church. "It is not the mediæval bishop but the Catholic bishop of the primitive church that the present time needs" (p. 246). But where is he to be found? Not in Roman Catholicism with its papal pretensions, nor in the Eastern church with its corruptions, nor in Anglicanism where union without unity is so prevalent, because of the principle of Episcopal autonomy which permits each bishop to rule his own diocese, without regard to his fellow-bishops, if so minded. The argument breaks down when Dr. Headlam deals with questions of ordination, the sacraments, liturgical forms of worship, and the apostolic succession. His advocacy of spiritual freedom virtually weakens his contention for Episcopal authority. One of the fruitful causes of division is the assumption of ecclesiastical superiority and the refusal to practice mutual reciprocity. We need above all things an understanding of each other's point of view and an appreciation of our respective contributions toward Christian truth and experience. The practical suggestions in the lecture on "Reunion" voice prevalent sentiments on this subject. The whole book is a most comprehensive treatment and we welcome it as an irenicon from an authoritative source. The better day will come when each church is ready to make sacrifice for the sake of a common fellowship, a common ministry, and a common service of the world.

SIDE READING

Freedom and Advance. By Oscar L. Joseph (Macmillan, \$1.75). The chapters on "The Voice of Authority," "The Christian Ministry," and "Christian Worship" deal with some of the principles and practices of unity.

The Call to Unity. By William T. Manning (Macmillan, \$2). Familiar arguments are refreshingly expounded in a generous spirit by a representative High Churchman who is optimistic of the present outlook. He appeals especially to the Anglican Church to realize and fulfill its obligation as a leader of the English-speaking world.

For any information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WHO'S WHO IN THE REVIEW

DR. EZRA SQUIER TIPPLE, who was for many years Professor of Practical Theology in Drew Seminary, and who succeeded to its presidency on the retirement of Dr. Buttz, was uniquely fitted to furnish the fine appreciation of the Saint John of Modern Methodism.

A. W. NAGLER is an instructor in Garrett Biblical Institute.

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM, professor of Christian Theology in the Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, an intellectual leader in American Congregationalism, is the author of many valuable works, including his recent volume on Progressive Religious Thought in America. FRANK S. HICKMAN, still a student in "one of our schools," is first introduced to the readers of the REVIEW in his essay which weighs naturalism on its sociological side. WILLIAM FRANK MARTIN, a Methodist pastor in Carey, Ohio, cleverly punctures some of the opinions of that interesting old naturalist, John Burroughs.

DR. GUSTAVUS E. HILLER, who appropriately writes on the resurrection as we approach Easter Day, is a leader in German Methodism, now stationed at Lafayette, Indiana.

FRED SMITH, Congregational minister at Cornwall, Conn., has the appropriate environment in that "land of steady habitation" and Puritan memories to acutely set forth the artistic side of Puritanism.

CHARLES DANIEL BRODHEAD, the Methodist Episcopal pastor at Bryn Mawr, Pa., comes of a fine Methodist lineage. He is a nephew of Bishop Charles Wesley Burns.

We take the liberty of telling that WESTHOLME SMITH is the pen-name of W. C. BISSONETTE, a Methodist missionary at Kutien, Foochow, China.

In these Lenten days of Passion memories, we cannot fail to be helped by the devout study of the personal significance of the atonement by ISABELLE HORTON, a deaconess of our church, whose sacrificial service at the Halsted Street Church, Chicago, has borne rich fruitage.

The Biblical Research for the current issue is supplied by ISMAR JOHN PERITZ, professor in Syracuse University. He was converted from Judaism to Christianity at the age of seventeen, is a member of several learned societies, and author of many erudite articles and books. DR. JOHN R. VAN PELT continues his useful and able work in our Foreign Outlook.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH, author of *Freedom and Advance*, and other interesting books, supplies the Reading Course, and a number of the book reviews. Other appreciations come from the pens of such experts as DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, of Detroit; EDMUND D. SOPER, of Northwestern University; LEWIS H. CHRISMAN, of West Virginia Wesleyan College; MARCUS L. BUELL, of Boston University School of Theology; and COLONEL E. W. HALFORD, former journalist and secretary of President Harrison.

By mistake in the last issue of the REVIEW, Professor A. C. ARMSTRONG, of Wesleyan University, was called a Methodist. He is a member of a Congregational church in Middletown, Conn. The error was one of the letter and not of the spirit.

